

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

August 1980

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MOTHER
AT 80**



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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See page 47.
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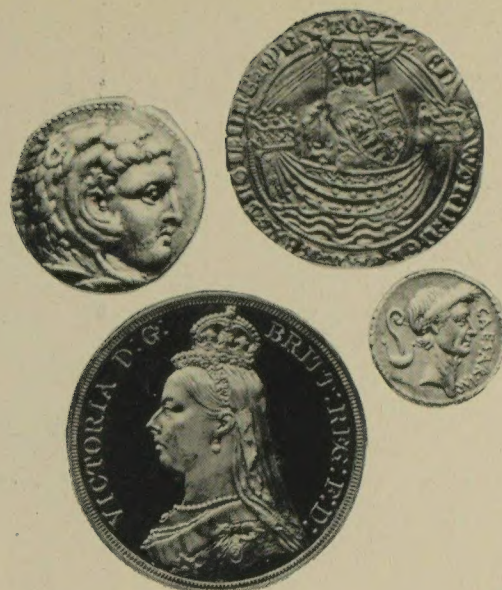
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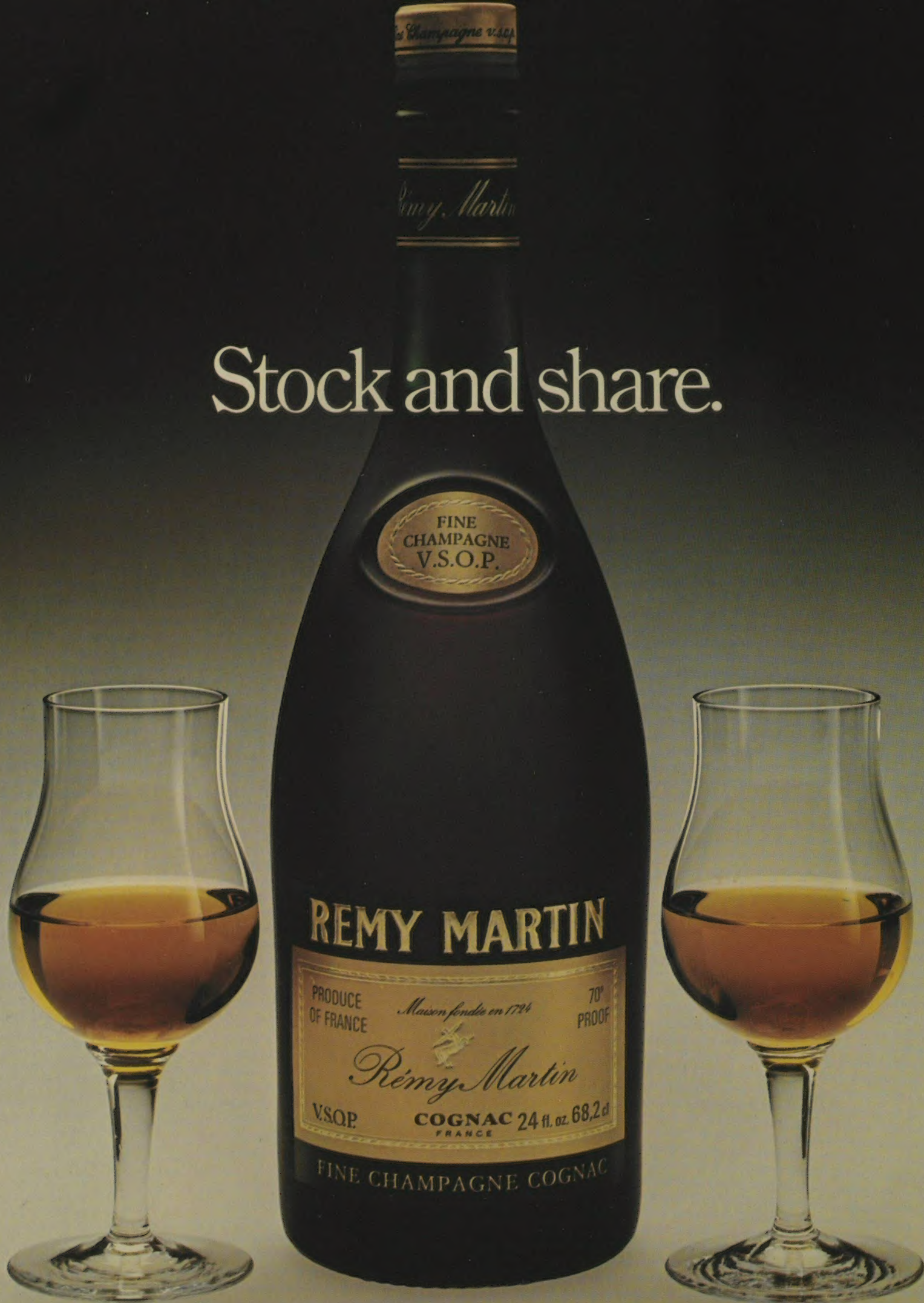
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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Oliver, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Androcles & the Lion. Shaw's comedy directed by Richard Digby Day, with Chris Harris, James Cairncross & Philippa Gail. *Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1.* Until Aug 22.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

Baal. Last year's production of Bertolt Brecht's play by David Jones, transferred from The Other Place. With Ben Kingsley. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* From Aug 15.

Before the Party. Rodney Ackland, away for too long, returns with a revival of his splendid adaptation & expansion of a Somerset Maugham story: one about a widowed daughter who shocks her conventional family, between the wars, by announcing that she murdered her husband. Understanding performances by Jane Asher & Michael Gough, in particular. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Black Man's Burden by Michael O'Neill & Jeremy Seabrook tells of tensions in a West Indian family. Directed by John Burgess. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Until Aug 7.

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of **Harlequinade.** *Lytelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Compagnie Philippe Genty, puppet theatre. *Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1.* Until Aug 9.

The Cure for Love. Comedy by Walter Greenwood, directed by Roger Redfern. With Dora Bryan, Christopher Timothy & Carol Drinkwater. *Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford, Surrey.* Until Aug 16.

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lytelton.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dr Faustus. Marlowe's tragedy, played by a cast of eight, grows with the night though it is self-conscious at times. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

The Dresser. This affecting and amusing double portrait of an ageing Shakespearean actor and his loyal dresser has settled into an applauded success. Tom Courtenay, the dresser, has never given a better performance. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

A Dying Business. Comedy by Mustapha Matura about a young Trinidadian trying to practise his English business acumen in his home country. Directed by Michael Joyce. *Riverside Studios.* Until Aug 3.

The Elephant Man by Bernard Pomerance. The story of John Merrick, exhibited as a freak in 19th-century London, and his rescue by the eminent surgeon Sir Frederick Treves. Directed by Roland Rees, with David Schofield, Arthur Blake, Peter McEnery, Jenny Stoller & Heather Tobias. *Lytelton.*

Endgame & Krapp's Last Tape, written & directed by Samuel Beckett, performed by the San Quentin Drama Group from America. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Until Aug 9.

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of*

Wales, Coventry St, W1.

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional, music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

The Fool by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

Hamlet. New production directed by John Barton, with Michael Pennington, John Bowe, Derek Godfrey & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

The Hothouse, written & directed by Harold Pinter, with Derek Newark & Angela Pleasence. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

I Have Been Here Before. A group of people re-examine their past in this play by J. B. Priestley performed by the Horseshoe Theatre Company, transferred from the Oxford Festival. Directed by Guy Slater. *Old Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Until Aug 23.

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; directed by Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Until Aug 23.

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers & Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

A Knight at the Bubble by Rony Robinson. Comedy directed by Bob Carlton. *Bubble Theatre: Blackheath, SE3,* July 29-Aug 2; *Selborne Park, Waltham Forest, E17,* Aug 5-9; *Feltham Green, Hounslow, Middx,* Aug 12-16; *Turnham Green, W4,* Aug 19-23; *Hendon Park, NW4,* Aug 26-Sept 6.

A Lesson from Aloes. Athol Fugard's drama about the effects of government repression on South Africans, performed by The Market Theatre of Johannesburg. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Aug 6.

Macbeth. Sound and forthright Elizabethan-stage revival; no tricks. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.*

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Merchant of Venice. Revival of last year's production by George Murcell. *St George's.*

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Directed by Celia Bannerman, with Bernard Bresslaw, Deborah Grant & John Gregg. *Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.* Until Aug 23.

The Mother Country by Hanif Kureishi, directed by Tim Fywell, highlights the fight between two generations of Pakistanis to find their separate identities in England. *Riverside Studios.* Aug 5-7.

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

Much Ado About Nothing. Directed by Peter Dews, with Christopher Neame, Gerald Harper & Gemma Jones. *Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex.* Until Sept 19.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Old Heads & Young Hearts by Dion Boucicault, adapted by Peter Sallis. Directed by Michael Simpson, with Judy Parfitt, Christopher Strauli, Lewis Fiander, Frank Windsor & Peter Sallis. *Chichester Festival Theatre.* Until Sept 20.

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

On the Twentieth Century. The title refers to the once famous luxury train which ran between Chicago & New York. Among its passengers in a highly agreeable American musical—which manages to fit a show-business narrative into the journey—are Julia McKenzie, superbly in control, & Keith Michell. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman. Trevor Nunn directs. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.* Until Aug 14.

One Fine Day by Nicholas Wright. Comedy set in a teacher training college in East Africa. Directed by John Burgess. *Riverside Studios.* Until Aug 10.

Othello. Though certain matters in the production (Ronald Eyre's) & playing are contentious, Donald Sinden can reaffirm his quality as a classical actor. Transferred from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* From Aug 14.

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Oliver.*

Pal Joey. Musical directed by Robert Walker, with Denis Lawson & Siân Phillips. *New Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1.* Until Oct 18.

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Piccadilly.* Until Aug 16.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

Romeo & Juliet. A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Rose. Glenda Jackson is entirely true & lucid as a harassed Midlands school-teacher in a taut, civilized play by Andrew Davies. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Scrape off the Black by Tunde Ikoli, directed by Peter Gill. A young black Londoner's attempts to create a family for himself. *Riverside Studios.* Until Aug 10.

Shadow of a Gunman, by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Michael Pennington & Norman Rodway. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Aug 2.

A Short Sharp Shock... for the Government. An attack on today's Tory Government by Howard Brenton & Tony Howard. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until mid Aug.

Sisterly Feelings. In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a coin—there are four possibilities—Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Carteret and Penelope Wilton, does him honour. *Oliver.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play; the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

The Suicide by Nikolai Erdman. Last year's production from The Other Place, directed by Ron Daniels. *Warehouse.* From July 31.

Sweeney Todd. Musical based on the story of the demon barber of Fleet Street. With Denis Quilley & Sheila Hancock. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

They Shoot Horses Don't They? Ray Herman's play based on the novel by Horace McCoy, directed by Bob Carlton. *Bubble Theatre.*

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor and Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Twelfth Night. Cherie Lunghi's Viola & John Woodvine's Malvolio are happiest in last year's self-indulgent revival by Terry Hands transferred from Stratford. The play opens during a hard winter in Illyria. *Aldwych.*

First nights

Hedda. Based on Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler", the play is freely adapted & directed by Charles Marowitz. With Jenny Agutter. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Aug 6-23.

Mama Dragon, play performed by the Black Theatre Company. *ICA, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Aug 6-23.

Writer's Cramp, by John Byrne, directed by Robin Lefevre. With Bill Paterson, John Bett & Alex Norton. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Aug 8.

Galileo. Brecht's play translated by Howard Brenton tells how Galileo's revolutionary theories undermined the authorities who forced him to recant. Directed by John Dexter, with Michael Gambon as Galileo. *Oliver, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Aug 13.

Hair. Malcolm Knight directs the American tribal-love rock musical of the 1960s. *Churchill Theatre, Bromley, Kent.* Aug 18-30.

Marcel Marceau, the French mime. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1.* Aug 18-Sept 13.

Line 'Em. Christopher Morahan directs Nigel Williams's play about London working men on a picket line. With Phil Daniels. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Aug 18.

Consider My Position. New farce by John Graham, directed by Allan Davis. Starring Lance Percival & Hugh Lloyd. *Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford, Surrey.* Aug 19-Sept 6.

Marika's Café Theatre, compiled & performed by Marika Rivera. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Aug 25-30.

The Beggar's Opera by John Gay, directed by Toby Robertson. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Aug 27-Sept 27.

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

All Quiet on the Western Front. New film version of Erich Maria Remarque's anti-war novel, directed by Delbert Mann. With Richard Thomas, Ernest Borgnine, Donald Pleasence, Ian Holm & Patricia Neal.

All That Jazz. Ritzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all the way through.

American Gigolo. Thriller set in California with Richard Gere as a gigolo involved in a murder case. Written & directed by Paul Schrader.

Angi Vera. A superb Hungarian account of the clash between passion and the Party line. Set in 1948, it is atmospherically directed by Pal Gabor and beautifully acted by Veronika Papp.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's near-masterpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of moral blackness.

Bad Timing. A complex, allusive account of an obsessive love affair set in modern Vienna. Nicolas Roeg directs & the result has the fascination of an animated mosaic.

Being There. Peter Sellers plays a man newly-exposed to the modern world who impresses the rich & the powerful with his simple proposals for the resolution of major world problems. Comedy directed by Hal Ashby, with Shirley Maclaine, Jack Warden, Melvyn Douglas & Richard Dysart.

Bronco Billy. Clint Eastwood directs & also plays the owner & star of a small Wild West show who recruits a New York heiress as his assistant. With Sondra Locke & Geoffrey Lewis.

Can't Stop the Music. Musical set in New York & Los Angeles about the rise to fame of a group, The Village People. Directed by Nancy Walker, with Valerie Perrine & Bruce Jenner.

City on Fire. Disaster film directed by Alvin Rakoff, with Barry Newman, Shelley Winters, Ava Gardner, Henry Fonda & James Franciscus.

Courage, Fuyons! A whimsical French comedy about the amorous escapades of a natural coward (Jean Rochefort) who falls in with a blonde chanteuse (Catherine Deneuve). Jolly nonsense.

The Day Time Ended. John Cardos directs this film about a family moving to a deserted house who become locked in a time-war & attacked by beings from outer space.

Dona Flor & Her Two Husbands. Brazilian sex comedy directed by Bruno Barreto.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford as a retired cowboy saves a famous racehorse from a heartless corporation aided, and even abetted, by Jane Fonda. Seductive.

The Empire Strikes Back. The inevitable sequel to "Star Wars"; a technological bore.

Les Enfants du Paradis. Recently acclaimed as the best French film ever made, this sumptuous re-creation of the Paris of Louis-Philippe is essential viewing, whether for the first or the fifth time.

Fame. Musical following the progress of eight students at a Manhattan school of performing arts. Directed by Alan Parker, with Irene Cara.

The Final Countdown. A modern American aircraft-carrier & its crew are transported back in time to take part in the battle of Pearl Harbor. Directed by Don Taylor, with Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen & James Farentino.

Fingers. Violent story of a young man who wants to become a pianist like his mother, but is dragged into the world of gangsters by his father. Written & directed by James Toback, with Harvey Keitel,

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Forget Venice. A study of relationships within an Italian family. Directed by Franco Brusati, with Erland Josephson & Mariangela Melato.

Friday the 13th. Repulsive American Gothic about death striking at a New Jersey summer camp. Hugely popular and somewhat sick.

Guyana—Crime of the Century. Dramatization of the mass suicide of November, 1978, with Stuart Whitman, Gene Barry, John Ireland & Joseph Cotten. Directed by Rene Cardona Jr.

Hide in Plain Sight. Directed by James Caan, the film is based on true events in a father's search for his two children, now that their mother is married to an informer given a new identity by the US police. With James Caan, Joe Grifasi & Jill Eikenberry.

Hurricane. Remake of the 1937 drama set in the South Pacific. Directed by Jan Troell, with Jason Robards & Mia Farrow.

Jaguar Lives. Thriller about a special agent pursuing a gang of assassins. Directed by Ernest Pintoff, with Joe Lewis, Christopher Lee, Donald Pleasence & Barbara Bach.

King of the Gypsies. Relationships among three generations of a violent gypsy family. Directed by Frank Pierson, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon & Judd Hirsch.

Knife in the Head. An interesting German film about the exploitation, by right & left wings, of an incapacitated scientist. Bruno Ganz, a rising German star, gives a memorable performance as the stricken patient.

Kramer vs Kramer. Heart-wrenching but in the end life-affirming study of what happens when parents split & father is left bringing up the child: Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep & Justin Henry are superb.

The Last Flight of Noah's Ark. Disney film directed by Charles Jarrott with Elliott Gould as a bankrupt pilot flying a missionary, animals & two stowaway children to a South Pacific island.

Little Darlings. Tatum O'Neal & Christine McNichol play two teenagers on holiday at a summer camp & determined to have a good time. Directed by Ronald F. Maxwell, with Armand Assante & Matt Dillon.

Long Weekend. First film by Colin Eggleston about nature striking back at a materialist city couple. Highly promising with horror suggested rather than stated.

Marigolds in August. Written by Athol Fugard, directed by Ross Devenish. Fugard plays a coloured man who attempts to kindle understanding between two black workers in an affluent white holiday resort. With Winston Ntshona & John Kani.

Mirror. Andrei Tarkovsky's poetic, allusive account of growing up in Russia. The images are very eloquent; but piecing them together is often like doing a very difficult jigsaw.

Nijinsky. Based on the life of the Russian ballet dancer, starring George de la Peña as Nijinsky, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne & Anton Dolin. Directed by Herbert Ross.

Rocky II. The successful boxer played by Sylvester Stallone is forced into retirement on health grounds & fritters his winnings away before being goaded into a return bout with the world champion. Written & directed by Stallone & co-starring Talia Shire & Burgess Meredith.

The Rose. The superbly talented Bette Midler redeems a hackneyed tale about the decline & fall of a late 1960s, Joplinese superstar.

The Sea Wolves. Second World War adventure story, based on fact, about a band of ageing civilians carrying out a commando raid in the Indian Ocean. Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen, with Gregory Peck, Roger Moore, David Niven & Trevor Howard.

The Secret Policeman's Ball. Roger Graef's documentary is an edited version of the theatrical revue, performed by satirists John Cleese, Peter Cook, Billy Connolly, Rowan Atkinson, Eleanor Bron, Michael Palin, Terry Jones & others.

Silver Dream Racer. Love story set in the world of international motorcycle racing. Directed by David Wickes, with David Essex, Beau Bridges & Cristina Raines.

SOS Titanic. Film based on the events of the ship's disastrous maiden voyage. Directed by Billy Hale, with David Janssen, Cloris Leachman, Susan St James, David Warner, Ian Holm & Helen Mirren.

Starting Over. Alan Pakula's wryly romantic look at the problems of the divorced male with Jill Clayburgh in stunning form as a nervy nursery-school teacher.

Sweet William. A contemporary romance written by Beryl Bainbridge, directed by Claude Whatham. With Jenny Agutter & Sam Waterston.

10. Unfunny comedy about the male menopause in which Dudley Moore lumbers through some protracted sequences with Julie Andrews supplanting love interest & Bo Derek sexual diversion.

The Tin Drum. Masterly translation to the screen by Volker Schlöndorff of Gunter Grass's famous novel about a dwarfish boy's vision of Nazi Germany. David Bennent is utterly astonishing as the all-seeing hero.

Tom Horn. Not many Westerns about these days but this elegiac one, directed by William Wiard, is both handsome & moving & stars Steve McQueen as an old hero facing a new era.

The Wanderers. Comedy about gang warfare set in 1963 New York. Directed by Philip Kaufman, with Ken Wahl, John Friedrich, Karen Allen & Toni Kalen.

★ BALLET ★

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Giselle, choreography Coralli/Perrot, music Adam, with Park, Wall, Aug 1.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa/Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky, with Mason, Deane, Aug 2, 2pm; with Collier, Eagling, Aug 2.

Royal Gala for Queen Mother's birthday: Rhapsody, new ballet by Ashton, music Rachmaninov; with Collier, Baryshnikov; **A Month in the Country,** choreography Ashton, music Chopin, with Porter, Dowell, Rencher, Sleep; third work to be announced. Aug 4. **Rhapsody,** with Collier, Baryshnikov; **A Month in the Country,** with Makarova, Dowell, Rencher, Sleep (Aug 5, 7); with Porter, Coleman, Rencher, Fletcher, (Aug 8); third work to be announced. Aug 5, 7, 8.

Romeo & Juliet, choreography Macmillan, music Prokofiev, with Porter, Silver, Jefferies, Aug 6, 2pm; with Ellis, Eagling, Coleman, Aug 6.

Manon, choreography Macmillan, music Massenet; with Park, Wall, Jefferies, Aug 9, 2pm; with Makarova, Dowell, Wall, Aug 9.

Season ends.
KASATKA COSSACKS, Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1:

Traditional Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian & Moldavian songs, music & dances. Aug 28-30.
MAZOWSZE, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1: Dance and song from Poland. July 21-Aug 9.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:

30th anniversary season:
Giselle, choreography Coralli/Perrot, music Adam. Aug 12-16.

Coppélia, choreography Petipa, music Delibes. Aug 18-23.

Metamorphoses, choreography Cauley, music Richard Strauss; **new ballet** by Moreland, music Maxwell Davies, designs Baylis; **Graduation Ball,** choreography Lichine, music Strauss. Aug 25-28.

Première 1914, choreography Pink, music Kabalovsky; **Three Preludes,** choreography Stevenson, music Rachmaninov; **Graduation Ball.** Aug 29, 30.

La Sylphide, choreography Bournonville, music Lövenskjöld. Sept 1-4.

Edinburgh Festival:

AUSTRALIAN DANCE THEATRE, Royal Lyceum Theatre, Grindlay St, Edinburgh:

Seven Songs, choreography Morrice, music Canteloube (Aug 18); **Flibbertigibbet,** choreography Taylor, music Bach; **Incident at Bull Creek,** choreography Taylor, music Vine;

Labyrinth, choreography Bruce, music Subotnik (Aug 18, 19); **Transfigured Night,** choreography Taylor, music Schönberg (Aug 19).

Wildstars, choreography Taylor, sound track Triffitt.

★ OPERA ★

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Aida, conductor Armstrong/Williams, with Linda Esther Gray as Aida, Margaret Kingsley/Katherine Pring as Amneris, Charles Craig as Radames, Neil Howlett as Amonasro, Richard Angas/Dennis Wicks as Ramphis, Roderick Earle as the King of Egypt. July 31, Aug 5, 8, 12, 15, 20, 23, 27.

La vie Parisienne, conductor Vivienne, with Marilyn Hill Smith as Gabrielle, Lois McDonall as Metella, John Winfield as the Brazilian, Eric Shilling as the Baron, Sonja Nerdrum as the Baroness, Ian Caddy as Bobinet, Terry Jenkins as Gardfeu. Aug 2, 7, 14, 19.

The Damnation of Faust, conductor Masson/Barlow, with John Treleaven as Faust, Richard Van

Allan as Mephistopheles, Felicity Palmer as Marguerite, Roderick Earle as Brander. Aug 9, 13, 16, 22, 29.

The Coronation of Poppea, conductor Montgomery, with Eilene Hannan as Poppea, Geoffrey Pogson as Nero, Christian du Plessis as Ottone, Anne Collins as Arnalta, Della Jones as Ottavia, Richard Angas as Seneca. Aug 21, 28.

GLYNEDBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex:

Die Zauberflöte, conductor Haitink, with Ryland Davies as Tamino, Benjamin Luxon as Papageno, Isobel Buchanan as Pamina, Rita Shane as the Queen of the Night, Thomas Thomaschke as Sarastro, Willard White as the Speaker, Francis Egerton as Monostatos, Meryl Drower as Papagena. Aug 1, 3.

Der Rosenkavalier, conductor Barlow, with Felicity Lott as Octavian, Elizabeth Harwood as the Marschallin, Artur Korn as Baron Ochs, Claudio Desderi as Faninal, Krisztina Laki as Sophie. Aug 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

La fedeltà premiata, conductor Rattle, with Kate Flowers as Nerina, James Atherton as Lindoro, Ferruccio Furlanetto as Meliboe, Brenda Booser as Amaranta, John Rawnley as Ferrucchetto, Max-René Cosotti as Fileno, Evelyn Petros as Celia, Elizabeth Ritchie as Diana. Aug 5, 7, 9, 11.

OPERA FACTORY ZURICH, Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6:
Acis & Galatea, conductor Langbein, with Marie Angel as Galatea, Andre Cardino as Acis, David Freeman as Polyphemus, Richard Levitt as Damon. Aug 12, 13, 15, 16, 17.

Edinburgh Festival
COLOGNE OPERA, King's Theatre, Leven St:

Così fan tutte, conductor Pritchard, with Julia Varady, Ann Murray, Georgine Resick, Rüdiger Wohlers, Claudio Nicolai, Carlos Feller. Aug 17, 19, 21.

Il matrimonio segreto, conductor Pritchard, with Barbara Daniels, Krisztina Laki, Martha Szirmay, David Kuebler, Claudio Nicolai, Carlos Feller. Aug 23, 25.

SCOTTISH OPERA, King's Theatre, Leven St:
The Cunning Little Vixen, conductor Armstrong, with Helen Field, Philip Joll, Arthur Davies, Curt Appelgren, Nigel Douglas. Aug 27, 29.

Wozzeck, conductor Gibson, with Benjamin Luxon, Wendy Fine, Arley Reece, Curt Appelgren, Alexander Oliver, Francis Egerton. Aug 28, 30.

★ MUSIC ★

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL, SE19:

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Fistoulari. Tchaikovsky, Sleeping Beauty, Swan Lake Waltz, Andante Cantabile, 1812 Overture with firework display. Aug 3, 8pm. Tickets from GLC, Room 89, County Hall, SE1.

ROSSLYN HILL CHAPEL, Rosslyn Hill, NW3:

The English Concert; Simon Standage, Elizabeth Wilcock, violins; Trevor Jones, viola; Jennifer Ward Clarke, cello; Mandy MacNamara, double bass; Trevor Pincock, harpsichord. Purcell, Incidental music from The Faery Queen; Rosenmüller, Sonata a quattro, No 7 in D minor; Bach, Concertos in D minor & A major for harpsichord & strings BWV 1052 & BWV 1055; Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik K525. Aug 10, 7.30pm.

ST MARTIN IN THE FIELDS, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:

Academy & Chorus of St Martin in the Fields, conductor Heltay; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; John Hancorn, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor. Aug 2, 7.30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:
(*FH*=Festival Hall, *EH*=Queen Elizabeth Hall, *PR*=Purcell Room)

English Chamber Orchestra, Pinchas Zukerman, conductor & violin; Itzhak Perlman, violin; Philip Ledger, harpsichord. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos, 1, 3, 6, Violin Concerto in E BWV 1042; Concerto in D minor for two violins BWV 1043. Aug 10, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Pinchas Zukerman, violin & viola; Itzhak Perlman, Kenneth Sillito, violins; Philip Ledger, harpsichord; Laurence Lesser, cello; Emanuel Ax, piano. Bach, Sonata in D minor for two violins & continuo BWV 1043; Haydn, Piano Trio in A Hob 18; Schumann, Piano Quintet in E flat, Aug 11, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Master Classes: Pinchas Zukerman, Aug 11, 2.30pm; Jacqueline du Pré, Aug 12, 11am; Neil Black, Aug 13; Laurence Lesser, Aug 14; Michael Tree, Aug 15; Rosalyn Tureck, Aug 18; Emanuel

Ax, Aug 19; Kenneth Sillito, Aug 20; Antony Pay, Aug 21; Jaime Laredo, Aug 22; 2.30pm. *PR*.
English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Zukerman; Itzhak Perlman, violin; Neil Black, oboe; Philip Ledger, harpsichord. C. P. E. Bach, Symphony in F; J. S. Bach, Violin Concerto in A minor BWV 1041, Concerto in D minor for violin & oboe BWV 1060; Stravinsky, Pulcinella. Aug 12, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Michael Tree, viola da gamba; **Eugenia Zukerman,** flute; **Philip Moll,** harpsichord. Bach, Sonata No 1 in G BWV 1027, Flute Sonata No 1 BWV 1030; Berio, Sequenza No 1 for flute. Aug 12, 6pm. *PR*.

Jaime Laredo, Kenneth Sillito, violins; Sharon Robinson, Laurence Lesser, cellos; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; **Michael Tree,** viola. Haydn, Piano Trio in E Hob 28; Mendelssohn, Piano Trio in C minor; Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor. Aug 13, 7.45pm. *EH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard, conductor & harpsichord; Yvonne Lea, mezzo-soprano; Ryland Davies, tenor. Cesti, Cavalli, Monteverdi, Albinoni. Aug 14, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Kenneth Sillito, Jaime Laredo, violins; **Michael Tree,** Pinchas Zukerman, violas; **Laurence Lesser,** Sharon Robinson, cellos. Schönberg, Verklärte Nacht. **Instrumental Ensemble,** conductor Cambréling. Stravinsky, The Soldier's Tale: Claire Bloom, narrator; Wayne Sleep, The Soldier; Simon Callow, The Devil; Maina Gielgud, The Princess. Aug 15, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Laurence Lesser, cello; **Kenneth Sillito,** violin; **Antony Pay,** clarinet; **Marc Neikrug,** piano. Bach, Suite No 4 BWV 1010; Stravinsky, Trio, The Soldier's Tale. Aug 15, 6pm. *PR*.

Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Bach, Goldberg Variations. **Instrumental Ensemble,** conductor Cambréling. Stravinsky, The Soldier's Tale: Claire Bloom, narrator; Wayne Sleep, The Soldier; Simon Callow, The Devil; Maina Gielgud, The Princess. Aug 16, 7.15pm. *EH*.

The Academy of Ancient Music, director Hogwood. Handel, Water Music, Music for the Royal Fireworks, followed by firework display on the Thames. Aug 17, 7.45pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra Wind Ensemble. Works by Telemann, J. C. Bach, Salieri, Triebensee, Haydn. **Instrumental Ensemble,** conductor Cambréling. Stravinsky, The Soldier's Tale: Claire Bloom, narrator; Wayne Sleep, The Soldier; Simon Callow, The Devil; Maina Gielgud, The Princess. Aug 17, 3pm. *EH*.

Jaime Laredo, Kenneth Sillito, violins; Pinchas Zukerman, violin & viola; **Michael Tree,** viola; **Stephen Kates,** Sharon Robinson, cellos; **Joseph Kalichstein,** piano. Boccherini, String Quintet in E; Mendelssohn, Viola Quintet in B flat; Dvorak, Piano Quintet in A. Aug 18, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Jaime Laredo, violin; **Emanuel Ax,** **Marc Neikrug,** pianos; **Eugenia Zukerman,** flute. Stravinsky, Suite Italienne for violin & piano; Knussen, Masks for flute & piano; Bach, Sonatas for flute & piano. Aug 18, 6pm. *PR*.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Cambréling; Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Mouret, Fanfares for trumpets, oboes, bassoons, timpani & strings; Bach, Piano Concerto No 1 BWV 1052; Lalande, Symphonies for a King's Supper. Aug 19, 7.45pm. *EH*.

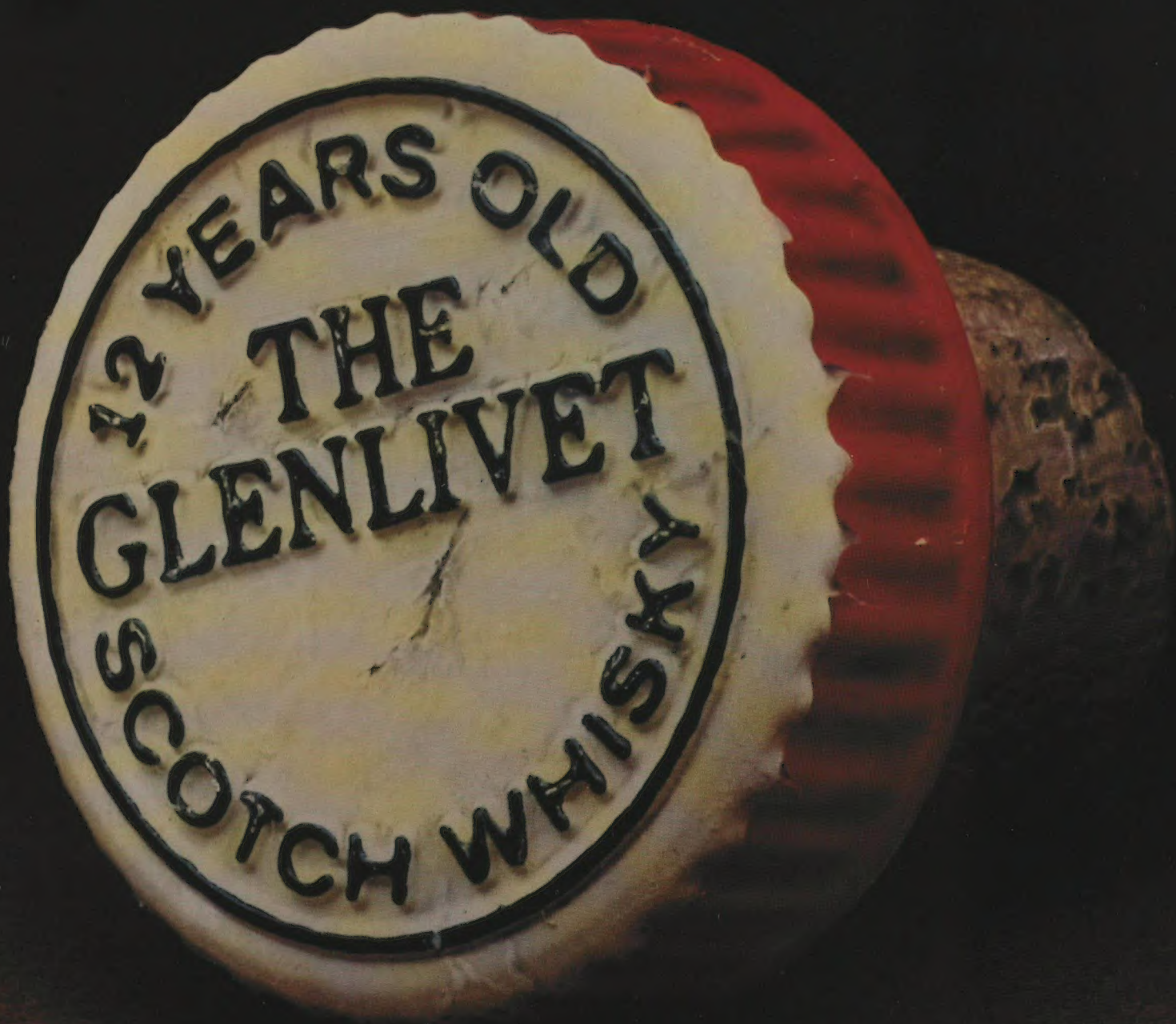
Rosalyn Tureck, harpsichord; **Antony Pay,** clarinet; **Kenneth Sillito,** violin; **Stephen Kates,** cello; **Emanuel Ax,** piano. Bach, Prelude & Fugues from The Well-Tempered Clavier; Messiaen, Quartet for the End of Time. Aug 20, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Sylvain Cambreling, conductor; **Pinchas Zukerman,** violin; **Marc Neikrug,** **Joseph Kalichstein,** pianos; **Maximilian Schell,** narrator; **Jaime Laredo,** viola; **Sharon Robinson,** cello; **Eugenia Zukerman,** flute; **Garth Hulse,** oboe; **Antony Pay,** clarinet. Beethoven, Sonata in G for violin & piano; Neikrug, Through Roses. Aug 21, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Emanuel Ax, **Joseph Kalichstein,** pianos; **Jaime Laredo,** violin; **Sharon Robinson,** cello. Schumann, Humoresque Op 20; Brahms, Piano Trio in C minor. Aug 21, 6pm. *PR*.

Sylvain Cambreling, conductor; **Jose-Luis Garcia,** violin; **Jaime Laredo,** violin & viola; **Michael Tree,** viola; **Pinchas Zukerman,** viola & violin; **Stephen Kates,** Sharon Robinson, cellos; **Maximilian Schell,** narrator; **Eugenia Zukerman,** flute; **Garth Hulse,** oboe; **Antony Pay,** clarinet; **Joseph Kalichstein,** piano. Beethoven, Viola Quintet in C; Neikrug, Through Roses. Aug 22, 7.45pm. *EH*.

The Fires of London, conductor Carewe; Rhubarb the Clown, mime/juggler; Donald Bell, baritone. Maxwell Davies, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame. Aug 23, 3pm. *EH*.



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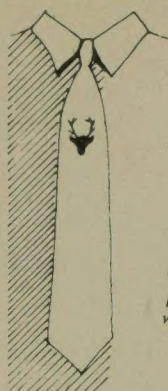
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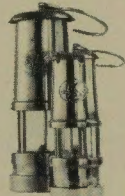
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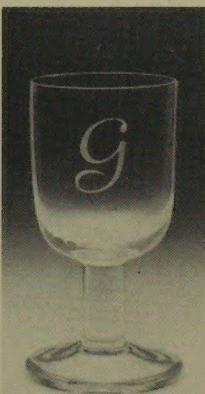
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Pinchas Zukerman, violin & viola; Eugenia
Zukerman, James Galway, flutes; Stephen
Kates, cello. W. F. Bach, Duet in F for two
flutes, Trio in G for two flutes & viola; C. P. E.
Bach, Sonata in A minor for unaccompanied
flute, Duet in G for flute & violin; J. C. Bach,
Quartets in D & C for two flutes, viola & cello,
Aug 23, 7.45pm. *EH.*

English Chamber Orchestra, Pinchas Zukerman,
conductor & violin; Jaime Laredo, Jose-Luis
Garcia, violins; James Galway, Eugenia
Zukerman, flutes; Phillip Moll, harpsichord. Bach,
Concerto in D for three violins BWV 1064, Flute
Concerto in A minor BWV 1056, Brandenburg
Concertos Nos 2, 4, 5. Aug 24, 7.45pm. *FH.*

City of London Sinfonia, conductor Hickox;
Moura Lympny, piano. Schubert, Symphony
No 8 (Unfinished); Mozart, Piano Concerto in C
K467; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian).
Aug 31, 7.30pm. *FH.* Tickets from The League of
Friends, Royal Marsden Hospital, 203 Fulham
Rd, SW3.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:
Göran Söllscher, guitar. Bach, Lute Suite No 4,
Prelude, fugue & allegro in E; Sor, Morceau de
concert Op 54; Hallnäs, Strängspjel. Aug 1,
7.30pm.

The Tallis Scholars. Byrd, Lassus, Mundy,
Sheppard, Tallis, Giles. Aug 2, 7.30pm.

Anthony Halliday, piano. Haydn, Sonata in C
minor Hob 20; Williamson, Sonata No 2; Ravel,
Ondine; Tippett, Sonata No 1; Ireland,
Rhapsody; Balakirev, Islamey. Aug 4, 7.30pm.

Extremore String Ensemble; George Weigand,
director, lute, mandore, orpharion; Robin Jeffrey,
theorbo, bandora, lute; Rosemary Thorndycraft,
viols; Janet Trent, violin, viol; Peter Trent, viol,
lute, cittern; Mary Nichols, soprano & lute.
Dowland, Holborne, English music of the Golden
Age. Aug 6, 7.30pm.

Franz Schubert Quartet of Vienna. Beethoven,
Quartet in F (Rasumovsky); Schubert, Quartet in
D minor (Death & the Maiden). Aug 7, 7.30pm.

Jessye Norman, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano.
Wolf, Five Lieder from the Mörike Songbook;
Seven Lieder from the Italian Songbook; Ravel,
Chansons madécasses, Trois Mélodies hébraï-
ques. Aug 30, 7.30pm.

★ FESTIVALS ★

Fair Oak Festival, Rogate, Hants. Until Aug 3.

Brownsea Open Air Theatre Festival, Poole,
Dorset. Until Aug 8.

Buxton Festival, Derbyshire. Until Aug 10.

Oxford Festival. Until Aug 24.

Minack Theatre Festival, Porthcurno, Cornwall.
Until Sept 6.

Pitlochry Festival Theatre Season, Perthshire.
Until Oct 4.

St Endellion Summer Festival, Nr Port Isaac,
Cornwall. July 30-Aug 8.

Harrogate International Festival, N Yorks. July
31-Aug 13.

Lacock Festival, The Splendour of the Italian Bar-
oque, Lacock Abbey, Nr Chippenham, Wilts. Aug
1-3.

Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, Dyffryn
Lliw, W Glamorgan. Aug 2-9.

Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester. Aug 16-23.

Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Aug 17-Sept 6.

Edinburgh International Festival. Aug 17-Sept 6.

Edinburgh International Film Festival. Aug 17-
30.

Arundel Festival, W Sussex. Aug 23-30.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Abstraction 1910-40, including works by Arp,
Gabo, Kandinsky, Malevich, Mondrian, Picabia
& Villon. *Annelly Juda Gallery, 11 Tottenham
Mews, W1.* Until Sept 27. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm,
Sat until 1pm.

Acquisitions 1977-80, prints & drawings.
Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.
Until Nov 9, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-
5.50pm.

Nicholas Aikman, jewelry; Ronald King, prints;
Colin Pearson, ceramics; Mary Restieaux, silk
ikat hangings. *Oxford Gallery, 23 High St,
Oxford.* Aug 4-Sept 3, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.
Closed Aug 25.

The Ancient Olympic Games. Scale model of the
site at Olympia, statues, vessels & artefacts
illustrating athletic events. *British Museum, Gt
Russell St, WCI.* Until Oct 26. Mon-Sat 10am-
5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Approaches to metal & cloth. Work by Malcolm
Appleby, Michael Rowe, Diana Harrison & Eng
Tow. *British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlham St,*

WC2. Until Aug 9, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat
until 4pm.

Edward Ardizzone, Scottish Arts Council exhib-
ition of watercolours, sketches, children's book
illustrations & Ardizzone's work as a war artist.
Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1. Until
Aug 3, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

Artists of today & tomorrow II, Work by well
known & young artists including Hitchens,
Herman, Frink & Greenham. *New Grafton Gal-
lery, 42 Old Bond St, W1.* July 24-Sept 17, Mon-
Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed Aug 25.

Australian weavers in wool 1980, the best of
Australia's woven art. *Wool House, Carlton
Gdns, SW1.* Until Aug 12, Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm.

Beautiful women, from 18th to 20th centuries.
*Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St,
W8.* Until Aug 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Belgian stamps from the collection of Jack
Andrews. *Stanley Gibbons Romano House Gal-
lery, 399 Strand, WC2.* Aug 1-29, Mon-Fri 9.30
am-4.30pm. Closed Aug 25.

Belfast Telegraph Ideal Home Exhibition. *King's
Hall, Balmoral, Belfast.* Aug 26-Sept 13, Mon-
Sat 2-10pm. £1.50.

The Benedictines in Britain. Major exhibition of
Benedictine life & achievement, through MSS
books dating from the Middle Ages, in celebration
of the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St
Benedict. *British Library, British Museum, Gt
Russell St, WCI.* Until Nov 30, Mon-Sat 10am-
5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Judy Bibby, paintings. *Moir Kelly Fine Art, 97
Essex Rd, N1.* July 23-Aug 16, Tues-Sat 11am-
6pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial
War Museum.* Until Apr 1981. 60p.

Britain before Man. New permanent exhibition
presenting the story of the British Isles. *Geological
Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7.* Mon-Sat 10am-
6pm, Sun 2.30-6.30pm.

British Art 1890-1940. Paintings, watercolours &
drawings. *Parkin Gallery, 11 Motcomb St, SW1.*
Until Sept 27, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.
Closed Aug 25.

British Art 1940-80, the Arts Council Collection
of paintings, drawings, sculptures & prints.
Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. Until Aug
10, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Mon-Thurs until 8pm,
Sun noon-6pm. 80p.

British Craft Show, traditional & new crafts &
equipment. *Wembley Conference Centre, Wem-
bley, Middx.* Aug 21-23, Thurs noon-8pm, Fri
10am-8pm, Sat 10am-5pm. £1.

British fossils. New permanent exhibition
explaining what fossils are, how to collect & inter-
pret them. *Geological Museum.*

The British in Italy: five centuries of guide books
and tourism. *British Library, British Museum.*
July 25-Oct 26.

British Musical Instruments 1980. *Olympia,
Hammersmith Rd, W14.* Aug 21-23, Thurs noon-
9pm, Fri 10am-9pm, Sat 10am-6pm. £1.50.

British stage design, the 1979 Prague exhibit.
Models, photographs & costume designs which
won the Golden Troika at last year's Prague
Quadriennale. *National Theatre foyers, South
Bank, SE1.* July 28-Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-
11pm.

Jack Bush, retrospective survey of the work of one
of Canada's leading 20th-century artists. *Talbot
Rice Arts Centre, Old College, South Bridge,
Edinburgh.* Aug 15-Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm,
Sun 2-5pm.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics
affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition
Rd, SW7.* Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm,
Sun 2.30-6pm.

Children's books of the year, with bookstall,
stories and competitions. *National Book League,
45 East Hill, SW18.* Until Aug 9, Mon-Sat 10am-
6pm.

Sir George Clausen RA. A major retrospective of
watercolours, oils, prints & drawings. *Royal
Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1.* Until Aug 24,
daily 10am-6pm. £1 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

A Cold Wind Brushing the Temple. Works
purchased by George Melly for the Arts Council.
Dudley Art Gallery, W Midlands. Until Aug 16,
Mon-Sat 10am-6pm; *Mappin Art Gallery,
Sheffield, S Yorks.* Aug 23-Sept 21, Mon-Sat
10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

David Colwell, chairs using steam-bent ash with
rattan, upholstery & leather. *Crafts Council Gal-
lery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1.* Aug 9-30, Mon-Sat
10am-5pm.

Arthur Cotterell, oil paintings. *Woodlands Art
Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3.* Until Aug 26,
Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-
6pm.



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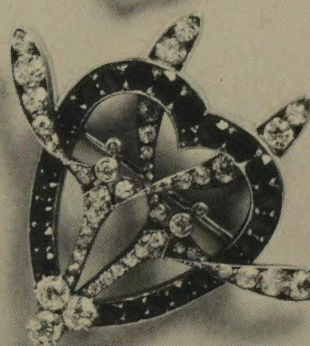
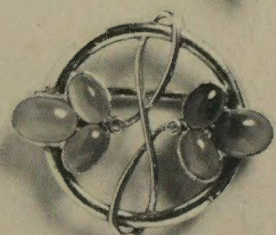
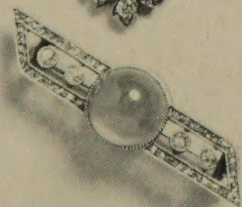
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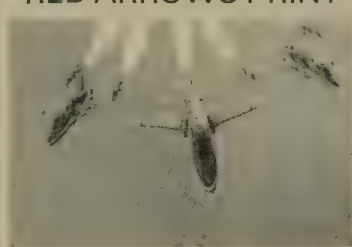
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Covent Garden market old & new. The background to the area currently being redeveloped by the GLC. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2.* Until Aug 31, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Stanley Davies, furniture maker; **Melanie Sproat & Jan Goodey**, silver & jewelry; **Ken Leech**, screen prints. *Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Kendal, Cumbria.* Aug 2-Sept 21, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat, Sun 2-5pm. 35p.

Dovecot tapestry, work by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company from 1912-80. *Royal Scottish Academy, Prince's St, Edinburgh.* Aug 15-Sept 14, daily 10am-9pm. 60p.

Roger Doyle, contemporary jewelry. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* July 23-Sept 3.

Gaspard Dughet, 17th-century landscape paintings by this Roman artist & his influence on British artists such as Gainsborough, Turner & Richard Wilson. *Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3.* Until Sept 28, daily 10am-7pm. 50p.

Early Armenian Printing. 1512-1850. Display to coincide with the publication of a catalogue of antiquarian Armenian printed material. *British Library, British Museum.* Until Dec 31.

English medieval private seals. *British Library, British Museum.* Until Sept 19.

European Festival of Model Railways. *Central Hall, Westminster, SW1.* Aug 21-30, 21st noon-7.30pm, Mon-Sat 10am-7.30pm, Fri until 4pm. £1.30 (21st, £2.60).

Experimental photography. Work by photographers of the 1920s & 1930s, an Arts Council touring exhibition. *The Minories, High St, Colchester, Essex.* Aug 2-Sept 7, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. 20p.

Anthony Eyton, retrospective exhibition of drawings & paintings. *City Museum & Art Gallery, Plymouth, Devon.* Until Aug 10, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Fri until 8pm.

From Pole to Pole. Celebration of the achievements of the Royal Geographical Society over the past 150 years. *Geological Museum.* Until end Sept.

From Tintoretto to Tiepolo, Italian paintings & drawings from 16th-18th centuries. *Heim Gallery, 59 Jermyn St, SW1.* Until Aug 29, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. Closed Aug 25.

Patrick George, Paintings & drawings from 1937-80. *The Minories, Colchester.* Until Aug 17; *Ferens Art Gallery, Hull, Humberside.* Aug 23-Sept 21, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-4.30pm.

William Gillies & the Scottish landscape. Watercolours & drawings from the Lillie Bequest. *Dundee Museum & Art Gallery, Tayside.* Aug 9-Sept 6, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

The Great Optical Illusion: 50 years of TV broadcasting. *Science Museum.* Until Sept 28.

Here be dragons! Display of dragons from Islamic legend, illustrated in Persian, Mughal & Turkish paintings. *British Library, British Museum.* Until Aug 31.

David Hockney, travels with pen, pencil & ink. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1.* Until Aug 3, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

The Human Factor, sculpture in the Arts Council collection by ten artists during the 1970s. *Henry Thomas Gallery, Dyfed College of Art, Carmarthen, Dyfed.* Aug 18-Sept 12, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm. Closed Aug 25.

A hundred years of the Royal Tournament, its evolution from early skill-at-arms competitions to today's spectacle. *National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3.* Until Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

International Motorcycle Exhibition. *Earls Court, SW5.* Aug 23-30, daily 10am-7pm, Tues, Sun, from noon. £1.50.

Japanese prints, 300 years of books & albums. *British Museum.* Until Oct 5.

Kelpra Studio, artists' prints 1961-80, including works by Caulfield, Hamilton, Kitaj, Paolozzi & Tilson. *Tate Gallery.* Until Aug 25.

Eric Kennington, drawings & sculpture. *Imperial War Museum.* Aug 11-Sept 28.

The King's Good Servant. Travelling version of the National Portrait Gallery's exhibition in celebration of the quincentenary of Sir Thomas More's birth. *Forty Hall, Enfield, Middx.* Aug 16-Sept 14, Tues-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat, Sun until 8pm.

Leeds' Paintings. 20th-century British art from Leeds City Art Gallery. *Herbert Art Gallery, Coventry, W Midlands.* Aug 9-Sept 7, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm.

The Legacy, continuing traditions of north-west coast Indian art. *City Art Centre, Market St, Edinburgh.* Aug 15-Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p.

Lion Rugs of Fars, 18th- to 20th-century rugs

from southern Iran. *Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers St, Edinburgh.* Aug 17-Sept 30, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Looking at London. Favourite paintings of the capital (includes the Queen Mother's coronation robes until Aug 10). *Museum of London.* Until Oct 26.

Many Happy Returns. Photographs of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother from childhood to the present. *Westminster Abbey, Norman Undercroft, Broad Sanctuary, SW1.* Until Sept. Mon-Fri 9.15am-4.30pm, Sat, Sun until 5pm. 20p.

Masks. Major exhibition of ethnic masks, make-up, dance, fashion, language & communications technology. *Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8.* Until Sept 7, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.

Medicines for Man. How man discovered remedies, the ways they work & how they are tested. *Science Museum.* Aug 6-Nov 2.

Tom Merrifield, dance sculptures & drawings. *Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1.* Until Aug 23, Mon-Sat 6-10.30pm.

Miniature textiles. *British Crafts Centre.* Aug 22-Oct 4. Closed Aug 25.

Modern British Photography 1919-1939. An Arts Council exhibition selected by David Mellor. *Museum of Modern Art, Oxford.* July 27-Aug 31, Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

A Month in London. Lord Leighton's "Perseus on Pegasus hastening to the Rescue of Andromeda" on loan from the Leicestershire Museums & Art Gallery. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2.* Aug 1-31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Henry Moore—tapestry & West Dean. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Aug 25.

Nature as Material. Sculpture & photographs from landscapes, selected for the Arts Council by Andrew Causey. *Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, Merseyside.* Until Aug 8, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm.

William Nicholson, paintings, prints, drawings, stage designs & illustrated books. *Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.* Until Aug 25, Tues-Sat 10am-4.50pm, Sun 2.15-4.50pm. Open Aug 25.

Old & Modern Masters of Photography, photographs selected from the collection in the Victoria & Albert Museum. *Bolton Museum & Art Gallery, Gtr Manchester.* July 26-Aug 23, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

Victor Pasmore. Arts Council retrospective of 50 works, selected by Alastair Grieve. *Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.* July 26-Aug 25, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Tues, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

Patterns of diversity, exhibition in connexion with the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society featuring the Society's 1977-78 expedition to Sarawak. *Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.* Until end Sept, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Ronald Penrose, retrospective of surrealist paintings. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Aug 23-Sept 28, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. Non-members 35p.

Prescote in Edinburgh, furniture, textiles, ceramics, bookbinding by Britain's leading designer-craftsmen. *City Art Centre, Edinburgh.* Aug 15-Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm. 30p.

The Queen Mother: a celebration. Paintings & photographs. *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2.* Until Sept 28, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Bridget Riley, screenprints 1965-78. *Paisley Museum & Art Gallery, Renfrewshire.* Aug 16-Sept 6, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum.* Until Dec 1981.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1.* Until Oct 19, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Open Aug 25. 60p.

Shopping in London. Ten examples of London's best small specialist shops. *Design Centre, 28 Haymarket, SW1.* Until Aug 16, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Wed & Thurs until 9pm.

Summer Exhibition. *Royal Academy.* Until Aug 24. £1.50 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Summer Show, 1. Selected works by Alan Miller. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gdns, W2.* Until Aug 10, daily 10am-7pm.

Svensk Form, modern Swedish craft & design including industrial design. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Sept 14. 50p.

Traditional textiles from the great Indian desert. *Coexistence, 10 Argyle St, Bath, Avon.* Until Aug

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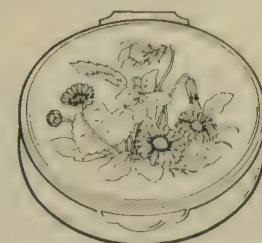
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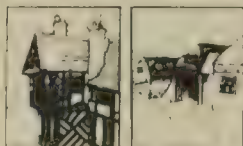


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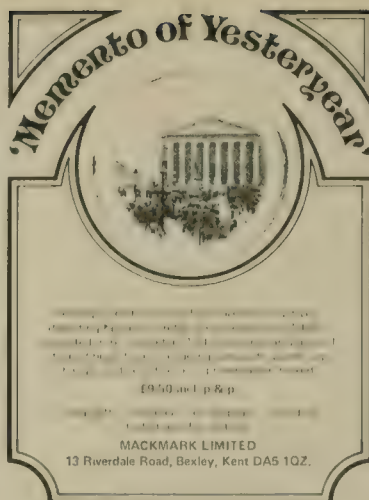


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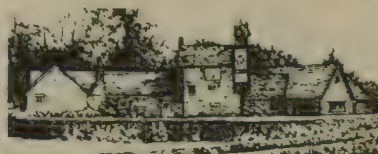
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14, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Pat Tucker, watercolours & pen drawings of views of London & the Kent countryside. *Woodlands Gallery*. Until Aug 26.

The Universal Penman. Survey of western calligraphy from Roman times to the present day. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Sept 28.

The Varieties of western woodcuts, showing the wide range of uses to which the medium has been put in Europe. *British Museum*. Until Oct 5.
A View of China, photographs, sketches & documents by a group of British theatre designers recently returned from China. *National Theatre foyers*. July 28-Sept 13.

Marevna Vorobnev, paintings. Exhibition to coincide with the Lyric Studio's production of her daughter's show 'Marika's Café Theatre'. *Lyric foyers, King St, W6*. Aug 18-30, Mon-Sat 10am-7.30pm.

Watermarks. Paintings & photographs of the effects of the sea on the shoreline, by Robert Calender & Elizabeth Ogilvie. *Fruit Market Gallery, 29 Market St, Edinburgh*. Until Aug 9, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

Whitechapel Open Exhibition, work by artists of East London. *Whitechapel Art Gallery, High St, E1*. Aug 1-31, Sun-Fri 11am-6pm. Closed Aug 25.

Andrew Wyeth. The first major exhibition in Europe of this American Realist's paintings. *Royal Academy*. Until Aug 31, £1 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Antiques fairs

Highlands Antiques Fair. *Caledonian Hotel, Inverness*. Aug 4-6.

Antiques Fair. *Crown Hotel, Harrogate, N Yorks*. Aug 6-9.

Edinburgh Antiques Fair. *Roxburghe Hotel, Edinburgh*. Aug 11-13.

Antiques Fair. *Church Hall, Olney, Bucks*. Aug 25.

Lindfield Antiques Fair. *King Edward Hall, Lindfield, W Sussex*. Aug 29, 30.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Porcelain & works of art. Aug 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

Silver & plate. Aug 5, 19, 11am.

Watercolours & drawings. Aug 6, 11am.

European oil paintings. Aug 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. Aug 7, 14, 21, 28, 2.30pm.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Printed books. Aug 1, 15, 22, 29, 10.30am.

Silver. Aug 1, 4, 11, 18, 26, 2pm.

Oriental ceramics. Aug 4, 11, 2pm.

English & Continental glass. Aug 5, 19, 10.30am.

Costume, textiles, embroidery & fans. Aug 5, 12, 19, 26, 2pm.

Jewelry. Aug 5, 19, 2pm.

English & Continental pictures. Aug 6, 20, 10.30am & 2pm; Aug 13, 27, 2pm.

Furniture, carpets & objects of art. Aug 6, 13, 20, 27, 10.30am & 2pm.

Oriental works of art. Aug 7, 14, 21, 28, 10.30am.

European ceramics. Aug 7, 14, 21, 28, 2pm.

Toys. Aug 7, 2pm.

Oriental & Islamic paintings, prints & scrolls. Aug 11, 10.30am.

English & Continental watercolours & drawings. Aug 11, 18, 2pm.

Jewelry & timepieces. Aug 12, 2pm; Aug 27, 10.30am.

Marine & sporting pictures, watercolours & drawings. Aug 13, 27, 10.30am.

Tools. Aug 14, 2pm.

Dolls. Aug 15, 29, 2pm.

Cameras & photographic equipment. Aug 21, 2pm.

Cigarette cards, postcards, Baxter prints, Steven- graphs & associated material. Aug 22, 2pm.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Silver & plate. Aug 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & objects. Aug 4, 11, 18, 11am.

Oil paintings. Aug 4, 18, 2pm.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. Aug 5, 12, 19, 11am.

Jewelry. Aug 5, 19, 1.30pm.

Chinese & Japanese ceramics & works of art. Aug 6, 20, 11am.

Watercolours. Aug 11, 11am.

Prints. Aug 11, 2pm.

Pewter & metalware. Aug 12, noon.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. Aug 13, 11am.

Scientific instruments. Aug 20, 2pm.

Costumes, lace & textiles. Aug 28, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

Shakespeare—the man, V. Lucas. Until Aug 29, Mon-Fri 1.15pm.

Gallery talks & tours:

Here be dragons, B. Brend. Aug 8, 15, 22, 29, noon.

Treasures of illumination, J. Lee. Aug 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, noon.

The Benedictines in Britain, D. Taylor, Mon-Fri 2.30pm; J. Lee, Aug 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1.45pm.

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd. SW7:

Pebbles. Aug 2, 2.30pm.

What are fossils?—a question & answer session for 9/12 year-olds. Aug 5, 26, 2.30pm.

Rocks through the microscope. Aug 7, 2.30pm.

What are rocks?—question & answer session for 9/12-year-olds. Aug 12, 2.30pm.

A simple guide for identifying fossils. Aug 14, 2.30pm.

A guided tour from Pole to Pole. Aug 19, 21, 2.30pm.

Six rocks & their stories. Aug 28, 2.30pm.

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

The Ancient Egyptian background to Aida, C. Andrews. Aug 5, 1pm. £1.

Triumph of evil—an ethical problem (The Coronation of Poppea), R. Milnes. Aug 21, 1pm. £1.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, Green- wick, SE10:

In the Planetarium:

Time at Greenwich, 2.30pm; The realm of the gal- axes, 3.30pm; Thurs-Tues (not Sun). 15p.

Films, in the Runciman lecture theatre:

Greenwich, a people's heritage; How a man shall be armed. Aug 5, 2.30pm.

Satellites of the sun; Exploring the moon; Crown- ing achievement. Aug 7, 2.30pm.

Above us the waves (Feature film). Aug 12, 14, 2.30pm.

Mastery at sea (Nato film); The hunt for X-5. Aug 19, 21, 2.30pm.

The Knights of Malta (BBC film). Aug 26, 2.30pm.

George Daniels, clockmaker (LWT film). Aug 28, 2.30pm.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1:

The fuchsia as a garden plant, M. Slater, Aug 5, 2.30pm.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Electrostatics—the shocking truth, J. Stevenson. Aug 5, 6, 7, 9, 3pm.

The chemist in the kitchen, A. Tulley. Aug 12, 13, 14, 16, 3pm.

Journey to Jupiter, A. Wilson. Aug 19, 20, 21, 23, 3pm.

Films:

The Rainbow makers (Dyes). Aug 1, 2, 1pm.

The Crab Nebula (BBC film). Aug 26, 27, 28, 30, 3pm.

The fibre web (Paper). Aug 6, 8, 9, 1pm.

Automation, your obedient servant. Aug 13, 15, 16, 1pm.

Rustodian (Rust inhibitors). Aug 20, 22, 23, 1pm.

The Sunbeam solution (BBC film). Aug 2, 3pm.

Composite structures. Aug 27, 29, 30, 1pm.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:

The Seine at Port-Villez by Monet, L. Bradbury. Aug 1, 1pm.

Summer hues—the Impressionists, L. Bradbury. Aug 2, 3pm.

Reflections on summer foliage, L. Bradbury. Aug 3, 3pm.

Art takes a holiday, L. Bradbury. Aug 4, 1pm.

"Young Love" by Arthur Hughes, G. Cohen. Aug 5, 1pm.

A newly-acquired conversation piece by Mercier, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Aug 6, 1pm.

Naked under the sun—the nude in art, L. Bradbury. Aug 7, 1pm.

Albert Moore: new acquisition, M. Ellis. Aug 8, 1pm.

Summer symbols—figurative & abstract, L. Bradbury. Aug 9, 3pm.

Sun-gilded vistas in paint, L. Bradbury. Aug 10, 3pm.

The isms & wasms of modern art, L. Bradbury. Aug 11, 1pm.

Summer summaries by Bonnard, T. Measham. Aug 12, 1pm.

Gwen John, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Aug 13, 1pm.

Variations on a summer theme, L. Bradbury. Aug 14, 1pm.
View at Auvers by Vincent Van Gogh, L. Bradbury. Aug 15, 1pm.
Summer pageants in pictures, L. Bradbury. Aug 16, 3pm.
Pre-Raphaelite brilliance, L. Bradbury. Aug 17, 3pm.
Barbara Hepworth & Ben Nicholson, L. Bradbury. Aug 18, 1pm.
The summer light in Fauvism, T. Measham. Aug 19, 1pm.
Matisse: "The Red Studio", S. O'Brien-Twohig. Aug 20, 1pm.
Inspiration from Helios, L. Bradbury. Aug 21, 1pm.
Derby day, L. Bradbury. Aug 22, 1pm.
Summer blooms on canvas, L. Bradbury. Aug 23, 3pm.
Constable's passing clouds, L. Bradbury. Aug 24, 3pm.
Degas's "Dancing Girl" & other women, T. Measham. Aug 26, 1pm.
Cubism, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Aug 27, 1pm.
The Constable letters—a reading, C. Lowenthal & G. Cohen. Aug 28, 1pm.
An aesthetic masterpiece: "Blossoms" by Albert Moore, M. Ellis. Aug 29, 1pm.
Winter skeletons at a summer feast, L. Bradbury. Aug 30, 3pm.
Summer seaside scenes, L. Bradbury. Aug 31, 3pm.
VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:
Great Britons: Wedgwood, S. Bowles, Aug 3; Constable, R. Parkinson, Aug 10; William Morris, J. Compton, Aug 17; 3.30pm.
WATERLOO ROOM, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:
John Gilpin & Belinda Wright talk about their association with London Festival Ballet. Aug 13, 6pm. £2 includes coffee & sandwiches.
Geoffrey Cauley & Barry Moreland discuss their approach to choreography & talk about their new ballets with Patricia Ruanne. Aug 26, 6pm. £2 includes coffee & sandwiches.
WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:
Paintings at Apsley House, R. Parkinson. Aug 5, 12.30pm.
The history of Apsley House, S. Bowles. Aug 12, 12.30pm.
The collections of the first Duke, S. Bowles. Aug 19, 12.30pm.
WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:
Maria Callas, the woman & the artiste, R. Sutherland. Aug 5, 7.30pm. £1-£2.50.

★ SPORT ★

XXII Summer Olympic Games, Moscow. Until Aug 3.
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
FA Charity Shield: Liverpool v West Ham United. Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx. Aug 9.
ATHLETICS
IAC/Coca-Cola Meeting, Crystal Palace, SE19. Aug 8.
WAAA National track & field championships. Crystal Palace. Aug 15, 16.
BAAB International Games, including IAAF Dubai Golden Mile. Crystal Palace. Aug 25.
England v Scotland v Yugoslavia v Norway (men). Gateshead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Aug 31.
CRICKET
England v West Indies, Fifth Cornhill Test Match. Headingley. Aug 7-12.
England v Australia, Cornhill Centenary Test Match. Lord's. Aug 28-Sept 2.
Prudential Trophy: England v Australia. The Oval, Aug 20; Edgbaston, Aug 22.
MCC v Scotland. Lord's. Aug 11, 12.
Gillette Cup semi-finals. Aug 13.
(HPT)—Holt Products Trophy, (JP)—John Player League, (SC)—Schweppes Championship.
Lord's: Middx v Essex (SC), Aug 2; v Essex (JP), Aug 3; v Leics (SC), Aug 6; v Notts (SC), Aug 16; v Notts (JP), Aug 17; v Derbys (SC), Aug 20.
The Oval: Surrey v Glamorgan (SC), Aug 6; v Australia (HPT), Aug 9, 10; v Kent (SC), Aug 23; v Kent (JP), Aug 24.
EQUESTRIANISM
Royal Dublin Horse Show, Eire. Aug 5-9.
International Dressage Festival. Goodwood, W Sussex. Aug 6-10.
Lowther Horse Driving Trials, Nr Penrith, Cumbria. Aug 8-10.
Butlin's Showjumping Championship. Pwllheli, Gwynedd. Aug 11.

Midland Bank Championships. Loco Park, Derbys. Aug 14-16.
British Jumping Derby. Hickstead, W Sussex. Aug 22-25.
Ardingly Horse Show. W Sussex. Aug 15, 16.
Southport Show. Merseyside. Aug 21-23.
Greater London Horse Show. Clapham Common, SW4. Aug 23-25.
Town & Country Festival. Stoneleigh, Kenilworth, Warwicks. Aug 23-25.
City of Leicester Show. Aug 25, 26.
City of Birmingham Show. Aug 29-31.
Sheffield Horse Show. S Yorks. Aug 29-31.
Springhill Horse Trials. Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos. Aug 30.
GOLF
English Amateur Championship. Moortown GC, Leeds, W Yorks. July 28-Aug 2.
Seniors' Open Amateur Championship. Prestwick GC, Ayrshire. Aug 6-8.
Carlsberg WPGA Championship. Shifnal GC, Salop. Aug 7, 8.
Benson & Hedges International Open. Fulford GC, York. Aug 7-10.
Boys' International Match, Aug 8, 9; Boys' Amateur Championship, Aug 11-15; Formby GC, Merseyside.
Carrolls Irish Open. Portmarnock GC, Dublin. Aug 14-17.
Girls' International Match, Aug 18, 19; Girls' British Open Amateur Championship, Aug 20-23; Wrexham GC, Chwyd.
Youths' International Match, Aug 20; British Youths' Open Amateur Championship, Aug 21-23; Royal Troon GC, Ayrshire.
Ladies' British Open Amateur Stroke Play. Brancepeth Castle GC, Co Durham. Aug 27-29.
McEwan's Lager WPGA Welsh Championship. Whitechurch GC, Cardiff. Aug 27-29.
HORSE RACING
Spiller's Stewards' Cup. Goodwood. July 29.
Sussex Stakes. Goodwood. July 30.
Goodwood Cup. Goodwood. July 31.
Exel Handicap Stakes. Goodwood. Aug 1.
Nassau Stakes. Goodwood. Aug 2.
William Hill Gold Cup. Redcar. Aug 9.
Northumberland Sprint Trophy. Newcastle. Aug 11.
Seaton Delaval Stakes. Newcastle. Aug 12.
Yorkshire Oaks. York. Aug 19.
Benson & Hedges Gold Cup. York. Aug 19.
Tote Ebor. York. Aug 20.
Lowther Stakes. York. Aug 20.
Great Voltigeur Stakes. York. Aug 20.
Gimcrack Stakes. York. Aug 21.
William Hill Sprint Championship. York. Aug 21.
Waterford Crystal Mile. Goodwood. Aug 23.
MOTOR CYCLING
British Grand Prix. Silverstone, Northants. Aug 10.
SAILING
Cowes Week. Isle of Wight. Aug 2-10.
America's Cup. Newport, Rhode Island, USA; quarter-finals & semi-finals, Aug 6; finals Sept 16.
Falmouth Regatta. Cornwall. Aug 10-16.
Royal Dartmouth Regatta. Devon. Aug 28-30.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Queen embarks in HMV "Britannia" for a cruise in the Western Isles. Southampton. Aug 7.
The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh disembark from HMV "Britannia" at Aberdeen & drive to Balmoral Castle. Aug 15.
The Duke of Edinburgh opens an Exhibition of Wildlife Paintings of James Renny. McEwan Gallery, Bridge of Gairn, Ballater, Aberdeen. Aug 17.
The Queen Mother attends the St Magnus Fair, Kirkwall & visits Orkney. Aug 20.

★ OTHER EVENTS ★

Summer events, wargaming, quizzes. National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3. Until Aug 15, Mon-Fri 10am-4pm.
"Fish & ships" children's quiz. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2. Until Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.
"South Bank Summer Splash", outdoor entertainments. National Theatre terrace, South Bank, SE1. Until Sept 7. Details from National Theatre.
Searchlight Tattoo. Colchester, Essex. July 30-Aug 2.
National Town Criers' Championships. Warrior Square Gardens, Hastings, E Sussex. Aug 2, 2.30pm.
Riding Horse Parade. Rotten Row, Hyde Pk, W1. Aug 3, 2pm.
Spinning demonstrations, Aug 3; Lacemaking & macramé demonstration, Aug 10. Snape Craft Centre, Nr Saxmundham, Suffolk.
Summer Flower Show. RHS New Hall, Greycoat

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Open workshops for children: Make some things to go in a nursery corner, Aug 5, 6, 7; Toy theatres with scenery & figures, Aug 12, 13, 14; Decorate a kimono & help make a large suit of Japanese armour, Aug 19, 20, 21; Help to make a model village, Aug 26, 27, 28; 2.30pm. Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2. Covent Garden, a discovery for children, & other events. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2. Aug 5-8, 12-15, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Great Yorkshire Steam Fair, Castle Howard, N Yorks. Aug 8-10. Edinburgh Military Tattoo. Aug 13-Sept 6. Battle of Flowers. St Helier, Jersey, CI. Aug 14. Hot-Air Balloon Festival. Belton Park, Grantham, Lincs. Aug 16, 17. Grasmere Sports, traditional Cumberland & Westmorland sports. Grasmere, Cumbria. Aug 21. The Sealed Knot Society, re-enactments of Civil War battles. Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe, Glos. Aug 23-25. Flying Display, Shuttleworth Collection. Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. Aug 31.

★ GARDENS ★

BERKSHIRE

Shinfield Grange (University of Reading, Dept of Agriculture & Horticulture), Shinfield, Nr Reading. Aug 25, 2-6pm.

Tyle Mill (Mr L. E. van Moppes), Sulhamstead, Nr Reading. Aug 17, 2-7pm.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Longstowe Hall (Mr M. S. M. Bevan), Longstowe, Nr Cambridge. Aug 24, 2-7pm.

W. J. Unwin Ltd, Impington Lane, Histon, Nr Cambridge. Aug 10, 10am-6pm.

CUMBRIA

Holker Hall (Mr & Mrs H. Cavendish), Cark-in-Cartmel, Nr Grange-over-Sands. Daily, 11am-6pm except Saturdays.

Ash Landing Garden (Mr & Mrs G. Yates), Far Sawrey, Nr Ambleside. Aug 3, 31, 2-5pm.

DERBYSHIRE

Shirley House (Mr & Mrs F. D. Ley), Shirley, Nr Ashbourne. Sun, & Aug 25, 11am-7pm.

DEVON

Bidlake Mill (Mrs Wollocombe), Combebow Bridge, Nr Bridge. Wed, 11am-5pm. Also by appointment.

Woodside (Mr & Mrs M. Feesey), Higher Raleigh Rd, Barnstaple. Aug 10, 2-7pm. Also by appointment.

DORSET

Melbury House (Lady Teresa Agnew), Nr Yeovil. Aug 7, 21, 2-6pm.

DURHAM

Raby Castle (Rt Hon Lord Barnard), Staindrop, Nr Darlington. Daily except Sat; Bank Holiday weekend (Aug 23-25 inc), castle 2-5pm; park & gardens 1-5.30pm.

DYFED

Botany Garden (University College of Wales), Penglais Rd, Aberystwyth. Aug 3, 2-6pm.

ESSEX

Mount Hall (Mr & Mrs E Carbutt), Gt Horkesley, Nr Colchester. Aug 10, 2-7pm.

Terling Place (Lord Rayleigh), Terling, Nr Chelmsford. Aug 3, 2-7pm.

GLAMORGANSHIRE

Rhoose Farm House (Prof A. L. Cochrane), Rhoose, Barry. Aug 10, 2.30-6pm.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Campden House (Mr & Mrs P. Smith), Nr Chip-ping Campden. Aug 25, 2-6pm.

42 Cecily Hill (Mr & Mrs R. Wainwright), Cirencester. Aug 10, 17, 2-6pm.

The Glebe House (Mr & Mrs D. N. Foster), Coln Rogers, Nr Cirencester. Aug 24, 2-6pm.

Westonbirt School, Nr Tetbury. Aug 3, 2-6pm.

HAMPSHIRE

18 Glenavon Rd (Mr L. A. Vilches), Highcliffe on Sea, Nr Christchurch. Aug 3-10, 2-7pm.

Hambledon Vineyard (Maj Gen Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones), Hambledon, Nr Petersfield. Aug 16, 2.30-5.30pm.

Hill House (Maj & Mrs W. F. Richardson), Old Alresford, Nr Alresford. Aug 3, 2-6pm.

Hollington Herb Nurseries (Judith & Simon Hopkinson), Woolton Hill, Nr Newbury. Aug 31, 11am-5pm.

HERTFORDSHIRE

25 Berry Way (Mr & Mrs Frank Pinder), Uxbridge Rd, Rickmansworth. Aug 10, 2-7pm.

KENT

Bog Farm, (Mr & Mrs K. J. Hewett), Brabourne Lees, Nr Ashford. Aug 13, 2-7pm.

36 Campion Close (Mr & Mrs G. Olsen),

Walderslade, Nr Chatham. Sun to Aug 24, 2-6pm.

Elbridge House (Mr L. R. Colborn), between Sturry & Littlebourne, Nr Canterbury. Aug 31, 2-6pm.

Sea Close (Maj & Mrs R. H. Blizard), Cannongate Rd, Hythe. Aug 3, 2-6pm.

LANCASHIRE

Stonestack (Mr & Mrs F. Smith), Turton, Nr Bolton. Aug 24, 25, 2-6pm.

Wynfield (Mr & Mrs B. Aughton), Burscough, Nr Ormskirk. Aug 17, 2-6pm.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Gaddesby Hall (Mr & Mrs G. van Ravenswaay), Gaddesby, Nr Leicester. Aug 3, 2-6pm.

LONDON

96 Greenfield Gardens (Mr T. Makepiece), Cricklewood, NW2. Aug 17, 11am-7pm.

NORFOLK

Barningham Hall (Sir Charles & Lady Mott-Radcliffe), Matlaske, Nr Aylsham. Aug 24, 2-6.30pm.

Rainthorpe Hall (Mr G. F. Hastings), Newton Flotman, Nr Norwich. Aug 24, 2.30-6pm.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Crag-side (National Trust), Rothbury, Nr Alnwick. Daily, 10.30-6pm.

Wallington (National Trust), Cambo, Nr Morpeth. Daily except Tues, 1-6pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Burton Joyce Gardens: 136 Nottingham Rd (Mr & Mrs J. M. Smeeton), 134 Nottingham Rd (Mrs H. Robeson), 14 St Helen's Grove (Mr & Mrs H. L. J. Massey), Nr Nottingham. Aug 17, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Oxford Abbey (Mrs P. Flemming), Steeple Barton, Nr Oxford. Aug 3, 2-7pm.

Wroxton College (Wroxton Abbey), Wroxton, Nr Banbury. Aug 24, 25, 2-6.30pm.

The Yews (Mr & Mrs F. W. Timms), Swerford, Nr Chipping Norton. Aug 31, 2-7pm.

SHROPSHIRE

Burford House Gardens (Mr J. Treasure), Nr Tenbury Wells. Daily, 2-5pm.

Willowbrook (Mr & Mrs H. J. Marshall), Roughton, Nr Bridgnorth. Aug 17, 2-6.30pm.

SOMERSET

Brympton d'Everey (Mr C. E. B. Clive-Ponsonby-Fane), Nr Yeovil. Daily except Thurs, Fri, 2-6pm.

Clapton Court (Capt S. J. Loder), Nr Crewkerne. Daily except Sat, 2-5pm.

Hadspen House (Mr & Mrs P. Hobhouse & Trustees of the late Sir Arthur Hobhouse), Nr Castle Carey. Tues, Thurs, 10am-5pm; Sun, 2-5pm. Also by appointment.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Cagliari (Mr & Mrs C. P. How), Upper London, Nr Rugeley. Aug 24, 2-7pm.

SUFFOLK

Beares (Mr & Mrs S. A. Notcutt), Saxstead, Nr Framlingham. Aug 31, 2-6pm.

SURREY

Holdfast Cottage (Brig A. D. McKechnie), Holdfast Lane, Haslemere. Aug 9, 10, 2-7pm.

Pinks Hill Nurseries (Mr D. E. Bicknell), Wood Street Village, Nr Guildford. Aug 10, 10am-1pm, 2.30-5.30pm.

SUSSEX

Borde Hill Garden (Mr R. N. S. Clarke), Balcombe Rd, Nr Haywards Heath. Wed, Thurs, Sat, Sun and Bank Holiday Mon, 10am-6pm.

Great Dixter (The Lloyd family), Northiam, Nr Rye. Daily except Mon, but open on Bank Holiday Mon, 2-5pm.

Legh Manor (Mr & Mrs N. J. Teale & The Archaeological Society), Anstey, Nr Cuckfield. Aug 3, 2-5pm.

Newtimber Place (His Honour Judge & Mrs J. Clay), Newtimber, Nr Hassocks. Thurs, 2-5pm, Aug 24.

Penns in the Rocks (Lord & Lady Gibson), Groombridge, Nr Tunbridge Wells. Aug 25, 2.30-6pm.

Rymans (Hon Claud & Mrs Phillimore), Apuldrum, Nr Chichester. Aug 24, 2-6.30pm.

South Corner House (Maj & Mrs S. Blewitt), Duncton, Nr Petworth. Aug 24, 25, 2.30-6.30pm.

WARWICKSHIRE

Armecote Manor (Mr & Mrs J. F. Docker), Nr Shipston-on-Stour. Aug 10, 2-6pm.

WILTSHIRE

Nunton House (Mr & Mrs H. E. Colvin), Nr Longford Castle, Nr Salisbury. Aug 10, 2-6pm. Also by appointment (for parties only).

YORKSHIRE

Constable Burton Hall Gardens (Mr C. Wyvill), Nr Leyburn. Until Aug 1, 9am-6pm.

Gilling Castle (Rt Rev Abbot of Ampleforth), Gilling East, Nr York. Daily 11am-5pm.

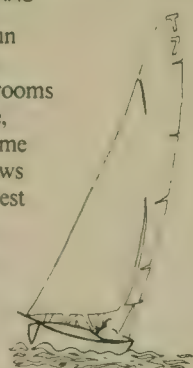
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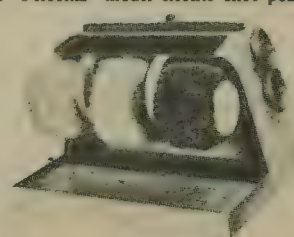
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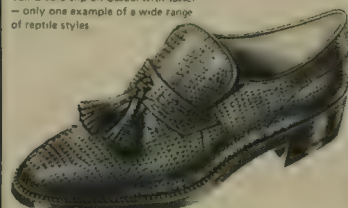


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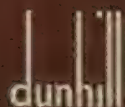
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Paralysis in Venice



Leaders of the seven on the island of San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice: Saburo Okita, Foreign Minister of Japan, Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada, Chancellor Schmidt of West Germany, President Giscard d'Estaing of France, Prime Minister Cossiga of Italy, President Carter of the US, Mrs Thatcher and Mr Roy Jenkins, President of the European Commission.

The June summit meeting of the seven major Western industrial nations ended with the signing of a communiqué, which had been prepared in advance, and with a press conference at which questions were not invited. The seven nations involved—Canada, France, Italy, Japan, the United Kingdom, the United States and West Germany—have many interests in common, but also many problems. In Venice the leaders seem to have been more concerned with preserving a united front on their common interests than in devising new policies to tackle their current crises. It is understandable that this should have been so, given the fact that three of the leaders face elections in their countries within the next year (Chancellor Schmidt in October, President Carter in November and President Giscard next May); but by the same criterion it is regrettable, because there will be little chance of any further concerted western effort to resolve outstanding problems until these elections are out of the way.

Afghanistan was thrust to the fore by the Soviet Union's revelation, made as the leaders were assembling and with advance warning only to the French President, that some of its troops were about to be withdrawn. The western leaders successfully resisted this obvious attempt to sow dissension among them, and produced a statement on the subject in which they said that they had "taken note" of the Russian promise of the withdrawal of some of its troops, but added: "In order to make a useful contribution to the solution of the Afghan crisis this withdrawal, if confirmed, will have to be permanent and continue until the complete withdrawal of the Soviet troops. Only thus will it be possible to re-establish a situation compatible with peace and the rule of law and thereby with the interests of all nations." The statement reaffirmed that the Soviet military occupation of Afghanistan was unacceptable and "incompatible with the will of the Afghan people for national independence, as demonstrated by their courageous resistance, and with the security of the States of the region". Strong words, but they were unaccompanied by any further considered action on the part of the West either to

encourage the Soviet Union to pull out of Afghanistan altogether or to try to protect the security of the region, by which was meant, presumably, the Gulf states and the Middle East as a whole. As the Middle East is an area of such vital interest to the West, and as the European Economic Community had earlier in June, at their own meeting in Venice, taken an independent line by declaring that the Palestine Liberation Organisation should be associated with peace negotiations for the area, it might have been expected that the seven would have wanted to consider the matter. It seems not.

Their major concern, they declared, was inflation, and they came out unanimously against it. On this subject the communiqué was as full of good intentions as a Boy Scouts' enrolment meeting. We'll do our best, the seven promised, to apply fiscal and monetary restraint, to guard against the threat of growing unemployment, to encourage investment, to increase productivity, to provide new job opportunities, to conserve oil and to promote the use of alternative energy sources, including coal and nuclear power. These are thoroughly worthy and highly commendable ambitions, but as declarations of intent they suffer because of their familiarity. The list has been compiled before. Unfortunately the communiqué made clear that the seven had not been able to come up with any new solutions. The "comprehensive energy strategy", which comprised targets such as a reduction in the seven's share of oil in their energy demands from 53 per cent to 40 per cent by 1990, and of doubling coal production and increasing the use of new fuels during the same period, is little more than a placebo. It is impossible to plan with such precision

so far ahead, and as shorter term targets have not been met we can only be sceptical of new and much longer ones.

The Venice summit was equally disappointing in its consideration of the Brandt Commission's report proposing a four-point emergency programme involving the large scale transfer of resources to developing countries, for the development of an international strategy for energy, a world food programme and the reform of the international economic system. "We welcome the report of the Brandt Commission," stated the seven's communiqué. "We shall carefully consider its recommendations." As the Brandt Commission published its report in early February this is a less than galvanic response. The urgency of the problem of the Third World—the South, in the division adopted by the Brandt Commission—will be ignored by the North at its peril, and it is more than disappointing that the seven should have passed over an opportunity of considering the problem in greater detail. No doubt they were right in their assumption, as the communiqué put it, that the "democratic industrialized countries cannot alone carry the responsibility of aid and other different contributions to developing countries" and that this burden should be "equitably shared" by the oil exporting countries and the industrialized Communist countries. But cannot the democratic industrialized countries get together with the oil exporting countries (and with the industrialized Communist countries, too, if they can be persuaded to turn away from their present preoccupation with military adventures) at least to consider the matter?

From the bland 34 paragraphs of the final communiqué it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Venice summit was a waste of time, though no doubt there were some useful exchanges behind the scenes and at least it can be said that no harm seems to have been done. Perhaps now the summitry is over more traditional diplomacy can begin to work on the agenda which remained so carefully covered up in Venice.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, June 9

About 10,000 Soviet troop reinforcements were reported to have arrived in Kabul.

Over 30 people were reported to have been murdered in El Salvador during a weekend of political violence. The country's Human Rights Commission estimated that in the first five months of the year 1,752 people had been killed by police and right-wing groups and 503 by leftist groups.

Tuesday, June 10

The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries meeting in Algiers agreed to an increase of \$2 on the price of a barrel of oil creating a new "benchmark" of \$32 and a ceiling of \$37 for three months. Saudi Arabia would maintain its price at \$28 a barrel.

The West Indies beat England by two wickets at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, to win the first Cornhill Test match.

Wednesday, June 11

France and Britain agreed to send security forces to the New Hebrides following the rebellion on the island of Espiritu Santo on May 28. Two platoons of French gendarmes arrived in Port Vila from the nearby French colony of New Caledonia but were withdrawn after 24 hours. Britain's contingent of 150 men from the Royal Marines with two support units arrived on June 14. France later complained of their presence in the colony. On June 25, following discussions in Paris and London, France and Britain agreed to send officials and legal advisors to Port Vila to discuss peace plans.

Thursday, June 12

Plans to kill two opponents of Colonel Gaddafi's Libyan régime in London were revealed by Musa Kusa, Secretary of the Libyan People's Bureau in London. On the following day Mr Kusa was told to leave the country within 48 hours.

The British Steel Corporation announced it would close its Consett works in Co Durham by the end of September with the loss of almost 4,000 jobs.

Masayoshi Ohira, Prime Minister of Japan, died in hospital in Tokyo following a heart attack. He was 70.

The Law Lords ruled that the judge in the "Operation Julie" drugs trial in 1978 had been wrong to order the seizure of assets worth over £500,000 earned by the defendants in the case from the sale of the drugs. The Lords refused however to order the return of the assets and on June 17 the Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Thomas Hetherington, said that they would not be handed back without further court proceedings.

Sir Brooks Richards, intelligence co-ordinator at 10 Downing Street, was appointed security co-ordinator in Northern Ireland in succession to Sir Maurice Oldfield.

Sir Billy Butlin, founder of the Butlin holiday camps, died at his home in Jersey aged 80.

Friday, June 13

The EEC heads of government announced at the end of their two-day meeting in Venice that the Palestine Liberation Organization must be associated with Middle East peace negotiations and that the Palestinian people had the right to self-determination.

The United Nations Security Council unanimously approved a resolution calling on South Africa to end its policy of apartheid and grant equal rights to all citizens.

John Stonehouse, former Labour MP and Cabinet Minister, was granted a discharge from his £816,000 criminal bankruptcy made after he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment on

deception charges.

Over 200 guerrillas of the South West African People's Organization (Swapo) and 16 South African troops were killed in southern Angola.

Saturday, June 14

South Africa beat the British Lions by 26 points to 19 in the second rugby union Test match in Bloemfontein to take a two-nil lead in the four-match series.

Sunday, June 15

Jack Nicklaus of the United States won the US open golf championship at the Baltusrol course in New Jersey. It was his fourth US open win.

Monday, June 16

Britain's visible trade deficit was reduced in May to £18 million.

President Ziaur Rahman of Bangladesh began a three-day official visit to Britain.

Tuesday, June 17

The 160 cruise missiles to be deployed in the UK would be stationed at RAF Greenham Common in Berkshire and at RAF Molesworth, a disused airfield in Cambridgeshire, it was announced in the House of Commons by the Defence Secretary Francis Pym. He said that in the event of a crisis the missiles would be moved to secret sites, that no warheads would be carried on exercises and that no test flights would be made.

Wednesday, June 18

The average annual increase in earnings in the UK rose to 21.2 per cent in April compared to 20.3 per cent in the 12 months to March. This was the highest annual rise for more than four years.

29 people were reported to have been killed in three days of rioting in black townships near Cape Town in South Africa. The unrest coincided with the fourth anniversary of the Soweto riots on June 16 and the government imposed a ban on all meetings in an attempt to prevent the violence.

Thursday, June 19

President Carter of the United States arrived in Italy at the start of a European tour which took him to Yugoslavia, Spain and Portugal.

The British embassy in Baghdad was attacked by three gunmen who were killed by Iraqi security forces after they broke into the compound.

Friday, June 20

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund announced plans to spend £1 million on conducting clinical trials on the drug Interferon, which was thought to kill cancer cells.

Saturday, June 21

About 1,000 supporters of the deposed Shah of Iran marched through London demanding the return of the Pahlavi dynasty to Iran.

Sunday, June 22

Leaders of the West's seven strongest industrialized countries—Britain, Canada, France, Italy, Japan, the United States and West Germany—met in Venice for a two-day economic conference. The seven pledged themselves to reduce their dependence on oil and fight inflation and also to encourage Opec countries to do more to help poorer nations whose economies had been seriously affected by oil price rises.

The Soviet news agency Tass reported that some military units were being withdrawn from Afghanistan.

In Japan's general election the ruling right-wing Liberal Party won 284 of the 511 seats in the Lower House.

A bomb exploded in the Spanish holiday resort of Fuengirola on the Costa del Sol. The ETA organization (Basque Homeland and Liberty) claimed responsibility and said more would be exploded if the government did not agree to release 19 ETA activists from prison and to carry out a referendum on the incorporation of the

northern province of Nazarre into the autonomous Basque region. On June 25 four more bombs exploded, one in Alicante and three in Javea, and on June 28 a bomb exploded in Estepona.

More than 1,000 people were killed in the north-east Indian state of Tripura. The people were killed by tribesmen who resented the growing number of Bengali settlers in their state.

West Germany won the European football championship in Rome when they beat Belgium in the final by two goals to one.

Monday, June 23

Sanjay Gandhi, the 33-year-old son of India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, died when his single-engine plane crashed near his home in New Delhi.

Vietnamese forces from Kampuchea attacked refugee camps in Thailand, apparently in retaliation for the Thai's repatriation programme.

Aubrey Jones, former Conservative minister and head of the Prices and Incomes Board 1965-70, announced he was joining the Liberal Party.

Tuesday, June 24

Unemployment in Britain increased to a postwar record of 1,467,400—a monthly increase of 49,400.

The second Test match between England and the West Indies at Lord's was drawn after rain interrupted play.

Wednesday, June 25

A report on the City of London's financial institutions, prepared by the committee chaired by former Prime Minister Sir Harold Wilson, suggested that the cartel operated by building societies on mortgage and investment rates should be abolished.

Nato's foreign ministers met in Ankara to discuss the threat that the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan imposed on the Alliance and on world peace. At the end of the two-day meeting the 15-member North Atlantic Council said it would never accept the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan as a *fait accompli*.

Brian Keenan, 39, from West Belfast, was convicted at the Old Bailey on charges of organizing the Provisional IRA's London bombing campaign in 1975 in which nine people died. He was sentenced to 18 years' imprisonment.

Rolls-Royce Motors and the engineering group Vickers announced they would merge, creating a new group to be known as Rolls-Royce Vickers.

Philip Weld, a 65-year-old American, won the *Observer* Single-handed Transatlantic yacht race in his trimaran *Moxie* in the record time of 17 days, 23 hours and 12 minutes.

Thursday, June 26

Sir Keith Joseph, the Industry Secretary, reported that the chairman of British Steel had recommended that the Corporation be liquidated unless the Government could provide a cash requirement of about £400 million in 1980-81 in addition to the £450 million already provided. The Secretary asked the Corporation to continue trading on the basis that the Government would meet payments to creditors in full.

The Fisher working party report on the Lloyd's insurance market recommended major changes in the way the market was policed.

Labour retained its seat in the Glasgow Central by-election, but with a reduced majority. The Scottish Nationalists pushed the Conservative candidate, who lost his deposit, into third place.

Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, announced that the country was to cut diplomatic links with South Africa but would maintain economic ties.

President Giscard d'Estaing of France announced at a press conference that France had carried out successful trials on a neutron bomb which would be ready for operation by 1985.

Friday, June 27

All 81 people on board an Italian DC9, on a flight from Bologna to the Sicilian capital of Palermo, died when the aircraft crashed into the sea some 60 miles north of the island of Ustica.

The former Shah of Iran was readmitted to hospital in Cairo where he had undergone surgery for cancer in March.

Saturday, June 28

South Africa beat the British Lions by 12 points to ten in the third rugby union test match in Port Elizabeth. This gave South Africa the series.

Sunday, June 29

Delegates from 40 to 50 black organizations throughout Britain meeting in London decided to set up a national black civil rights group and urged all black people in Britain to withdraw co-operation from the police.

Richard Brittain, a 16-year-old schoolboy, underwent a successful heart transplant operation at Papworth Hospital in Cambridgeshire.

Monday, June 30

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany arrived in Moscow for talks with President Brezhnev and called on the Soviet Union to withdraw all its troops from Afghanistan. Discussions also took place on the limiting of strategic missiles in Europe.

The National Enterprise Board decided to sell its 50 per cent share in the successful Ferranti electronics firm, thus raising £52.3 million.

Menachem Begin, Prime Minister of Israel, was admitted to hospital in Jerusalem after suffering a slight heart attack.

The Pope began a 12-day visit to Brazil and called for an end to the inequalities in the country.

Vigdis Finnbogadóttir, aged 50, was elected President of Iceland and became Europe's first democratically elected woman head of state.

Tuesday, July 1

Gaston Thorn, Luxembourg's foreign minister, was chosen to succeed Roy Jenkins as President of the European Commission in January, 1981.

A consortium led by Aston Martin failed to raise sufficient money to buy British Leyland's MG sports car plant at Abingdon.

The Belfast shipyard Harland & Wolff was granted £42.5 million state aid by the Government in order to safeguard 7,000 jobs.

Two British athletes, Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, set new world records at the Bislett games in Oslo. Coe broke the 1,000 metre record and Ovett the mile record.

Lord Snow, the novelist and playwright, died at his home in London aged 74.

Wednesday, July 2

The Government's proposals for discussion on devolution in Northern Ireland were published. They included the establishment of an elected assembly of 80 members chosen by proportional representation. One proposal guaranteed minority parties a place on the executive proportional to their vote and an alternative suggested a second body with powers to block or delay in which opposition parties would have equal representation. The two Unionist parties rejected outright any proposals for power sharing.

Frank Turner was cleared by an inquiry carried out by Rolls-Royce into bribery allegations made against him in the House of Commons on June 18 by Jeffrey Rooker, Labour MP for Birmingham Perry Bar. On July 3 Mr

Rooker withdrew the allegations.

Thursday, July 3

Minimum lending rate was cut from 17 to 16 per cent. The clearing banks reduced their rate to 16 per cent on the following day.

George Howard, owner of Castle Howard in Yorkshire, was appointed chairman of the BBC from August 1 in succession to Sir Michael Swan.

Friday, July 4

Evonne Cawley of Australia won the women's singles tennis title at Wimbledon for the second time when she beat Chris Lloyd of the US 6-1, 7-6. She first won the title in 1971.

Sydney Cash, aged 47, who underwent a heart transplant operation on May 6 suffered a cardiac arrest and died at Papworth Hospital, Cambs.

Saturday, July 5

Björn Borg from Sweden won the men's singles title at Wimbledon for the fifth successive year when he beat the American John McEnroe in five sets.

Sunday, July 6

13 illegal immigrants from El Salvador died in the Arizona desert 150 miles south-west of Tucson after they had been robbed and abandoned by their smugglers who had led them across the Mexican border into the United States. Several more were rescued.

Monday, July 7

The Government recommended salary increases to MPs, ministers and top civil servants that were about 30 per cent less than those recommended by the Boyle Committee's review of top salaries. Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, asked MPs to accept a 9.6 per cent increase, ministers 5 per cent and top public sector workers 12.5 per cent.

President Giscard d'Estaing of France began a five-day state visit to West Germany.

Wednesday, July 9

Representatives from over 100 countries attended a memorial service in Tokyo for the late Prime Minister of Japan, Masayoshi Ohira, who died on June 12.

A London Underground train ran into the back of another at Holborn station. The driver of one of the trains was detained in hospital; no other serious injuries were caused.

Pieter Nicolaas Menten, the 81-year-old Dutch millionaire, was sentenced by a Rotterdam court to ten years in prison and a fine of 100,000 guilders for his involvement in mass executions of Polish Jews during the Second World War.

Thursday, July 10

President Carter of the United States and Chairman Hua Kuo-feng of China met for the first time after attending Masayoshi Ohira's memorial service in Tokyo.

President Bani-Sadr of Iran announced that a plot to kill Ayatollah Khomeini and to overthrow the revolution had been foiled. 350 people were later reported to have been arrested.

Friday, July 11

Iran agreed to release one of the 53 American hostages held in Teheran since November, 1979, because of his ill-health. Richard Queen, 28, was flown to Switzerland and then to a US army hospital in West Germany.

Rubens's painting *Samson and Delilah* was bought by the National Gallery for £2,530,000.

Saturday, July 12

The British Lions won the fourth and final rugby union Test match in Pretoria when they beat South Africa by 17 points to 13. The Lions lost the series by three matches to one but won all their provincial matches.

Sunday, July 13

Sir Seretse Khama, President of Botswana, died in Gaborone after a long illness. He was 59.



RICHARD COOKE



PRESS ASSOCIATION



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Birthday thanksgiving: A Service of Thanksgiving for the Queen Mother's 80th birthday was held in St Paul's Cathedral on July 15, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie. Accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Queen Mother drove in an open state landau with a sovereign's escort of the Household Cavalry from Buckingham Palace to St Paul's where she joined the Queen and other members of the royal family for the service, top. She left the Cathedral with the Duke of Edinburgh, above left, before returning in procession to the Palace, where she was photographed in the White Drawing Room, above right, with Viscount Linley, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, Prince Andrew, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Prince Edward, Captain Mark Phillips, Princess Margaret, the Queen and Princess Anne.



Insurrection in the New Hebrides: Armed with spears and bows and arrows, supporters of plantation owner Jimmy Stevens, above, took over the island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. Demanding the right of Espiritu Santo to secede from the Anglo-French condominium, which was due to become independent on July 30, Mr Stevens led the insurrection after his negotiations on autonomy with Father Walter Lini, Chief Minister of the New Hebrides, had become deadlocked. Following unsuccessful diplomatic moves to bring peace to the island, 200 Royal Marines were flown to the condominium's capital Port Vila to preserve order.



Funeral of Sanjay Gandhi: Vast crowds accompanied the body of Sanjay Gandhi, 33-year-old son of Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and widely regarded as her political successor, as it was driven through New Delhi, bottom, to a funeral pyre near the river Jumna. Sanjay was killed when his two-seat single-engine aeroplane crashed near his home in New Delhi. The funeral pyre, right, was lit at sunset in accordance with Hindu custom. Mrs Gandhi, with Sanjay's widow Maneka next to her, watched the cremation with other members of the family, below.

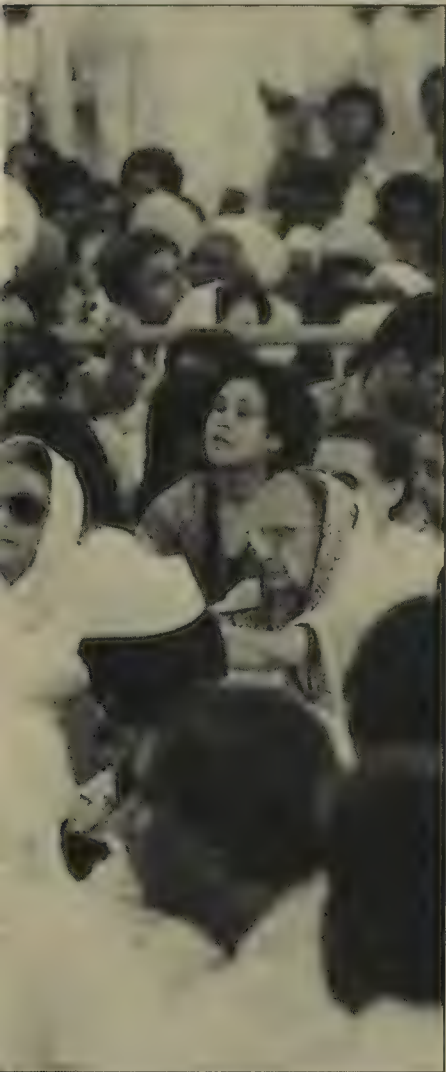


Papal visit to Brazil: Pope John-Paul II made a 12-day, 13-city tour of Brazil, during which he condemned workers' living conditions and made it clear that he thought the country's military leadership had a long way to go towards achieving equality for its people. In Rio de Janeiro, where he was welcomed by enthusiastic crowds, above, the Pope was so overcome by the poverty of the slums that he presented to the parish the gold ring he had worn since becoming pontiff.





Carter abroad: His official visit to Italy over, President Carter and his wife and daughter were received in audience by the Pope, who talked privately with the President for over an hour, above left. Later Mr Carter left for a two-day economic summit meeting of world leaders in Venice. In Tokyo to attend a memorial service for Japanese Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira, Mr Carter met Chinese leader Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, above right. Their first official talks, which were held in a hotel and lasted 75 minutes, centred on Afghanistan and Kampuchea, and ended with both men in full agreement that the Soviet Union and Vietnam threaten peace and stability in Asia.



Desert deaths: At least 13 of several illegal immigrants from El Salvador died in the Arizona desert after being abandoned without food or water by smugglers they had paid to guide them past American border patrols. The survivors said they were fleeing from civil unrest in El Salvador, where many people have been killed in recent weeks.



Meeting in Moscow: West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt arrived in Moscow for two days of talks with Soviet leaders. He was met at the airport by President Leonid Brezhnev, right, and the two men watched a military march past. In a speech at the Kremlin Herr Schmidt met with no response when he called for the withdrawal of all Russian troops from Afghanistan. At the conclusion of his visit the Chancellor said that he believed the USSR would abandon its refusal to negotiate on reducing the number of nuclear range missiles in Europe.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIPA REX FEATURES

ASSOCIATED PRESS

GAMMA FRANK SPONER

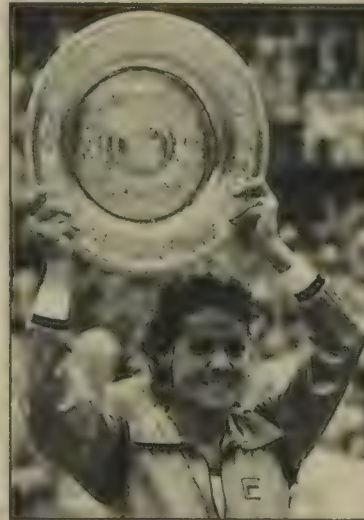


The end of Ally Pally? One of London's most prominent landmarks, Alexandra Palace, was severely damaged by fire on the afternoon of July 10. The whole south-west range of buildings was gutted including the Great Hall, 386 feet long and 184 feet wide, built to seat 12,000 people and accommodate an orchestra of 2,000. No one was hurt in the fire which was thought to have started near the famous Henry Willis organ in the Great Hall. The BBC studio complex, where the world's first TV broadcast was made in 1936 and which contained several million pounds' worth of equipment, escaped. The future of Alexandra Palace, opened in 1875 as the Victorian equivalent of a modern leisure centre, where both intellectual stimulus and popular education would be dispensed, has been in doubt for some years. Last year it was bought from the GLC for £1 by Haringey Council, who also received a grant of £8 million to be used to turn the building into a conference and leisure centre plus a hotel. Maintenance costs had been running at £500,000 a year. The bill for the first stage of improvement, estimated at £2 million, had already doubled in less than a year. The 1875 Alexandra Palace was the second on the site, the first having been destroyed by fire only 16 days after its opening two years earlier, reported in the *ILN* of June 21, 1873, left. The present building was said to be insured for £31 million.

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Wimbledon 1980: Records were broken at a wet Wimbledon that yet managed to be one of the most exciting of recent years. The high spot was the 3 hour 53 minute men's final when Björn Borg of Sweden beat John McEnroe of the US by the narrowest of margins. The five-set match included a 34-point tie-breaker fourth set; and in all Borg took 190 points and 28 games against McEnroe's 186 and 27. Borg thus achieved his fifth successive Wimbledon singles title—a record since champions have had to play through all rounds. He has now won 35 consecutive matches—an all-time record. Evonne Cawley of Australia beat Chris Lloyd of the US in a final interrupted by rain. Mrs Cawley is the first mother to become champion since Dorothea Lambert Chambers in 1914 and the first player to win a title at Wimbledon on a tie-breaker. She is also the only player except Bill Tilden to regain a title after a nine-year interval: she won in 1971, aged 19. Australians Peter McNamara and Paul McNamee won the men's doubles, beating Bob Lutz and Stan Smith of the US in the final; Americans Tracy and John Austin, unseeded, won the mixed (the first brother and sister to do so), beating the Australian pair Diane Fromholtz and Mark Edmondson in the final. The ladies' doubles champions are also American: Kathy Jordan and Anne Smith, who beat Rosie Casals (US) and Wendy Turnbull (Australia). Another record was made by Andrea Jaeger (US), at 15 the youngest player ever seeded and the youngest to reach the quarter finals.



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LEO MASON

Evonne Cawley beat Chris Lloyd 6-1, 7-6 in the ladies' singles final.

John McEnroe, 21, conquered his temperament to give Borg a fine match.



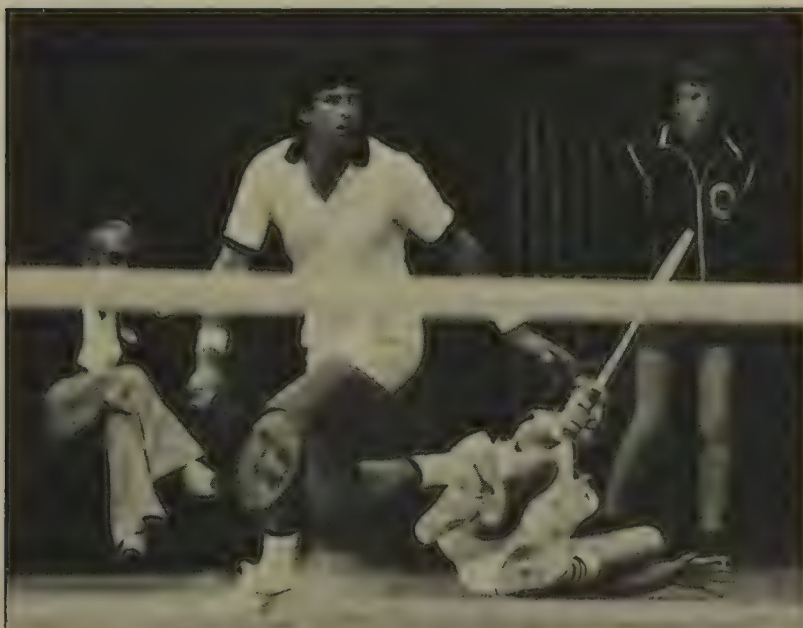
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Björn Borg beat John McEnroe 1-6, 7-5, 6-3, 6-7, 8-6 to take the championship.



LEO MASON

John and Tracy Austin beat Diane Fromholtz and Mark Edmondson 4-6, 7-6, 6-3.



LEO MASON

Paul McNamee and Peter McNamara beat Bob Lutz and Stan Smith 7-6, 6-3, 6-7, 6-4 to take the men's doubles title.



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Play had to start early to make up time in the wettest Wimbledon since 1927, but despite rain attendances were the fifth highest recorded: 333,665.

The place of privilege

by Phillip Whitehead

Visiting schoolchildren in the Palace of Westminster see a stained and tattered manuscript in the display case in the Royal Gallery. It is part of a draft of the Bill of Rights of 1688, which enshrines the absolute privilege from legal penalty of free speech in the House of Commons, already asserted centuries before. Article 9 states "That the freedom of speech and debate or proceedings in Parliament ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament." This gives a member freedom from legal restraint in what he says, "however offensive it may be to the feelings, or injurious to the character of individuals", in the words of Erskine May. The only restraint is an internal one: a Member abusing this right is open to the judgment of his peers, who may invoke the jurisdiction of the House.

When Mr Jeffrey Rooker MP rose in his place on July 3 to make a personal statement, withdrawing without qualification the allegations of bribery which he had made under parliamentary privilege against a Rolls-Royce manager, Mr Frank Turner, he avoided by so doing a motion by his critics in the House to send his case to the Committee of Privileges. We do not yet know the full story of Mr Rooker's outburst, nor who his original informants were. We do know, since Mr Rooker now says so, that he was terribly misled about Mr Frank Turner personally. He had omitted to check whether Mr Turner's decision on the purchase of foreign machine tools could have been crucial anyway, whether the Italian company concerned would have needed to offer anyone a bribe, and whether Mr Turner would have been the kind of man to take it had it been offered. It is not the least irony of the story that Mr Rooker and Mr Turner, from what I know of them, would have taken to each other instantly had they ever met.

Should MPs have an unlimited right to level personal accusations against a citizen in this way? It could be said of Mr Turner that he was speedily cleared by an internal inquiry by Rolls-Royce. Once this had been made known the pressure inside Parliament for Mr Rooker to withdraw his charges and apologize was overwhelming. The 1967 Select Committee which looked into this question accepted that not everyone would get a retraction in the comprehensive way Mr Turner has done. There will be "cases where the injured citizen is unable to satisfy the Member concerned that his statement was inaccurate and accordingly the Member will in good faith decline to retract his allegations". The Select Committee considered the possibility of a right of appeal to an independent inquiry, but rejected it as "a powerful impediment to the Member's freedom of speech". There is a long and

honourable pedigree for that freedom, and Parliament has continued to endorse the Select Committee's view.

As it happens, Mr Rooker's accusations were not the only ones recently to re-open controversy about the use of parliamentary privilege. Mr William van Straubenzee, in a vigorous defence of some of his constituents who are on the staff of Broadmoor Hospital against allegations made by the Mind organization, made a number of counter-charges against the director of Mind, Mr Tony Smythe. What caused particular hurt was his charge that Mr Smythe, the former secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties, had shown in the context of Northern Ireland at that time that "all his interests lay on the side of the Irish Republican Army". Mr Smythe strenuously denies this. He has challenged Mr van Straubenzee to debate the matter with him outside Westminster, to no avail.

Mr Rooker and Mr van Straubenzee are not capricious men. But they are both highly intelligent loners, unabashed by temporary unpopularity and always speaking from conviction. No wise assembly would do anything to gag such men. Their freedom of speech—all our freedom in Parliament—includes the right to be wrong.

What is at issue is how we might be shown to be wrong, in a manner which preserves the privileges of Parliament yet offers the aggrieved citizen a hearing. Mr Frank Turner was lucky. He got an investigation into his conduct on a specific charge, which cleared him and left Mr Rooker with no alternative but to withdraw or face the wrath of his peers. Mr Smythe has no similar opportunity of answering the charges against him; they are so generalized as to be impossible to determine either way. Sir Derek Walker-Smith, a senior member of the Privileges Committee, has advocated for the citizen who finds himself named in Parliament the right of access to state one's case before a Commons Committee. The accuser would then have to demonstrate to his fellows that he brought the charge in good faith, on the evidence available and after exhausting other procedures open to him.

This would formalize those informal conversations, in the corridors, in the Tea Room and the Smoking Room, where MPs seek to persuade their colleagues that they had no alternative but to publicize a scandalous state of affairs in the way they did. It would also bring the individual accused, if he so chose, directly into the procedure of Parliament. What the House will have to decide in its next session is whether such a procedure would begin to fetter that robust freedom of speech which, for all its occasional almost casual cruelties, is one of Parliament's principal strengths.

Phillip Whitehead is Labour MP for Derby North.

The Anderson effect

by Sam Smith

America's politicians and the Press are suffering from an outbreak of "democratosis", an inflammation which occurs when the body politic's natural resistance to new ideas breaks down. Its symptoms include rhetorical incontinence on the part of the Press and increasing irritability among incumbent politicians as the hormonal balance of the political system goes askew. Politicians tend to regard every new political strategy as the civilian equivalent of introducing gas warfare, and the Press is offended since rapid political change devalues its carefully accumulated expertise on how things are done.

The virus first became apparent in the reaction to Edward Kennedy's presumptuous view that primaries and Conventions were meant for other than ceremonial purposes, but it reached a more virulent stage with the remarkable candidacy of John Anderson, who is running for president as an independent. The conventional wisdom has it that such an act requires an equal mixture of gall and imbecility. If Anderson were a right- or left-wing ideologue, this would be duly noted and he would then be ignored for the rest of the campaign. But Anderson is a centrist and not since the third-party candidacy of Teddy Roosevelt early in this century has there been any comparable threat to comfortable political theories. Anderson is not merely an intra-party troublemaker. He is threatening the whole system. Neither the party professionals nor the Press know quite what to make of it.

The Carter team has tried to write Anderson's candidacy off as a "fantasy". Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, explained the President's refusal to debate Anderson by saying, "Once you start opening up the system, it is hard to say where you draw the line." On the other hand the party has been going to great lengths to try to keep Anderson off the ballot in as many states as possible. And while Powell was minimizing Anderson's candidacy, the chairman of the Democratic Party, John White, was maximizing it as "destructive of the stability of government we have enjoyed".

Meanwhile, the Press was doing its part by speculating on what would happen if there were no electoral majority and the matter were thrown into the House of Representatives for decision. The *Washington Star*, for example, ran a five-part series ominously entitled "The Constitutional Crisis of 1980". The reasoning is too complex to outline here, but it is theoretically possible for the House Speaker, Tip O'Neill, to end up as president, or for Walter Mondale to become acting president. The implication seems to be that somehow this would be a disaster for the republic,

though it is hard to see why. Further, the only times the House selected a president it came up with Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, who compare favourably with some of our choices of late.

One should not get too upset by all this fulminating. Americans have been taught to believe that democracy is an unvariegated species consisting of whatever sort we have at the moment. We do not hear much about the many different ways countries deal with the complexities of democratic choice. We are taught to believe in the two-party system and implicitly encouraged to believe that democracy requires only a winner, not necessarily a consensus or a majority. Election laws reflect this and, further, have been skilfully designed to exclude non-members of the two major parties. Anderson, for example, will only receive federal funding *after* the election and only if he obtains a certain size vote.

What Anderson proposes is to change America's system of electing presidents. He knows the alleged American "faith in the two-party system" does not bear empirical analysis. Through antipathy, alienation and anger Americans have more than adequately expressed their lack of faith in the two-party system as now constructed. As one pollster pointed out, the Democratic Party is unravelling from both ends, with a sizeable minority prepared to desert to Reagan and another generous clump ready to jump to an independent of liberal-to-moderate leaning. As the party structure fades, the media become more potent, and perhaps the dominant political force.

The problem is that no one, to date, has figured out how to take advantage of the change. The key appears to be a careful blend of promotion, philosophy, money and jurisprudence. Anderson's campaign is being directed by one of the most skilled media manipulators in American politics. Anderson's philosophy is aimed at the middle rather than the edges of American political thought. The money is coming in nicely. And Anderson has rounded up legal heavies to fight the various absurd state election laws.

The first indications are impressive. By late June Anderson was pulling 18 to 20 per cent in the polls, with that figure jumping as high as 30 per cent when people were asked how they would vote if they thought Anderson could win.

In short, Anderson could turn out to be a crucial figure in American politics. As an individual he is rather bland and uncharismatic and there are problems in his political past that might seriously hurt him. But even if he only throws the election into the House, tosses the results one way or the other or wins a state or two, other more charismatic and well-known candidates will get the message that national politics have indeed changed.

Enlarging the Community

by Norman Moss

As Greece, Spain and Portugal prepare to join the EEC, the author discusses the problems posed by the admission of each new member state.

The European Economic Community has always had big politics and small politics, and sometimes there has been a conflict between the two. Big politics are represented in the high ideals of its founders, men like Jean Monnet and Walter Hallstein, who believed profoundly in a united Europe to replace the national rivalries that had brought such tragedies over decades. They had a vision of a union that would embody and advance what is best in European civilization. This vision has not faded entirely, and people who hold to it talk of the European Community rather than the Common Market.

It was big politics when the Six were anxious to bring in Britain, which they wanted in order to make a more significant democratic European entity rather than to strengthen its economy. It is seen in the Lomé Convention on aid to the Third World, and in attempts to formulate a common position on international issues.

Small politics are represented by the jockeying for advantage in one economic area after another: milk, lamb, regional funding. They are represented by people who see EEC participation in book-keeping terms: what do we pay in and what do we get out of it? They are seen in those Frenchmen for whom the EEC is above all else a system of international subsidies for French agriculture, and those Germans for whom it is simply a way of keeping the Free Democrats, the German farmers' favourite political party, contented members of the governing coalition.

These are extremes. There are blends of the two and much hard bargaining in which the big picture is not lost sight of entirely. The countries of continental Europe have regained the stature and national self-confidence that they did not have in the post-war years when the EEC was conceived, and peoples now expect their government to stand up for their own interests. Nonetheless the idea that the EEC is something more than the sum of its parts still has some hold.

Big politics clash with small politics now in the issue of the admission into the Community of Spain and Portugal. In theory this is assured. Both countries are to become full members of the EEC by 1983; this has been agreed in the Council of Ministers. To take account of the extraordinary economic difficulties involved in meshing the Spanish and Portuguese economies with those of the rest of the EEC, a transitional period is envisaged during which there will be special provisions for some sectors of the economy, similar to Britain's transition period only much longer—seven to ten years. These details are to

be negotiated according to a schedule already worked out.

Now President Giscard d'Estaing has thrown a spanner into the wheels which seemed to be turning so smoothly. He said suddenly that the Community should not admit new members without first solving the problems posed by the most recent entries, meaning Britain. This was met with disappointment in Madrid and Lisbon, not least because it was a complete reversal of his previous stand. Giscard had been the most enthusiastic supporter of Spanish entry and seemed anxious to form close links with post-Franco Spain; he was the first head of state to visit the new government in Madrid. For France, the entry of Spain and Portugal would have the evident though impalpable advantage of shifting the Community's centre of gravity southwards, and giving it a stronger Mediterranean, Catholic content to balance that of Protestant northern Europe.

To see why Giscard has taken up this new position one has to look no further than the photographs in French newspapers of irate farmers in Gascony burning Spanish lorries bringing fruit across the border, and barricading the road against others. French farmers, particularly in the south-west, are worried about the competition from Spanish farm produce. The French Communist Party has come out against Spanish entry for the time being. Giscard comes up for re-election next year and he faces a challenge from the old Gaullists, represented by Jacques Chirac, as well as the Left. He does not want to antagonize farmers.

Giscard is not alone. Some Germans have also voiced their worries recently about opening up the market to Spanish and Portuguese farm produce. Even the man who is to succeed Roy Jenkins as President of the European Commission, Gaston Thorn, has expressed some doubts. "Until now, we have applied basically political criteria in admitting countries," he said in a recent interview. "Now we need to review more closely the economic criteria."

For some the political reasons for admitting Spain and Portugal are all-important. These two countries along with Greece, which becomes a member on January 1, have one thing in common: they were all fascist dictatorships but are now democracies. Bringing them into a European community of democratic nations would provide an anchor for their new-found and none-too-secure democracy, particularly in the case of Spain and Portugal. Spaniards feel they deserve to be respected now as good Europeans, and rewarded

for re-establishing democracy. The Spanish government is ready to join Nato—but only after it is admitted to the EEC. Rejection, or an indefinite delay, would be a blow to Spanish democrats and would strengthen the anti-democratic Right.

This kind of consideration weighed heavily on the collective mind of the Commission when it considered the first application for membership by Spain, Portugal and Greece. It said the fact that the three countries wanted to join represented "an act of faith in a united Europe, which demonstrates that the ideas inspiring the creation of the Community have lost none of their relevance or vigour".

On the question of their acceptability it had no doubt, and its reasons were not economic. These countries, it said, "have entrusted the Community with a political responsibility which it cannot refuse, except at the price of denying the principles on which it is itself grounded".

This is big politics. The question now is how much priority the Community is going to give its principles weighed against serious economic considerations, the stuff of small politics. The economic problems cannot be dismissed lightly. Spain and Portugal are poorer and more rural than the present nine members, but the Commission sees a glint of silver even in this cloud. It says it "should help change the Community's image, particularly in the Third World, by making it even more unrealistic to talk of a 'rich man's club'".

Their entry will create a still more disparate and less homogeneous Community. At present Portugal has less than half the wealth *per capita* of France. Currently the richest area in the Community, Hamburg, is six times wealthier than the poorest areas, Calabria and the west of Ireland. When Portugal joins the Community the poorest area will be Bragança in the far north of Portugal, at the opposite end of the country from the Algarve which so many Britons know. This has only half the wealth of Calabria. It will be difficult for the office worker among the glittering skyscrapers of Hamburg and the farm-labourer scratching at the sandy soil of Bragança to feel they belong to the same Community.

Spanish farms, with more sun and lower wages, produce many things more cheaply than France and Italy: vegetables, citrus fruits, olive oil and wine. Frenchmen in the wine business have admitted reluctantly that some Spanish table wines are excellent value, and worry about the effect when these hit French supermarkets.

Spanish industry can also be a prob-

lem. Though most of it is small-scale with low productivity, some is modern and, thanks to large capital investment, efficient and competitive such as steel, ship-building and cars. Then there is fishing: if the huge numbers of Spanish fishermen who set out from the Bay of Biscay have access to British waters, an added burden will be placed on the hard-pressed British fishing industry.

The trouble is that Spain produces goods which are in surplus in the Community already. The EEC countries produce enough steel and ships, as the unemployed shipyard and steel workers of the north-east and Clydeside can testify. They produce enough vegetables. Their wine lake is famous and the French government, with EEC help, is offering incentives to the owners of the lower quality vineyards on the level plains of Languedoc to convert their land to some other crop. If Spain is to come in, some Spanish farmers will also have to be persuaded to change their crops or their methods during the transition period, and some sections of Spanish industry will have to adjust.

In the case of Portugal the principal problem is its poverty. One third of its population works on the land, yet it imports nearly half its food. It is being supported by huge grants and low-interest loans from the International Monetary Fund. Much of this will be taken over by the Community's regional aid fund. Since Portugal imports much of its food from outside the Community it would be a large contributor to the Common Agricultural Fund.

The prospect of Portuguese farmers subsidizing French farmers who earn six and seven times as much is patently absurd, even more absurd than Britain paying much more into the Community than the wealthier members. Adjustments will have to be made and perhaps fundamental changes.

This is the argument heard in Brussels against waiting, as Giscard suggests, until the present problems are sorted out before tackling new ones. The new ones are going to be similar to the present ones, and it might make more sense to tackle them all at once.

The probability is that the French government will wait not until the reforms envisioned in Britain's argument are carried out, but until after the French elections in April next year, and that negotiations with Spain and Portugal will start seriously after that. It remains to be seen whether they will be joining a union of democracies or a commercial enterprise and whether, like some others who invested big hopes in the European Community, their expectations will be disappointed.

National wealth and national poverty

by Sir Arthur Bryant

The crying need of modern Britain is for the means and capacity to create wealth—real wealth that is, not money, which is only a symbol of exchange for the purchase and sale of wealth. Wealth is what human beings create out of the natural resources of the earth by their skills and labour. The reverse of wealth is poverty, which is the fate which befalls human beings and societies when men and women fail, for whatever reason, to produce and create real wealth. A rich country is one in which its people, by virtue of their character, training and ability, are successful wealth-producers. A poor country is one whose people are lazy, unskilled and socially undisciplined and, therefore, disunited and purposeless. By this standard—that of the real wealth produced by its people's skill and labour—the Britain of the past, especially that of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, was an exceptionally rich country. By the same standard, today it is an increasingly poor one.

Relative national wealth and poverty in all ages can be measured by the degree of energy, determination, ability and integrity contributed by the average working man or producer in return for the wages or wealth-purchasing symbols paid him for his labour. Under any political system the worker is apt to be exploited, however slightly, by those possessing a larger degree of material social well-being than himself. Yet, whether exploited or not, his real wealth and that of the nation to which he belongs depends on the quality and quantity of the productive work he contributes to it. By that measure our country in the past was a very rich one. It has become, and is becoming, a comparatively poor one.

This truth was borne home to me by a train journey I recently had to make from a cathedral close, where I live, to an ancient castle in Sussex. On the way I had to change trains. The scene of confusion, crowded squalor and human ineptitude and inefficiency presented by the platform which, like the train by which I had travelled, was filthy, was, I am afraid, characteristic of many of the industrial and urban centres of modern Britain. The platform was densely packed by a crowd of ill-dressed, ill-provided and discontented-looking men and women awaiting transit. There were no visible indicator signs, and the only porters were slovenly-dressed youths who, on being questioned, were either unable or unwilling to impart information. There was, it is true, a loud-speaker periodically booming away, but the confused metallic sounds it conveyed to the straining ear of the bewildered traveller were incomprehensible.

This state of affairs was not the fault of the bemused multitudes crowded together listlessly on the platform, or of

the station staff, or even of the remote administrators of British Railways who devised the timetables or of the still more remote bureaucrats of the trade unions who control, by threat of industrial action, the manning levels and pay of the railway personnel. The real responsibility lies at the door of the civil servants and their political masters who for long have governed our once great and creative country with so little regard to the human quality and education of the millions who elect the latter and pay the taxes which finance the employment of the former. And, I should add, of those who, by their words in the Press, or radio and television, help to form, or misinform, public opinion.

The contrast between this scene of uncontrolled pandemonium and the vast 13th- and 14th-century cathedral and its seemly encircling houses from which I had come, or the historic castle and its great treasures of art and craftsmanship to which I was bound, was too glaring to ignore.

What needs to be done to restore our country to its former greatness and prosperity and, above all, to the social cohesion and spiritual unity it once enjoyed? Just over a year ago, after three decades of cumulative socialization—subscribed to, to a greater or lesser degree, by all three political parties—a new government was returned to power dedicated, under its leader, Margaret Thatcher, to restore incentive for enterprise and economic opportunity and resolution to the individual by ending the collective inertia, obstructionism and procrastination which has so long bedevilled our national economy. In pursuit of this objective she and her Chancellor of the Exchequer courageously made an initial reduction in taxation and refused to intervene, as previous governments had done, in disputes between employer and employed, insisting that the laws of supply and demand

should be left free to determine such issues without government interference. And, in order to halt inflation and take the cumulative excess of purchasing-power out of the economy, the minimum lending rate which determines the rate of interest which has to be paid by government and individual alike for new money and credit, was temporarily raised to an unprecedented level.

Yet the Government is faced by the fact—entailed on it by a long period of cumulative socialistic borrowing—that something like half the money or credit which has to be raised at such prohibitively high interest rates is needed to finance current government and local government expenditure. And the effect of national and local government borrowing at 17 or 18 per cent cannot be other than highly inflationary and so defeat one of the principal ends which the Government is seeking to achieve. For, if the Government and the local authorities have to pay interest charges at twice or even three times the normal level, taxes and rates must rise accordingly. All taxation is inflationary.

There is a further disability which unavoidably attends the Government's attempt to take, by purely monetarist means, the excess purchasing-power out of the economy. In a free society—one in which men choose their own forms of employment and consumer goods instead of having them chosen for them by their rulers—money is the only means by which those goods can be brought into production. Needing to live in a world in which men are free, within reason, to shape their own lives, to choose their own work and their own goods, we have got to have a monetary system which ensures that the goods are made and that those who can make them are provided with both employment and the necessary purchasing-power to call them into existence. There is only one thing which under a free

system can create full employment and keep an industry, a factory, a farm in full production. It is not state control and state direction as under a totalitarian system. It is purchasing-power, in other words money. Money is the elastic instrument by which free men translate their needs into the production of the goods they require and are capable of making. The proper flow and distribution and, above all, creation of money is, therefore, vital if a free society is to operate properly.

Owing to confusion between the meaning of money and of real wealth, our system is not operating properly, and has not been for a long time. Between the wars millions of men, in our own and other industrial countries, were unemployed and in need of the very goods and services their own labour could have created. This absurdity and social crime drove many formerly free peoples into the arms of authoritarian rulers, of the left or right, who rejected individual freedom for dictatorial autocracy, in other words, despotism.

If, in their praiseworthy attempt to restore freedom and incentive to the individual, the Government should persist in applying purely monetarist remedies to the imbalance and malaise in our economic system, it would inevitably result in millions of unemployed, and therefore impoverished, voters returning to power totalitarian ideologists committed to destroying our economic freedom. The remedy is for government, without relaxing, indeed, if necessary, by increasing, its resistance to excessive wage claims, to free itself from the inflated and inflationary interest-charges on the money it is forced, under our antiquated system of creating purchasing-power, to purchase in order to finance the essential services of the Crown—defence, the preservation of law and order, and the education, in its broadest and most creative sense, of young citizens at present denied both employment and the leadership and training necessary to make themselves efficient producers. What is needed is a new institution, comparable to the creation of the Bank of England—the foundation of our 18th- and 19th-century prosperity—empowered by Parliament to issue, under strict safeguards, for the sole use of the Crown, a limited amount of debt-free or low-interest currency sufficient to finance and stimulate the production of real wealth, so storing to the Crown its inherent, though at present alienated, prerogative of creating, as well as reducing by taxation, the nation's purchasing power.

For it is not the printing of paper money which is vitiating our monetary system, but the creation, at exorbitant interest-charges, of an inflationary burden of national indebtedness, payable by the Crown at the expense of our people's productive capacity.

100 years ago



A riot occurred in Glasgow when 10,000 Irish supporters of Home Rule, returning from a meeting, reacted angrily to a yellow banner displayed outside an Orange Lodge (*ILN* August 28, 1880). A force of 70 police was almost overpowered during the fighting and a detective and a constable were severely injured.

California's primary concern

We were in California for the last of the primaries and were immediately struck by a contrast with previous election years. Where, we wondered, were the Carter lapel buttons, Kennedy bumper stickers, Reagan balloons? We soon discovered that the disappearance of this traditional American electioneering paraphernalia reflected the new economics of presidential campaigning. The length of the primary season, limitations on contributions, and inflation generally mean that this year every cent has been reserved for advertising, the bulk of it on television. The owner of a button factory shook his head sorrowfully as he reported that when Reagan ran for Governor of California he ordered 760,000 campaign buttons for that one State but this year he has asked for only 30,000 for the whole country. Whatever else is to be said about contemporary American politics, it is clearly bad for the button business.

There has been much debate over the increasing importance of the primaries. The trend owes much to rejection of the "smoke-filled-room" politics of the past, and escalated after 1968 when Hubert Humphrey emerged as Democratic

candidate after a manipulated and bitter Convention in Chicago. Up to that point the power to choose the candidate still lay largely in the hands of party regulars. In 1960 John F. Kennedy contested only four primaries, but in 1976 Jimmy Carter chose to contest 26 and this year the main candidates faced 37, both nominations being tied up weeks before the Convention.

The virtues of the primary system are clear enough. They enable the maximum number of people to influence decisions. They enable lesser-known candidates, as Carter was in 1976, to attract attention and prove their ability to win votes outside their own area. They enable controversial candidates to prove to their party that they are electable; for instance Kennedy in 1960 was able to show in the primaries that Protestants would vote for a Catholic. And they reduce the possibility of the more sordid back-room bargaining that occurred at some Conventions in the past.

What has been worrying American commentators and the politicians themselves is that as the primaries increase in number and extend over

more and more time, the elections can become ends in themselves, and highly sensitive national and world problems cannot be tackled effectively. The Iranian hostage affair is a classic case in point. People are also concerned that the length of the process is to the disadvantage of responsible working politicians.

Back-room politics may have been eliminated but so also has the complex process of achieving coalitions of different interests and views within the party, both to unite it effectively behind a candidate and to enable the President to govern. In 1976, for instance, Jimmy Carter won the nomination from the people without recourse to traditional party power bases, and went to the country proclaiming as a virtue that he would arrive in Washington with complete independence even from the politicians of his own party. There was much that was attractive in that; but when Carter did arrive in Washington he found that he needed the co-operation of those same politicians in order to be able to govern. His failure in this respect contributed to the low rating of his presidency.

While few want an end to primaries, there have been a variety of suggestions for improving the system, the most practical being that of Morris Udall of the Democrats who advocates the setting aside of four dates, the first Tuesdays of March, April, May and June, as primary dates. States could choose which date they wish to have the primary on, or whether they wish to have one at all. This, he believes, would reduce the campaigning period, force candidates to be much more specific about policies and to debate them more exhaustively because they would have to campaign more centrally (less kissing of babies' heads and more television debate), reduce the influence of single states, particularly those holding primaries in the autumn of the previous year, and make it more difficult for candidates to build up "momentum" and a head of media steam while other candidates are still absorbed in the responsibilities of office. Udall believes that many states, denied their day in the spotlight, would decide not to hold primaries, thus reducing the number of mandated delegates and increasing the flexibility of the Conventions.

End of Jaws 2

Californian law allows for citizens who can accumulate enough money and support to place before voters at election time a Proposition for changes in the law. This is not a referendum; the result is mandatory on city and state administrations. The energy and argument put behind the Propositions is extraordinary. Each is numbered on the ballot paper and voters are urged for weeks beforehand to vote "Yes on 9" or "No on 11". Newspapers carry full pages of letters and page after page of advertising for and against Propositions. The critics of the system say that it takes responsible administration out of the hands of elected representatives and experienced administrators who are trying to carry out a coherent and informed policy. They also say that it reduces complicated issues to crude sloganizing. We must say this was not our impression. We have rarely heard such alive, aware, carefully argued debate on local issues.

Proposition 10, for instance, was sponsored by landlords, developers and finance houses. They spent £750,000 gathering the signatures to qualify for the ballot and a further £1,500,000 on a campaign to persuade voters to support their proposal to abolish rent control ordinances and replace them with provisions more helpful to landlords. This proposition was keenly fought by community groups with minimal resources and easily defeated at the polls.

However the most controversial proposition was sponsored by Howard Jarvis, the 77-year-old campaigner who achieved international fame in 1978 by

winning his campaign for Proposition 13, to cut property taxes by over 50 per cent and thus demolish city and state spending plans. Jarvis was back in the field with Proposition 9, known as Jaws 2, seeking to cut state personal income tax by 50 per cent as well. This time he was defeated and there were two particularly encouraging aspects of this: the first was that, as Governor Jerry Brown said, "the electorate proved sophisticated enough to reject a big cut in their own taxes in favour of public and social provision—and that says a lot of good things about the state of our community here". The second was that it was a rejection of the Jarvis style of campaigning, for one of the attractions of the Proposition debates is that they are firmly focused on the issues and not on personalities as is the case with politics generally. Jarvis has been the exception to this rule. To Jarvis his opponents are never just wrong—they are "monumental liars" or "dumb-bells". He described a whole county as "crooked". In 1978 the state had found his mixture of abuse and coarseness distracting. Now he had become a bore. What is more, they had thought he was right in 1978. Now, two years later they thought he was wrong.

All about lifestyle

The running craze has, of course, spread to Britain. But it is almost impossible to exaggerate the fanaticism of joggers in California. Magazines now compete with each other to feed the craze. They are packed with advertising for running shoes, watches, thirst-quenchers, energy foods, "running bras", other running

magazines, running books, running films, foot massages, "exclusive runner coffee mugs", running camps, a runner's radio ("the first radio designed by a runner for other runners"), rubberized laces ("for athletes who know what too tight or too loose can mean on any given day") and "the jogger's kit", consisting of "jogger's friction lotion, jogger's moisturizer, and jogger's foot balm". There are even "wrist jocks", advertised as "featherlight, terrycloth sweat bands with zipped water-resistant pouches for money, keys and identification and a plastic window for medical information or racing splits".

The articles discuss "the perils of pollution—how running in foul air affects us"; "barefoot in the park—the pros and cons of running without shoes"; "feeding the distance runner—hard training doesn't require dietary supplements"; "how to replace fluids properly during warm weather running"; and the like.

Jogging is, however, just one of the new Californian lifestyles. *Lifestyle* magazine advertises yoga retreats, "orthosomatic physical integration training"; polarity workshops; applied meditation; "beautiful fat women massage workshop"; bio-energetics; "holistic awareness"; mountain templestyle jujitsu; real growth therapy; primal therapy; adventure in awareness; astral existence; and many more.

On Monday you can attend a neo-reichian group to "loosen your tensions and free your breathing so that the life force can flow and express deep emotion". On Tuesday you can go to a lecture on "female sexual slavery". On Wednesday it's time for "ongoing bio-

energetics" and Thursday apparently is a good evening to share a hot tub with a friend. On Friday there are the "holistic self-esteem seminars" to put yourself in good shape for an "assert yourself" workshop on Saturday.

And if you want to get all that out of your system, well you can always go out and have another jog.

The Queen Mary's indignities

Will there be no end to the indignities suffered by the old liner *Queen Mary*, now a hotel and tourist attraction at Long Beach? It was sad enough to find kids clambering all over the old liner licking ice-creams, but worse to discover that over the past year this hotel and tourist attraction has lost £2 million and that the Harbour Commissioners are desperately trying to sell it—to almost anyone who will take it.

The leading candidate is the Chicago multi-millionaire, Abram N. Pritzker, who controls Hyatt Hotels. The Harbour Commission want over £20 million for it but at the last count Mr Pritzker was offering just over £2 million down. The South Koreans and companies from the Philippines and Brazil are also said to want to buy the old liner.

Meanwhile, the *Queen Mary* suffers one indignity after another. While we were in California ten disguised policemen crept on board one night and arrested eight people, the organizers of a gambling party in the Grand Salon.

It is all most unseemly. There must be a better fate for retired liners.

'I write fiction about the future, Mr Wagstaff...

'... but when it comes to the present I like facts,' said Clive Lambert, whose science fiction forecasts earned him so much money his friends called him "The Propheteer."

Wagstaff, who frankly admitted he didn't know how many UFO's made five, coughed politely and waited. Even Clive Lambert, who spent so much of his time in space, had to come down to earth and to the point eventually.

'You look puzzled Mr Wagstaff. And I suspect you find much of my writing puzzling too.'

'Well I persevere,' said Wagstaff. 'But I must admit things like inter-galactic time-warps do tend to confuse me. Biographies are rather more my line.'

'Which brings us back to facts, Mr Wagstaff. "Give me the facts about banks," I said to my accountant, Jack Rogers, when I finally decided to take my account elsewhere. "Is there *really* any difference between 'em?" And d'you know what he said?'

'No,' said Wagstaff, obligingly.

'He said: "The facts, plural, are that banks offer pretty much the same interest rates, the same security, and the same general services. The fact, singular, is that if you're looking for *service* – also very singular – you don't have to look further than Williams & Glyn's. There you will find a combination of businesslike efficiency with human friendliness and informality that is quite unique in the banking world."

'Praise indeed – I hope we've lived up to it!'

'I can best answer that by giving you one more fact, Mr Wagstaff – the one that brought on this uncharacteristically complimentary mood. I transferred my account to Williams & Glyn's just seven years ago and I haven't a trace of an itch!'



Wagstaff wondered when he would come down to earth.

WILLIAMS & GLYN'S AND CUSTOMER SERVICE

Although banks, perhaps inevitably, tend to offer similar services, new customers to Williams & Glyn's are often agreeably surprised to find some they may not have enjoyed elsewhere. Typical would be the 'open till' system to cut down counter queues. Also you can go into *any* Williams & Glyn's branch and ask for an instant statement, giving you the latest balance on your account and the amount of recent transactions. And of course from many Williams & Glyn's branches you can get cash from dispensers 24 hours a day. But most important of all we believe in keeping branches to a manageable size so that our managers and

staff have *time* for their customers, and are able to provide the best possible personal service. A leaflet entitled *Why shouldn't a bank adapt itself to your needs?* is available from any Williams & Glyn's branch, or if you would care to write to the address below we'll gladly send you one.

If you would like to know more about the unique personal service that is such a feature of Williams & Glyn's, both for business and personal accounts, call in at your local branch, or write to: Marketing Development Office, Williams & Glyn's Bank Limited, New London Bridge House, London SE1 9SX.

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The nuclear deterrent

by H. V. Hodson

Despite the growing threat of nuclear war, the world is not yet ready to disarm. The author explains why and considers the possibility of scaling down the nuclear deterrent by mutual agreement of the two super-powers, Russia and the United States.

A succession of events in the past year has stirred up fears of nuclear war and reawakened demands for nuclear disarmament: the revolution in Iran and its global consequences; the Russian invasion of Afghanistan; Brezhnev's alternate cajolery and threats; the controversy over cruise missiles and the replacement of Polaris systems in Europe; China's advance as a nuclear power; even the accidental triggering of nuclear alert systems in the United States. It is timely for us all to do some fundamental thinking on nuclear arms.

Ever since Soviet Russia got its first atomic bomb the security and peace of the world—in the sense of a state of non-war between major powers—have depended on a balance of nuclear menace between the USSR and the US. The fact that the balance is never quite equal, and that other, lesser powers also have nuclear armament, does not affect that basic truth. The superstructure of world power is like a gabled roof: the two sides lean against each other and, as long as that balance remains mechanically stable, the rest of the edifice below is protected.

Having lived that way, more or less comfortably, for 30 years, can we not go on thus for another 30 or 300? History does not encourage the answer yes. Every great arms race has ended by putting the arms to the test in war; it has happened twice in Europe during a lifetime. After each world war with its millions of deaths the nations repented; "Never again," they cried. We have had the League of Nations, the United Nations, the Kellogg Pact outlawing war, disarmament conferences and universal denials of warlike intent but the competition in arms has been resumed at an ever higher pitch.

Thus the world proceeds by terribly painful steps towards international government, which is the only sure way of outlawing war between nations. Do we then need another world war, which could devastate the globe, before we recognize our errors and come to our senses? If not, what should we do?

Let us approach an answer by considering a logical choice. Either nuclear arms will be used in war at some time or they never will be. The idea of a half-way house, in which small or "tactical" nuclear weapons are used but not large or "strategic" ones, is unconvincing. Countries that had not shrunk from using tactical nuclear armament would surely not refrain from advancing to more powerful weapons if the alternative were to accept defeat by the less powerful. Moreover, even if an armistice

halted both sides in their still tactical nuclear tracks, we would emerge just where we started in respect of competition in ultimate nuclear arms, with the threshold of nuclear war actually raised. Tactical nuclear weapons would have become, as aircraft, tanks, high-explosive bombs and napalm are at present, the new conventional arms.

If the nuclear stockpiles are used in war on their present scale, it will not matter much to the peoples of the world which side wins. Were either side to believe—as many think the Russians believe—that it could win a nuclear war, without incurring such loss as to make victory worthless, the hypothesis that nuclear arms will be used might be realized. The only theoretical counter to this must be either a continued arms race which negates that belief or the development of anti-nuclear defensive systems which do likewise. The latter may be our best hope; the former leads nowhere except to a world at even more devastating risk than it is now.

The other hypothesis is that the nuclear arms of the USSR and the Western alliance will never be used in war. The conclusion that all nuclear armament could and should be scrapped by common consent is too simplistic. Apart from the problems of mutual verification of progressive reductions down to zero, we have to reflect upon the world power structure that would exist if there were no nuclear arms. We must ask whether the world would be a safer place now, in the last quarter of the 20th century, if atomic fission and fusion had never been achieved, or if (through some inherent scientific or technical shortcoming) they had never been used for military purposes. It is impossible to answer yes with any confidence.

In that event the balance of power would depend on conventional arms, while the moral and material inhibitions about using them would be far less than they are about launching nuclear war or a war that might take on nuclear dimensions. For the Western powers the global balance of conventional armament would be threateningly adverse, and would remain so even if their conventional forces were greatly increased. This is because the Soviet Union, with its neighbouring allies, has the classic advantage of the "interior lines" which Napoleon enjoyed in Europe and which sustained his conquests for many years. It could concentrate overwhelming force against, say, Iran or Yugoslavia, or even an outlier of the Western alliance such as Turkey, which would cost

the West years of sacrifice to dislodge. Afghanistan demonstrates the problem.

Even in the absence of direct Soviet aggression, the conclusion is no more consoling. In the past 30 years humanity has been spared world conflict but has suffered many regional wars, some of them devastating—in Vietnam and elsewhere in South-East Asia, Korea, the Middle East, Africa and the Indian sub-continent. It has witnessed guerrilla wars of an international kind and it has seen the power giants glaring eyeball to eyeball over Berlin and Cuba. Dare we think that, in the absence of the nuclear deterrent, none of these conflicts would have drawn the great powers into conventional war with each other? The possibility of punitive intervention from outside might, perhaps, have deterred some of the smaller quarrelling countries from making war against their neighbours, and in that way lessened the overall incidence of war, but it might well have done the opposite, and actual intervention would have threatened escalation into war (albeit conventional war) between the great powers.

From this we can deduce that the world is not yet ready to dispense with the nuclear deterrent. That conclusion may seem to vitiate the hypothesis from which it stems, that nuclear arms will never be used in war. For if the consequences of a stated proposition contradict it, that proposition must be false. But the logical argument is flawed here. The hypothesis does not deny the deterrent power of nuclear arms; on the contrary, it implies that the deterrent power is effective. However, it also implies that effective deterrence does not require nuclear armament on the colossal scale now deployed by the super-powers. A gabled roof may collapse if its leaning sides are too light for stability, but it will also collapse if they are too heavy.

On the assumption that the scale of nuclear armament could, ideally, be greatly reduced by mutual agreement, the reduced scale should, by the preceding argument, fulfil two conditions. First, the scaled-down armament must still effectively deter nuclear powers from war: the risk of nuclear retaliation must threaten any power which deliberately incurs it with an intolerable level of destruction. Second, the scale of armament must not be so high that, in the event of its deterrent effect failing, the survival or reasonable safety of the rest of the world would be imperilled.

Such an ideal level cannot be defined fractionally, beyond saying that it would surely be much less than the present

stocks, or their updated replacement, held by the US and the USSR. The nature and quality of the remaining nuclear armament would also affect fulfilment of the two conditions. This is a highly technical matter involving not only knowledge of the potential of every nuclear warhead and its vehicle and of every counter-weapon, but also examination of the geopolitical advantages and disadvantages of all parties in deploying nuclear armament in every theatre of possible action. It would further require consideration of the psychological and political attitudes of the nuclear powers.

Of the two super-powers the Soviet Union has essentially a defensive mentality, reflected in its ill-judged invasion of Afghanistan. This can be said despite its ideological espousal of world revolution, a goal for which the devastation of Russia itself would be too high a price to pay, even for the fanatics. History has taught Russia to fear a war in the West. The Warsaw Pact extends Russia's western glacis by 1,000 miles or more of buffer against conventional war, but nuclear weapons could skip that. Hence the Soviet leaders' intense opposition to cruise missiles. They are aware, too, that Russia's inferiority in industrial back-up obliges them to lay their military bets on a short, decisive conflict. Therefore they see Russia's need for a nuclear deterrent to be essentially that of standing equality with or superiority over the US plus its European allies.

The US, on the other hand, has not yet forsaken its basic post-war posture of containment; it perceives a much greater variety of major risks than does the USSR. It sees them in the oceans, the far north, the Mediterranean, the Middle East, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean region, the Caribbean and East Asia—threats of Soviet penetration, coercion, military action, interception of supplies and commerce. It believes that to cover all eventualities an arithmetical balance of forces is not enough security; it is never happy without a sense of clear superiority.

To inhibit the ever intensifying race of two competitors for relative advantage is no straightforward task. Nevertheless the question of an ideal deterrent level of nuclear armament should have at least a theoretical answer.

The geopolitical aspect of the problem of finding a low enough objective level for the nuclear deterrent—given the hypothesis that the deterrent works for an indefinite period—suggests an approach other than stock

magnitude. The adoption of nuclear-free zones (NFZs) would highlight the concentration of the deterrent on the remaining regions. NFZs would be areas where, by guarantee of all the powers, no nuclear weapons would be deployed in peacetime by land, sea or air, nor would nuclear warfare ever be resorted to.

If this could be negotiated the theatres of deployment and targeting of nuclear arms would be so reduced as to indicate emphatically the degree to which those arms could be scaled down without upsetting the deterrent balance. Moreover, non-nuclear countries on the borders of the NFZs would have powerful motives for urging on the nuclear powers their northward extension.

Even the creation of an NFZ in Europe could become a serious talking-point. As things are it would much favour Russia because of the latter's preponderance of conventional arms in the European theatre, and it is therefore seen as a non-starter by the Western powers. In any case, it would be tantamount to the total renunciation of nuclear arms; for a Soviet-American transatlantic nuclear war which left the continent of Europe unscathed is inconceivable and, if Europe implies the north Atlantic, the north Atlantic surely implies the north Pacific.

The geopolitical approach raises the issue of nuclear proliferation. At present, besides the USSR and US, three nations—Britain, France and China—openly possess nuclear armament, while at least five (not counting other European countries)—Japan, India, Pakistan, Israel and South Africa—are believed to have the technical potential to develop it. Furthermore, no insurmountable obstacle would obstruct the furnishing of any allied or client state—say Cuba or Vietnam, Japan or Australia—with nuclear weapons by its super-power patron or ally. The Non-proliferation Treaty is neither comprehensive nor enforced by supervision and sanctions.

The relevance of the British and French nuclear forces can be discounted in the context of the basic hypothesis. No one suggests that Britain or France would by itself deliberately either launch a nuclear war or import nuclear action into an extra-European conflict, or that their separate nuclear armament weighs significantly in the global power structure. They are appendages of American nuclear power, for which they could conceivably but improbably act as an independent trigger.

If the nuclear potential of non-European countries, other than China, came to be realized, it could also conceivably be a trigger of nuclear warfare on a global scale. But if the super-powers continue to respect each other's deterrent, that possibility can also be discounted. The critical issue is therefore a regional one, and each case has to be considered separately. In none of them (China apart) can a realistic scenario be imagined which would inexorably lead

to the use of super-power nuclear arms in the face of Russian and American policies of effectively deterring each other from global nuclear conflict.

Thus the hypothesis that the major nuclear arsenal of the world will never be used in war is not radically affected by such proliferation as exists or potentially exists among the minor powers. But equally that conclusion implies another, that the deterrent balance of the super-powers remains intact, on however diminished a material scale.

At present China's nuclear armament is not comparable with those of the two super-powers, nor is there prospect of its catching up with either. In effect it diminishes the weight of both, for it requires of each super-power a certain rearguard deployment of its strength. Consider the risk that Germany ran in 1870, 1914 and 1939 of launching a war in the West and having to fight in the East as well. The classic solution adopted by Bismarck and Hitler (the Kaiser calculated differently) was a "reinsurance treaty" on the Eastern side, followed by a *blitzkrieg* on the West. With that analogy China must be seen, theoretically, as a possible reinsurance partner either of the USSR or the US. One super-power could then regard Chinese power as neutralized, while the other would have to see it as potentially hostile. This could upset the balance.

However, as soon as we consider the question in which direction this combination with China would go, we can see how remote is the likelihood of its going either way. The Chinese are not fools; they can see plainly what eventually happens to the militarily weaker partner in such a policy—as soon as the militarily stronger is ready, the other becomes its next victim.

However, were China to develop a nuclear armament powerful enough to destroy global nuclear stability, the problem would have to be reconsidered, as it would have to be if China became an aggressive state willing to threaten either super-power with nuclear war, directly or through their protégés like Vietnam or Japan. It follows that, if the basic proposition is not to be undermined, the relative inferiority of China's nuclear power will have to be assumed.

The maintenance and constant improvement of arms which will never be used seems at first sight a totally irrational course of conduct for mankind. But man is not a wholly rational animal; he is moved not only by actualities but also by emotions, expectations and fears. If it were not so, economic management would be a matter of mathematical calculation, and a correct formula would automatically prevent the oscillation of booms and slumps, over-extension and under-employment.

The super-powers have far too many nuclear arms for the useful deterrent purpose they serve and immense resources are wasted on their amplification. But before they can be discarded the world has to go much farther towards the total outlawry of all wars.

The editor who dared

by Joan Bakewell

Donald Woods, who fled from South Africa after his outspoken criticism of apartheid ended in his being banned from publishing, tells how he became involved in the Black Consciousness Movement and talks about his plans, and his forecasts, for the future.

Donald Woods and his wife Wendy took their children to Chessington Zoo recently. An ordinary enough outing for the average family but for the Woods it had a special quality: "It was a most luxurious feeling to know that no kids are forbidden by law to go into that zoo. In South Africa we'd stopped taking our kids to funfairs because there'd be a little row of black kids ranged along the fence watching. They couldn't come in."

Donald Woods is the former editor of the *Daily Dispatch* of East London in Cape Province who, banned by the South African government, made a daring escape from that country—an intricate affair of disguise, thumbed lifts, swimming a flooded river and a long walk—at the start of 1978. Today, a comfortably shaggy man with grey hair and lilting voice, he enjoys the gentle pleasures of London life more vividly than most. "I find it a joy every day I wake up here. Compared to where I come from it's paradise. The little old ladies in shops, the bus conductors—I love the basic niceness of people."

Niceness had not come Donald Woods's way for some time. As an editor who for 12 years campaigned against apartheid and constantly voiced in his paper the ideals and arguments of the Black Consciousness Movement, he was ostracized by much of the white society in which he lived. "A black man who's banned is a hero in his community: a white man who's banned is an outcast. In the suburb where we lived most of our neighbours looked upon us almost as spies, as traitors."

Settling his bulky 6 foot frame into an armchair in the Islington house where he now lives he speaks with a quiet niceness of his own. He demonstrates two of the many qualities that have seen him through grim times: a resolute patience and an ability to be humorous about awful things. When he prosecuted those who vilified him in South Africa and won, he gave the money in damages to the Institute for Race Relations or the Progressive Party.

But while taking pleasure in his life with his family over here, Donald Woods is by no means switching off from the main objectives that have governed his life since he threw over his law studies in his 20s and became a journalist. He has told the story of his conversion to the black cause before but he embarks upon it again with unfailing courtesy and good humour: "I can't let

up because I never know when some article, here or somewhere else, might influence people or the South African government. And it's literally a matter of life and death to many people."

Donald Woods was born in the Transkei Territory, a tribal reservation, 47 years ago. His father was a trader, fifth-generation British, in a family who came from Cornwall in the 1820s. The family's general store supplied basic commodities to the tribespeople: "It was a very primitive community. The blacks didn't wear clothes—only loincloths. We had a sort of feudal society. They were deferential to us. We had a very nice house, 10 acres of land, orange groves, banana plantations, everything we wanted. We were wealthy." His first language was Xhosa, a language full of clicking sounds. "Other whites regarded us as a bit of a mystery for speaking this exotic language."

The family felt themselves to be half British, half African: "Though my mother's family came originally from Ireland during one of the many potato famines. We were Roman Catholics and when I went to boarding school 600 miles away in Kimberley I was taught by Irish Christian brothers." The half of him that is British adopted as his birthright the ideals of free men—a free Press where you could print what you liked within reasonable law, proper universities where you were free to teach what you believed. These were not crusading ideals, he feels, but a habit the British had lived with for centuries.

But the feudalism of his society made him an arch-conservative: "I just didn't know blacks who could write their own name. So I identified blackness with inability. Also the difference in technology: we flicked a switch and light came on, they built fires in their huts. In that way a kid develops the feeling that whiteness is progressive. My first jolt came when I met a black American with an American accent. It shook my belief in the inherent inferiority of blacks."

At school he had conformed to the prevailing racist views. "I left knowing that my teachers were against apartheid as un-Christian and thought it was uncharitable to look down on blacks. But I thought they were just silly bloody foreigners!" School meant a classical education, strict discipline and lots of sport. "We were a Springbok-producing school with a quota of honoured men on the walls. I got into the first team only once, but I love the game. And though I



TM GRAHAM

deplore the Lions' visit, on Saturday I couldn't resist listening to the commentary on the game."

He was a bright schoolboy and expected to achieve. He went to Cape Town and studied law. That is where the upheaval in all his values began. It took some years. "From the age of 20 I started questioning. I started going to parliamentary debates and thinking things weren't right. But I wasn't for anything too radical at that time because I couldn't accept the idea of black majority rule. The blacks I had in mind were the guys in loincloths who couldn't write. I couldn't see them governing me. But slowly, with my post-university experience of meeting educated blacks, I came to realize that apartheid was a lot of baloney."

He had a go at standing for parliament against apartheid, for the Union Federal Party, later to become the Progressive Party. Not surprisingly with a whites-only electorate he was heavily defeated. "That's when I went into journalism. I thought, 'I can't do this by speeches, I'd better write. And first I'd better learn my craft.' So I came to London." That was in 1958. He worked first as a sub-editor on the now defunct *Daily Herald*, then on the Cardiff *Western Mail* and then in Canada, on the

Toronto Star—two years of intensive effort to master the skills of journalism. In 1960 he returned to Eastern Cape Province and a job on East London's *Daily Dispatch*. Five years later, aged 31, he was made editor. He now had a voice and a means of reaching the public. He used it.

For a long time it was the voice of white liberal moderation. "At that stage I thought moderate blacks were the only ones to work with. I had quite a following and I was saying to my black readers, 'Don't join the Black Consciousness Movement because it's a sort of apartheid in itself, racism in reverse.' Now this irritated Steve Biko who realized I was holding up his movement on the campuses. So he engineered a meeting with me so he could sort me out. Other friends, an Anglican and a Catholic priest among them, urged me to meet him. I resisted because he seemed too radical for me. He spoke too militantly."

The meeting in a converted church changed his whole point of view. "It completely radicalized me. I went there apprehensively. For one thing Biko was banned and I didn't know what was allowed with banned people. Ironical that I ended up banned myself! Once I'd met him I realized he was the most non-

racist man I'd ever met." In his book about Biko, published in 1978, Donald Woods calls Biko "the greatest man I ever met". I asked him what Biko's presence was like: "He was years younger than me, but I always felt I was talking to someone older. He had wisdom beyond his years and a great capacity for expression. A strong personality though rather a quiet man. Physically very impressive . . . the build of a heavyweight boxer. He had his faults. He liked the good life—if that is a fault; he liked a whisky and a good meal. Revolutionaries tend to disapprove."

After that first meeting Donald Woods assigned a black reporter to cover Black Consciousness issues, and promised a column for its views. He and Biko became friends. But on September 12, 1977, Biko died in police custody in Pretoria. He had been driven 600 miles from Port Elizabeth, naked and manacled, on the floor of a Land Rover.

"We all miscalculated. We thought he was safe because he was so prominent. I think my writing about him was a protection. And I think his death was an accident. The security police certainly lost their temper with him, but they didn't mean to kill him. I had great difficulty getting to see his body. I did eventually, and saw the marks on him.

Then I started making speeches round the country." A month later he was banned. A month after that his five-year-old daughter was sent a T-shirt dusted with acid. It was time to leave.

And now it is time to mobilize once again. From October this year he has declared it will be his full-time concern to promote counter-propaganda to that poured out by the South African government. "We arrived in London with £400, the clothes we wore, one suitcase and the manuscript of the Steve Biko book." They had left behind a comfortable lifestyle, a comfortable house, even a black servant. "Yes, Evelyn; she ran the family for years. We're hoping to have her over for a holiday."

Once in London he plunged into a hectic schedule of travelling and speaking: "Twice round the world, America 11 times, 200 TV shows. Interest just hasn't let up since we got out." Now the family are settled and maintained, Donald Woods's renewed one-man campaign to inform the media of the West about South Africa can begin. "The West isn't doing itself justice on this issue. Even your finest newspaper correspondents can't get to the authentic black spokesmen, they can't swim to Robben Island, get into the jails. So what's coming out is Establishment white politics. When whites say things are changing in South Africa they're talking in white terms. Letting blacks into hotels or the occasional black playing rugby is neither here nor there. What matters is the black vote. Four-fifths of South Africa's people are not getting into the British media. It's my job to see that they do."

Does the recent unrest—the sabotage of the oil depots, the protests and deaths on the anniversary of Soweto—indicate to him that the final *putsch* is on? "No, not for another two years. And I give the game far less time than other commentators. What's happening now are the preliminary skirmishes. Sabotage will increase, so will internal dissension, attacks across the border. The border war will escalate. There'll be industrial stoppage culminating in civil war. It will come in about two years. It will have an intensity Zimbabwe never had. It'll be a bigger, messier war but it'll be shorter. I think fewer than 10,000 will get killed. And I'm hoping after that almighty clash there'll be reconciliation. Blacks aren't racist. They don't want the whites to leave; they want their rights."

Donald Woods will be monitoring the development of this political upheaval more closely than any other white journalist. He is totally committed to it. When he allows himself time off he plays chess very well and watches a lot of cricket and rugby. His children are now settled safely and happily in London schools: "They have adjusted far better than we have." And they'll all go on enjoying waking to London sounds and people and freedom. But does he ever expect to go back to South Africa? "One hopes so. It isn't something we consider." But if there is a war, then peace and black majority rule? "Oh yes . . . but only then."



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ILN 1

The Navy in the 80s

by John Winton

In the light of growing international tension the author reviews the state of the Royal Navy, with its new generation of ships and weapons, and outlines the problems, especially a drastic shortage of manpower, that it faces in the next ten years.



Invincible, the new anti-submarine cruiser, out on sea trials.

All the prophets of doom, from Dr Henry Kissinger to old Moore, have been forecasting that the mid 1980s are going to be the years of maximum danger in international affairs in the second half of the 20th century. With events in Afghanistan and Iran, continuing tensions in the Middle East and much of Africa, and the question of oil supplies acting as a permanent irritant in world affairs, the only fault in such a forecast is that it may be too optimistic: the years of greatest danger may already be here.

The start of this perilous decade finds the Navy, as always, in a state of transition. There is a new generation of ships and weapons, but some old and seemingly intractable problems, especially in manpower, still remain. For instance, the Navy is obviously delighted that *Invincible* and her sister ships with their complements of Sea King helicopters and Sea Harrier jump jets will once more restore organic air power at sea. But at the same time there is still great concern at the steady drain, which in the past has sometimes amounted to a haemorrhage, of senior skilled ratings who leave prematurely. And, while much is expected of the new 60-mile range American Harpoon missile, launched from a submerged submarine's torpedo tubes against surface targets and due to start trials later this year, there is also a grave shortage of junior deck watch-keeping officers. A special entry scheme for three and a half years' service (much shorter than the

Navy's traditional officer engagement schemes) has been introduced to try to fill the vacancies.

Certainly the Navy enters the 1980s with much greater confidence in its place in society than it did in the 1970s. Ten years ago the Navy had suffered what amounted to an intellectual defeat at the hands of Denis Healey when he was Defence Secretary. Senior naval officers tended to be defensive about their profession in public and even, occasionally, in private. Any writer who went to his agent with an idea for a television programme about the Navy was likely to be told, as I was, "No television producer, and certainly no BBC television producer, could find it emotionally possible to make a programme favourable to the armed services".

All that has changed, and the reasons for this are complex. There has been some brilliant reporting, especially in the BBC television programme *Sailor*, and a change of government to one which fosters the services (naval pay has gone up nearly 50 per cent in the last 12 months). But, above all, the services have continued to demonstrate certain qualities in men and women. Many of the young men now joining the Navy and doing their basic training at HMS *Raleigh* in Cornwall seem to be looking for some stability and discipline in their lives. It is surprising how often the reply, "No strikes" is given to the question, "Why did you join?"

The Navy's task in the 1980s will be what it has always been—to safeguard the country at sea in the politest possible way. The Navy must maintain a credible independent nuclear deterrent, which means not only operating the delivery vehicle, in this case the nuclear submarine, and its missiles but also having the capability to create a safe environment for the submarines to operate in. There is no advantage in having Polaris submarines which can be easily detected and sunk.

It was always obvious that this country was not going to abandon its own nuclear deterrent. Clearly somebody, some day, was going to have to upgrade Polaris, in spite of ministerial denials. Since 1970 successive governments have said one thing and done another. In March, 1976, Mr Roy Mason, then Defence Secretary, was telling a questioning MP that there was no intention of a new generation of strategic weapons, no intention of MIRV-ing (multiple independently-targeted re-entry vehicle), and no intention of purchasing Poseidon (the American successor to Polaris).

Yet in January Mr Francis Pym, now Defence Secretary, announced that £1,000 million (concealed in Treasury budgets under "other research and development") had been spent and was continuing to be spent in the Chevaline programme to improve and refine the Polaris missile. But he emphasized,

maybe to save Mr Mason's blushes, that the improvement was *not* MIRV; if it is not actually MIRV, it must be very like it.

All four existing Polaris submarines will be 20 years old (the normal submarine hull life) by the late 1980s and will need replacing. A new submarine force would cost from £4,000 million to £5,000 million, spread over several years, and design should already have started. It is probable that a new class of submarine will be announced in the next year or so, to be fitted with the American Trident C4 three-stage missile with a range of some 4,000 miles (against Polaris's 2,500). The fitting of any of our submarines with the cruise missile seems to have been ruled out.

Besides Polaris we will also have the nuclear-powered fleet submarines of the Valiant, Churchill and Swiftsure classes, equipped with homing torpedoes and Harpoon missiles, with three new submarines of the Trafalgar class, with improved equipment, endurance and speed. *Dreadnought*, our first nuclear submarine, will be 20 years old in 1983 and will almost certainly be scrapped.

The diesel-electric submarine has never disappeared, in spite of nuclear competition and, being "cheap and cheerful" compared with nuclears, it is now making a comeback. The supremely successful Oberon class of patrol submarines will all be 20 years old by the mid 1980s; their replacement will be the Type 2400 submarine, developed by the Ministry of Defence and Vickers Shipbuilders. The first order ➤

The Navy in the 80s

can be expected towards the end of this year or the beginning of 1981.

The Navy's other main commitment is to the Nato Alliance, contributing to a sturdy conventional defence of Europe, tackling the "inshore battle" in the sea approaches to Britain and Europe and ensuring the reinforcement and resupply of Europe on and across the sea from the USA. The chief opponent, the Soviet Navy, has grown in 20 years from a coastal defence force to a very large, well-equipped "blue water" Navy deployed worldwide.

In the early days of a future conflict, "scenarios tend to be short", to use Ministry jargon. At first, fast ships carrying reinforcements might be routed independently. But in the end it will all come down to the age-old naval skill of convoy. Every age believes that its own improved weapons make old naval principles out of date. But it is remarkable how convoy survives, and all attempts to ignore it have been bloody failures. Convoy deprives an attacker of the soft option and makes him liable to counter attack. It does not make a bigger target; on the contrary, convoy seems to empty the sea of targets.

For convoy defence the Invincible class carriers will come into their own with their anti-submarine helicopters and Sea Harriers to shoot down or at least drive off shadowing aircraft, backed up by a battery of electronic counter-measures, all to force an enemy to launch his attack farther and farther away from the convoy.

The Invincibles will be supported by the new Type 42 Sheffield class destroyers for air defence and the even newer Type 22 Broadword class frigates for anti-submarine warfare. (They are called destroyers and frigates but there is little difference in size; the frigates are marginally bigger.) Both classes carry Lynx helicopters. The Sheffield has the new automatic rapid fire 4.5 inch gun, the Sea Dart air defence missile system and anti-submarine torpedo tubes. The Lynx will carry the Sea Skua anti-surface ship missile when it comes into service expected later this year.

The Broadwords have Exocet surface-to-surface missiles and Sea Wolf close range air defence missile systems. They also have six anti-submarine torpedo tubes and the latest computer-assisted sonar systems. Both classes are powered by Rolls-Royce Olympus and Tyne gas turbines, which can start up and be ready for sea in minutes. Long gone in the Navy of the 1980s is the old "watch below" to raise steam four hours before sailing.

Of the 26 Leander class frigates (one of the most successful warship designs ever built for the Navy) eight are now fitted with Exocet and eight with the Ikara anti-submarine weapon system. The Navy now has 66 destroyers and frigates in service, with 10 building or on order. By 1986, 24 of these ships will be 20 years old, and eight will have been



15 years or more in service. So some replacement will be needed soon. Possibly the Ministry might turn to a commercial design, although in the past the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors has noticeably restrained its enthusiasm for outside designs. Earlier this year there was some merited criticism of the Type 21 Amazon class general purpose frigates, a commercial design by Vosper/Yarrow, because of the disconcerting lack of fire resistance in their aluminium superstructures and ladders for outside designs. Earlier this year there was some merited criticism of the Type 21 Amazon class general purpose frigates, a commercial design by Vosper/Yarrow, because of the disconcerting lack of fire resistance in their aluminium superstructures and ladders for outside designs.

The defence of the numerous oil and gas rigs in the North Sea is also the Navy's responsibility. The rigs stretch like a huge and vulnerable convoy from Norway to Norfolk. They have all the disadvantages of ship and shore: they

are fixed, like islands, but, unlike islands, they can be sunk; they can be sunk, like ships, but, unlike ships, they cannot try to evade attack. The present seven patrol vessels of the Island class are worked very hard but are too slow, too lightly armed and have no helicopter. A new offshore patrol vessel which is longer, with a bigger gun and helicopter facilities, may well be ordered soon, perhaps the first of a class of six or eight. Also seeing service in the 1980s will be the newly formed Comaachic Company of Royal Marine Commandos, trained to defend oil and gas rigs against terrorist and saboteur attacks.

Lower deck recruiting is going well at the moment. Shoals of hopefuls still come off the train at Plymouth North



Far left, top, a Harrier jump jet on the flight deck of the anti-submarine carrier *Hermes*, and, bottom, a Sea King helicopter from *Hermes* preparing to dip its sonar during a submarine search; above centre, a Wessex Mk. 1 helicopter flies over the nuclear-powered submarine *Warspite*; above, *Cleopatra*, the first Royal Navy frigate to be fitted with the Exocet missile system; left, the guided missile destroyer *Sheffield*, which carries a Lynx helicopter and is armed with Sea Dart missiles.

Road station every Tuesday afternoon to start their new career at *Raleigh* across the river. Five weeks later they march past in front of several hundred mums and dads. But because of the falling birth rate the Navy faces an unfavourable demographic trend. There are fewer boys available to join the Navy, which means keener competition to attract those there are. Extra pay does help; many a boy from a rural or small town background is greatly attracted by the prospect of nearly £5,000 a year quite soon after joining.

For officers the picture is much less clear and less promising. It is more difficult to find out why young officers join and why they stay away. It is possible, for instance, that a university degree course repels as many young men as it attracts, although the Navy believes it is not getting as many graduates as it would like. A young officer is now much more likely to have gone to the same sort of school as the sailors he commands. He is "no longer insulated from his fellows by some divine right,

not protected by magic holy water". In some heavy seas such as engineering, one third of the officers have come up from the lower deck. Yet there is still a shortage of engineer officers, as there is of pilots and junior watch-keepers. It is not just a question of money, although this is important. As one officer told me, "I didn't know my pay had fallen 35 per cent behind my equivalent in civvy street until Harold Wilson told me and then, of course, I believed him".

At the top level naval officers still preserve an engaging cynicism about the world they live in. "There is," says the Vice Chief of Naval Staff, Admiral Sir Anthony Morton, "a terrifying consistency about human nature. People always go for the cheap and specious solution instead of the hard and expensive one. But the hard and expensive one has to come in the end. Everybody forgets that in the last war we spent the first three years getting thumped, before we started winning. If it ever happens again, we shall be back at the stage of getting thumped." ●

THE NAVY IN THE 80s

Submarines

Polaris submarines



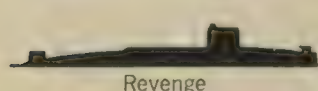
Resolution



Renown



Repulse



Revenge

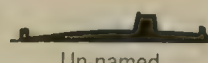
Fleet submarines Trafalgar class



Trafalgar



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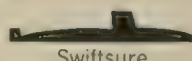


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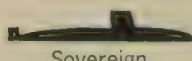


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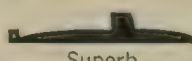
Swiftsure class



Swiftsure



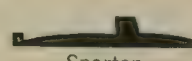
Sovereign



Superb



Sceptre

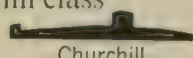


Spartan



Splendid

Churchill class



Churchill



Conqueror

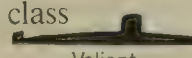


Courageous



Dreadnought

Valiant class



Valiant



Warspite

Patrol submarines

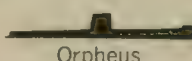
Oberon class



Oberon



Odin



Orpheus



Olympus



Osiris



Onslaught



Otter



Oracle



Ocelot



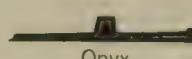
Otus



Opossum



Opportune



Onyx

Porpoise class



Porpoise



Sealion



Walrus

Anti-submarine/commando carriers



Bulwark



Hermes

Anti-submarine cruisers



Invincible



Illustrious



Ark Royal

Assault ships



Fearless



Intrepid

Destroyer Type 82



Bristol

Destroyers

County class



Kent



London



Glamorgan



Fife



Antrim



Norfolk

Sheffield class



Sheffield



Birmingham



Cardiff



Coventry



Newcastle



Glasgow



Exeter



Southampton



Nottingham



Liverpool



Manchester



Gloucester

Mine countermeasures vessels

Hunt class



Brecon



Brocklesby



Cattistock



Cottesmore



Ledbury



Middleton



Chinningfold



Dulverton



Hurworth



Un-named



Un-named



Un-named

Ton class



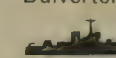
Alfriston



Bickington



Bildeston



Bossington



Brereton



Brinton



Bronington



Coxton



Crichton



Gavinton



Hubberston



Iveston



Kedleston



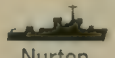
Kellington



Kirkliston



Maxton



Nurton



Sheraton



Shoulton



Glasserton



Hodgaston



Laleston



Lewiston



Pollington



Repton



Shavington

Ton class (cont.)



Soberton



Upton



Walkerton



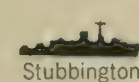
Wotton



Crofton



Wilton



Stubbington

Frigates

Amazon class



Amazon



Antelope



Ambuscade



Arrow



Active



Alacrity



Ardent



Avenger

Broadsword class



Broadsword



Battleaxe



Brilliant



Brazen



Boxer



Un-named

Leander class



Andromeda



Hermione



Jupiter



Charybdis



Bacchante



Scylla



Achilles



Diomedes



Apollo



Ariadne

Exocet Leander



Cleopatra



Sirius



Phoebe



Minerva



Danae



Argonaut



Penelope



Juno

Ikara Leander



Dido



Leander



Ajax



Galatea



Naiad



Aurora



Euryalus



Arethusa

Tribal class



Ashanti



Eskimo



Gurkha



Mohawk



Nubian



Tartar



Zulu

Rothesay class



Rothesay



Yarmouth



Rhyl



Plymouth



Falmouth



Lowestoft



Brighton

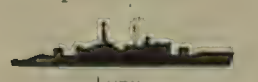


Berwick



Londonderry

Leopard class



Lynx

Salisbury class



Lincoln



Torquay

The Royal Navy's fleet of submarines and surface warships is supported by a large number of maintenance vessels which are not shown here.

Gateway from the past

by Jeremy Green

Over 100 sandstone blocks, part of a cargo lost off the Western Australian coast in 1629, were recovered in the 1970s. The head of the Department of Maritime Archaeology in the Western Australian Maritime Museum describes their reconstruction.

In 1629 the Dutch East India Company's ship *Batavia* was wrecked on the Houtman Abrolhos islands, 50 miles off the coast of Western Australia. The survivors managed to reach some low, waterless coral islands close by the wreck site. Here, subsequently, a mutiny took place which has few parallels in maritime history and in the course of which a total of 125 men, women and children were brutally massacred. Out of the original complement of 268 on board the ship when she was wrecked, only 68 survived the massacres and the subsequent punishments. After the last of the mutineers was hanged outside the castle of Batavia (now modern Jakarta) the shipwreck was soon forgotten. However, 350 years later we are reminded of that scene outside the castle by a reconstruction recently completed in the Western Australian Maritime Museum in Fremantle.

The wreck site of the *Batavia* was located in 1963. The subsequent expedition recovered bronze cannon, coins and numerous artefacts from the site. Among the many items noted were a number of shaped sandstone building blocks which were thought possibly to be part of a façade. Subsequent State legislation protected this wreck and other Dutch East Indian on the Western Australian coast, giving the responsibility for their excavation to the Western Australian Museum.

In 1972 the Museum conducted the first of four field excavation seasons of the *Batavia* entailing a total of 18 months' field work. During this time the stern three-quarters of the ship were completely excavated; hundreds of tons of artefacts were recovered from the site including cannon, cannon balls, bricks and coins. One third of the stern port side of the ship, weighing about 100 tons, was uncovered, dismantled and removed from the site. It is hoped that following conservation of the timber it will be possible to rebuild this section.

Each of the 137 shaped sandstone building blocks recovered was raised by winch from the wreck site onto the expedition workboat and transported to the Museum's base camp on a nearby island, where it was unloaded for storage until the end of the excavation. In all, 37 tons of blocks were raised. The original suggestion that they made up a façade was evidently correct; and it soon became apparent that they formed part of a portico. Matching bases and capitals and half drums for the columns showed a classic Tuscan order and there were parts of the pediment.

Because the individual blocks were so heavy initial attempts to match them and make a theoretical reconstruction on the islands were disappointing. However, when the blocks were moved to the Maritime Archaeology Department at Fremantle a fork-lift truck was brought in to handle them and it became possible to reconstruct small sections of the façade, and try out various approaches to determine how the portico was constructed. Masons' marks on the drums indicated the sequence for the columns, but the pediment had to be matched by hand. It was soon obvious that we had all the blocks to make up the façade, and that a full reconstruction was possible, at least in theory. However, at the time the Museum had no facilities to display the portico, which needed a wall over 7 metres high on which to mount it.

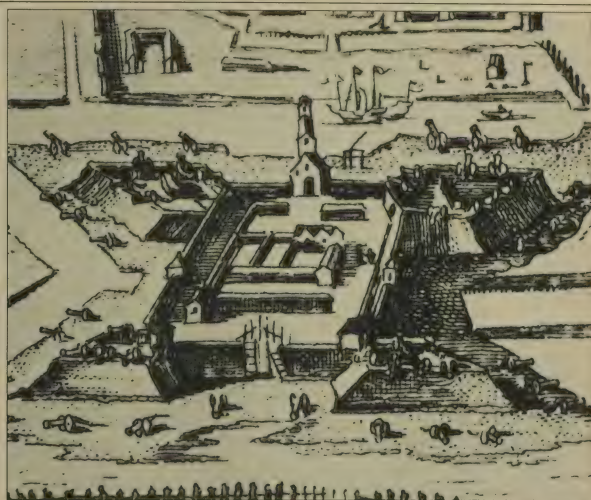
Fortunately, as a result of the plans to rebuild the remains of the *Batavia*'s hull, a new Maritime Museum was in the planning stage. The historic Commissariat building in Fremantle, dating from 1851, was being renovated to house the Maritime Museum, together with the Maritime Archaeology Department and Conservation Laboratory. It was decided to rebuild the portico façade inside the gallery which was to house the *Batavia*.

There was, however, a structural problem. How would the building blocks, which had lain for 350 years on the seabed, stand up to bearing the weight of the columns, pediment and arch? It was decided, as the sandstone was rather soft, that each block should be individually supported. A complex steel supporting framework was constructed, with two double pillars holding the whole portico. Each half-column drum was mounted on a steel plate welded to the columns; the arch under the pediment was supported in a similar manner; and the blocks were pinned to the steel support for additional security in case of earthquakes. Thus, each block bore no weight, the load of the block above being taken by the steel plates. In December, 1979, the façade was finished.

It is now almost certain that the original destination of this façade in the Indies was the waterport of the castle of Batavia. When the survivors of the shipwreck finally arrived at the town of Batavia on December 5, 1629, the event was recorded by Pieter van den Broeck who departed for the Netherlands on the 19th of that month. Following his return to the Netherlands in 1634 van den Broeck published a journal of his



voyages. In this was a number of illustrations engraved by A. Matham from van den Broeck's original sketches. One of these is a bird's-eye view of the castle and town of Batavia in late 1629, showing the waterport, or seagate, unfinished, with scaffolding and a ladder in place. It depicts the town just after the second siege of 1629, and there must have been a reason for the unfinished gateway. Research in the archives in Holland revealed that the company had ordered a gateway to be made in the Netherlands for the castle. When the governor-general, Jan Pieterszoon Coen, first commissioned the castle of Batavia in 1619 it was initially designed for defence against a



Plan of Batavia castle in 1629 from Pieter van den Broeck's journal; above left, the completed portico in the Western Australian Maritime Museum in Fremantle; far left, underwater view of a building block on the *Batavia* wreck site; left, lifting the blocks into place.



land-based enemy. As a result the two seaward bastions were initially weak, made of earth and timber, whereas the land bastions were of stone. The seaward curtain was, in 1627, merely a wooden palisade, and during the Javanese sieges of 1628 and 1629 it was strengthened. However, it was not until 1630 that the waterport was completed. The new façade must have been sent out remarkably quickly since the first news of the loss of the *Batavia* arrived at the town of Batavia on July 7, 1629. In one of the earliest published illustrations of the castle of Batavia, dating from around 1680, the portico façade, closely resembling the one now in Fremantle, can just be made out.

In later years this waterport became the main entrance to the castle and the town of Batavia. It is said that more than 10,000 new arrivals from the homeland disembarked in front of the waterport, and passed through it into the castle. For officials and company servants returning home it was a time for celebrations and cannon salutes. The waterport, until its final destruction in 1809, was truly the gateway to the East. Today nothing is left of it or of the castle of Batavia except the façade in the Fremantle Maritime Museum.



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Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth, 8: Samuel Taylor Coleridge's house

Samuel Taylor Coleridge spent the last years of his life, from 1816 until 1834, at 3 The Grove, Highgate, N6, in the care of James Gillman, a surgeon, and his family. Coleridge was addicted to opium on his arrival and had written all his great poetry before the turn of the century. He died at this house, aged 62, on July 25, 1834.



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THE QUEEN MOTHER AT 80



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother celebrates her 80th birthday on August 4. *The Illustrated London News* commemorates the occasion by publishing a photographic record of her life. A special article, beginning on page 54, by the historian Robert Blake describes the political, economic and social changes that have taken place in Britain and in the world during these 80 eventful years; and on pages 57-60 we reproduce a selected portfolio of portraits of the Queen Mother painted at various times in her life. ➔

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT 80

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was born in London on August 4, 1900. By birth she is thus technically a Victorian, though she grew up with the 20th century and her life story is inextricably woven into the history of this country during these turbulent years, and a Londoner, though as the ninth child of Lord and Lady Glamis she is a member of an old Scottish family and is herself indisputably Scottish. Her father inherited the Strathmore title, as the 14th Earl, soon after she was born, and was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Angus. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (as she then was) was simply brought up, mainly at Glamis castle and at her parents' English home at St Paul's Walden. She was educated at home.

The first meeting with King George V's second son, Prince Albert, later Duke of York, known to everyone as Bertie, took place at a children's party when she was five and he was ten. They met again in 1920, when Lady Elizabeth had come down from Scotland to enjoy the social life of London. The Duke of York rapidly fell in love with the lively young lady from Glamis, as did many other men about London at that time. Lady Elizabeth was slow to respond—reluctant, no doubt, to forsake her freedom for the much more restricted world of the court. The Duke's royal parents were much in favour—"You'll be a lucky fellow if she accepts you," said the King when his son told him of his intentions. Under the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 the King had to give his consent to the marriage, which he was happy to do.

The wedding took place in Westminster Abbey on April 26, 1923. For the early years of their married life, though carrying out many public duties and an extensive tour of Australia and New Zealand, the couple contrived to live a relatively private life. On April 21, 1926, their first child, Princess Elizabeth, the present Queen, was born in their house in Bruton Street, London. Their second daughter, Princess Margaret, was born at Glamis on August 21, 1930.

Life changed dramatically in 1936. On January 20 that year King George V died, and the Duke became their presumptive. On December 11 his brother Edward abdicated. The Duke became King, as George VI. It was a major crisis for the British monarchy. On the first night of his reign the new King said to Lord Louis Mountbatten: "Dickie, this is absolutely terrible. I never wanted this to happen. I'm quite unprepared for it. David [King Edward VIII] has been trained for this all his life. I've never even seen a state paper." It took him some time to adapt to his

new situation and its responsibilities, and that he did so was to a great extent due to the support and encouragement of his Queen.

The war imposed a tremendous strain upon them both, but the examples of courage and service which they displayed secured for them the lasting affection and loyalty of their people. They visited camps and factories, bomb-sites and canteens all over the country, and with millions of their countrymen they endured the hazards of the Blitz and of the flying-bombs and rockets. After bombs fell on Buckingham Palace the Queen wrote: "I'm almost comforted that we've been hit. It makes me feel I can look the blitzed East End in the face."

The immediate post-war years were lightened for the King and Queen by the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, who was given the title of the Duke of Edinburgh on the eve of the wedding, which took place in Westminster Abbey on November 20, 1947, and by the celebrations of their own silver wedding in the following year. Later in 1948, on November 14, the Queen became a grandmother for the first time when Princess Elizabeth gave birth to her first child, Charles, now Prince of Wales. The happiness that such occasions brought was marred by the deterioration of the King's health. He was suffering from circulation trouble in his legs, and in 1949 underwent an operation to relieve the obstruction. The operation was successful, but the King was forced to curtail his activities. The Queen fulfilled many of his engagements on her own, while at the same time accepting more of the domestic burden of looking after her husband. In 1951 he had to have another operation, and though this too seemed to have been successful the strain on his constitution was evidently too great. He died on February 5, 1952, at the age of 62.

After the arduous years through which she had lived it might have been expected that Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, as she now expressed a wish to be called, would have retired. Certainly it would have been justified, and well-earned. But she did not do so. Instead she put her experience, her understanding and her wisdom at the disposal of her daughter, and during the last 28 years she has served the present Queen as loyally as she served her husband. She has never visibly flagged, and her humanity, her warmth and her interest in the people she sees everywhere around her are as evident at the age of 80 as they were when she first joined the royal family 57 years ago.



Early life: Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon aged two, left, aged four, above left, and about 17, top. She was married in Westminster Abbey on April 26, 1923, to the Duke of York, centre, and their first daughter, Princess Elizabeth, was born three years later on April 21 at their home in Bruton Street, above right.

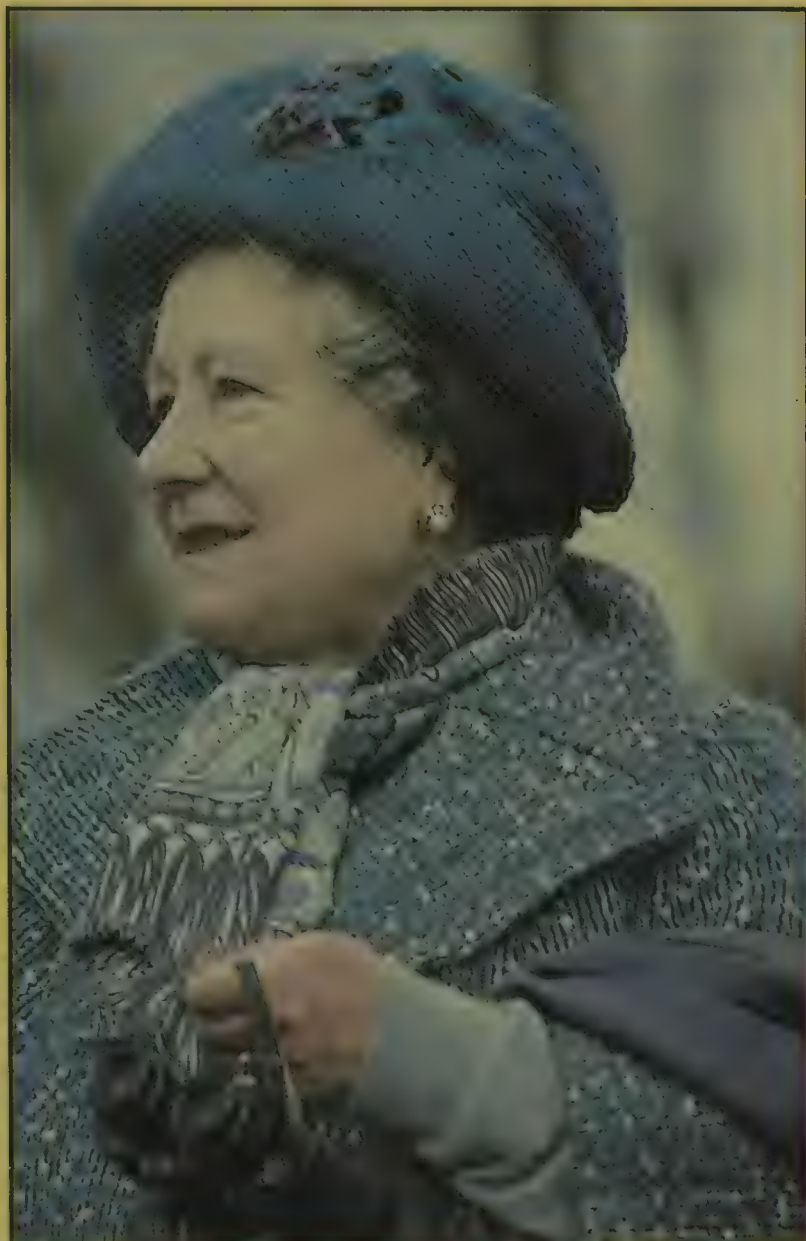


Royal celebrations: After the coronation of King George VI on May 12, 1937, top; at Princess Anne's wedding on November 14, 1973, top right; leaving St Paul's Cathedral after the Service of Thanksgiving on Jubilee Day, 1977, above; and with three of her grandchildren at Clarence House on her 79th birthday, right.





Public appearances: A visit to London's Mount Pleasant Post Office with King George VI; at St Paul's Cathedral, with the Dean, for a Presentation Day Service in her role as Chancellor of the University of London; at the Garter Ceremony at Windsor; watching polo in Windsor Great Park; celebrating playwright Ben Travers's 93rd birthday; and presenting shamrock to the Irish Guards.



Outdoor pursuits: Fishing in New Zealand in 1927 at Tokaanu, and in 1966 in the river Waikato near Auckland while on a tour of the country; with her daughter the Queen at gun dog trials in 1973; at Ascot racecourse in 1955; and taking a keen interest in the Badminton horse trials in 1978.



The Queen Mother photographed in the grounds of Clarence House on the occasion of her 75th birthday.

THESE 80 YEARS

by Robert Blake

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the future wife of King George VI, was born in the last year of Queen Victoria's reign and only three years after the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. This is often regarded as the zenith of Britain's imperial grandeur. In reality the heyday of Britain as a world power had already begun to pass. Kipling's "Recessional", too often thought of as a song of triumph, was a sombre warning: "Lo, all our pomp of yesterday Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

But a great many people did forget and, although there were a few observers who felt uneasy about the future—the expanding economic strength of America and the growing power both economic and military of Germany—the Diamond Jubilee was characterized by complacency rather than misgiving. That complacency was reduced in the year of the old Queen's death. Britain was in the midst of the first of the three wars that during the next half century were to transform her destiny. The struggle with the Boers was the least important of these but it gave a severe jolt to those who placed their confidence in the British Army. It was a war which soldiers could hardly lose but it was one from which they emerged with little credit. It also deeply divided public opinion and many people believed it should never have been fought at all.

The Edwardian era in which Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon spent her childhood ended with King Edward VII's death in 1910, but it is natural to include the four years before a second and far worse war broke out—a war which strained British resources to the utmost and permanently altered Britain's status as a great power. Because of the horrors and suffering involved people have been too much inclined to look back at the previous years through the rose-tinted spectacles of nostalgia, an impression enhanced by a series of memorably hot and idyllic summers. In fact the Edwardian era was marked at home by economic stagnation, bitter social and nationalist divisions, acute labour unrest and, from 1909 onwards, a continuing constitutional struggle of the first magnitude; it was also marked by a highly competitive armaments race and a series of international diplomatic crises ill-calculated to produce the atmosphere of calmness and tranquillity with which it is credited in retrospect.

When the century opened the Conservatives dominated the political scene with the heavy-bearded, venerable Lord Salisbury at their head. He had won the election of 1886, he had narrowly lost that of 1892, and he had won easily in 1895. He repeated his success in October, 1900. Few people guessed that it was to be 22 years before the Conservatives would again win a victory unaided by alliance with another party.

The Liberals were in a state of disarray and division. The Labour Party, founded earlier in the same year, put up 15 candidates and gained only two seats. Salisbury retired after the coronation in 1902 making way for his nephew, Arthur Balfour. From then onwards nothing went right for the Conservatives. Split by their ablest supporter, Joseph Chamberlain, on the question of tariffs and discredited by the Boer war, they crashed to disaster in 1906, winning only 157 seats, their second worst defeat ever. The Liberals were triumphant under Campbell-Bannerman succeeded by Asquith. Instigated largely by Lloyd George and Winston Churchill they brought in a series of social reforms and redistributive budgets which led to a head-on clash between the two Houses when the Lords rejected the budget of 1909. The ensuing constitutional crisis resulted in two general elections in 1910. In each the Conservatives and Liberals were roughly equal, but the Liberals were sustained by some 80 Irish Nationalist and 40 Labour votes. The powers of the Lords were in the end reduced to a suspensory veto of two years.

Barely had this constitutional crisis ended than another began. It concerned Ulster and the Conservative determination to block the Liberal Home Rule Bill which would have put the whole of Ireland under a parliament at Dublin. The Northern Irish showed all the signs of armed rebellion, encouraged by the new Conservative leader, Bonar Law, a man of Ulster extraction who succeeded Balfour in 1911. Civil war might have broken out in Ulster if the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo had not precipitated a cataclysm in which these bitter affairs became temporarily submerged.

In 1910 King Edward VII was succeeded by his second son, the elder having predeceased him. Just as King Edward's court had been very different from Queen Victoria's, so, too, was the new court compared with the old. King Edward had been the first "fashionable" monarch since George IV. Under his son the opulence and raffishness vanished, financiers of foreign extraction ceased to figure on the scene, and a certain almost bourgeois simplicity prevailed. King George V, a straightforward, rather gruff, naval martinet, was at first little known to the general public, but he was to become one of the most popular of all Britain's kings long before his death a quarter of a century later, and his popularity was shared by his wife Queen Mary, formerly Princess May of Teck. Though not clever the King had a high degree of common sense and a great capacity to take good advice. In a reign which saw a number of constitutional problems for the monarchy he never put a foot wrong.

Many volumes have been written about the origins of the First World

War, but as far as Britain was concerned the issue was relatively simple. Britain entered because she could not afford to see Belgium and northern France occupied by a hostile, aggressive, military power—which the Kaiser's Germany had become. The Second World War was to be fought for the same reason. The two wars were not crusades to extend liberty, democracy and self-determination, or to preserve the sanctity of treaties, but wars for survival. Britain survived both. The cost of victory was great; the cost of defeat would have been immeasurably greater.

Britain lost 750,000 men, the countries of the Empire another 200,000. The figure for France with a smaller population was nearly double that of the UK, but this was not the comparison people made. British casualties were far heavier than in any previous war, and the sense of loss was enhanced because the death rate was three times as high among the officer class as among the other ranks. The articulate élite of the younger generation from which one could expect the nation's post-war leaders to be drawn was thus especially damaged, though it was to produce three Prime Ministers: Attlee, Eden and Macmillan. Inevitably a school of thought arose which argued—and has gone on arguing ever since—that there must have been some way of avoiding this terrible slaughter. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were among those who condemned the western strategy of Haig and Robertson. Yet no one has plausibly proved that the various suggested alternatives to slog-ging it out in northern France would have produced less loss of life or a quicker end to the war. Haig can be criticized for incurring excessive casualties on some occasions, the first days of the Battle of the Somme for example, and his refusal to give up the Passchendaele offensive till long after it had clearly failed, but it must not be forgotten that it was the British Army under his leadership that won the war on the western front in the summer of 1918.

The Navy played a less important part than the Army. There was only one moment, May 31, 1916, when there might have been a major battle between the British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet. The British under Jellicoe with Beatty commanding the cruisers would certainly have won a set-piece battle but the Germans slipped away under cover of darkness and Jutland ended in an unsatisfactory draw. The German navy, however, did not risk a major engagement again, concentrating instead on a submarine campaign which came near to crippling Britain, although in the end it failed. The Queen Mother's future husband, Prince Albert as he then was, served at Jutland as a Sub-Lieutenant in *Collingwood*.

The war left Britain exhausted mentally, physically and financially.



After leaving Dartmouth King George VI, then Prince Albert, saw action as a Sub-Lieutenant in *Collingwood* at the Battle of Jutland in 1916.

The country recovered more quickly in mind and body (insofar as one can use these words collectively) than in pocket. The old creditor position was never restored. America was henceforth the world's leading financial and industrial power. From 1914 onwards in Britain there has been a permanent deficit on "visible" trade, and though this was offset for much of the time by "invisible" exports, the effect has been the constant and increasing vulnerability of sterling until recently when that strange freak of nature, North Sea oil, began to reverse the apparently inexorable decline. Ironically in terms of imperial red on the map of the world Britain actually expanded after 1918 with the acquisition of former German colonies such as Tanganyika and former Turkish provinces such as Palestine and Iraq as League of Nation "mandates". These territorial gains were of little positive benefit and much negative harm.

The war produced something of a convulsion in domestic politics. Asquith had been forced to go into coalition with the Conservatives in 1915. A year later they forced him out of it. The Prime Minister who replaced him, however, was not Bonar Law but Lloyd George who was never forgiven by the Asquithian old guard. The new coalition won the general election of 1918 by a landslide majority in which the Conservatives were much the strongest party. Lloyd George had ceased to be indispensable. His foreign policy, the honours scandal, his "sell out" in Ireland resulting in the Treaty of 1921 and the virtual independence of Eire, enraged the Tory rank and file. In October, 1922, a backbench Conservative revolt resulted in his fall, and Bonar Law won the ensuing general election with ease. A pattern had been set. With brief intervals in 1924 and 1929-31 the Conservatives, led briefly by Law, then by Baldwin from 1923 to 1937, Neville Chamberlain till 1940 and Churchill after that, were continuously in power till the end



The Duke and Duchess of York and their daughters, followed by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, attended a thanksgiving service at St Paul's on May 6, 1935 for the Silver Jubilee of King George V, top. Less than a year later Edward VIII succeeded, but abdicated in December, 1936, above. The Duke of York became George VI.

The King and Queen remained in London during the war, though Buckingham Palace was bombed several times, and visited as many victims of air raids as possible both in the capital, top right in west London, and around the country. Normal life resumed, Queen Elizabeth attended a reception at County Hall in 1947, above.

of the Second World War. The two intervals were filled by minority Labour governments under Ramsay MacDonald. The Liberals now sank into permanent third place and never formed a government again.

The Conservative ascendancy in the inter-war years seems surprising if one accepts the popular stereotype of the period as one of inequality, mass unemployment and stagnation. In fact it was nothing of the sort. The gap between the rich and the poor was narrowed. A wealthy man paid under 10 per cent of his income in tax before the war, a third of it after. Mass unemployment only prevailed for a few years in the early 1930s and the Labour Party in office when it began proved totally unable to cope. Hence the coalition between Baldwin and MacDonald, another landslide election in 1931, and the rule of a "National" but Conservative-dominated Government for the rest of the decade. Moreover there was a minor industrial revolution—the result of developments in electricity, radio and the internal combustion engine—which greatly raised

standards of living. The "structural" unemployment, involving about one million people, resulting from the decline of Britain's older industries like textiles, coal mining and shipbuilding, only affected parts of Scotland, Wales and the north of England. It undoubtedly hit some of these very badly and whole towns became dead. The Conservative ascendancy was based on the prosperity of the rest of the country, but the price was a division of the UK into "two nations", which has lasted ever since. The nearest thing to a revolutionary class confrontation was the General Strike of 1926. Even this was more the result of accident and blunder than real purpose, and had few lasting effects.

There is a general impression that society became laxer in morality, especially on sexual matters, and that a feverish search for pleasure replaced the alleged decorum of the pre-war era. It is by no means clear that the Edwardians were any more "moral" than their successors, but there was perhaps less publicity given to their goings on. The post-war upper class was still rich and, although servants were less easy to

come by, households with staffs of 20 or more were not uncommon. At the apex of high society was the Prince of Wales. His style of life and reluctance to marry greatly displeased his parents who got on much better with their second son, created Duke of York in 1920. They were delighted when he fell in love with the youngest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore and married her on April 26, 1923. The monarchy as an institution remained immensely popular, its strength enhanced by a war during which the King was the symbol of national unity. After the war his annual Christmas broadcasts were listened to in almost every home. The Silver Jubilee of his reign was celebrated in 1935 with enthusiasm and devotion. When he died on January 20 the following year, he was universally mourned.

His successor, the Prince of Wales (known in the family as David) took the title of King Edward VIII. He was still unmarried, but it was widely known in society that in 1934 when he gave up his prolonged affair with Mrs Dudley Ward he had fallen passionately in love with Mrs Wallis Simpson, a twice-married

American from Baltimore. This fact along with the off-hand way in which he treated court and courtiers and many of the traditional usages of the monarchy caused many to wonder how long his reign would last. It may be doubted whether in his heart of hearts he really wanted it to last. He must have known that marriage to Mrs Simpson was impossible if he was to retain the throne.

The story of the Abdication is too famous to repeat. The formalities were completed on December 10, 1936. The Duke of York became King George VI, and the Duchess Queen of England. No man has come to the throne more reluctantly and few in more difficult circumstances. The success which he undoubtedly achieved was largely the result of his own courage and determination, but he was immensely helped by the charm and devoted help of the Queen. Oddly enough the Abdication did not damage the monarchy. It was the institution rather than the individual that mattered, and fears of lasting harm proved wholly unjustified.

Few people would have guessed in the early 1920s that before 1940 there would be another war against the same principal enemy and with the same principal allies. The idea that in 1914 they were fighting a "war to end war" had been one of the sustaining motives of those who thought about these matters. When it was all over they had to believe that the sacrifice had not been in vain. During the 1920s it was just possible to harbour this delusion. The rise of Hitler to power in 1933 along with the increasing hostility of Italy and Japan shattered it. In November, 1935, Baldwin, who had changed places with Ramsay MacDonald, sought a mandate for rearmament and won the ensuing election easily. Britain was now set on the course of repairing the deficiencies of her military strength. The threat was the same as in 1914. The question was whether she could rearm in time.

In March, 1936, Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland. That summer the Spanish Civil War broke out. Later in the same year Hitler formed the Rome-Berlin Axis with Mussolini and the Anti-Comintern Pact with Japan. In March, 1938, he annexed Austria. Meanwhile in May, 1937, Baldwin had resigned and Neville Chamberlain took his place with a policy of "appeasement" which led early the next year to the resignation of his Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden. Chamberlain's policy culminated in the Munich "settlement" of October, 1938, by which the German-speaking areas of Czechoslovakia were ceded to Hitler. Chamberlain was applauded in Parliament as the bearer of peace with honour, but he consented to a half-hearted guarantee of the integrity of the truncated state and when Hitler annexed it in March, 1939, there was a parliamentary revolt. The Government now swung to the opposite extreme and guaranteed Poland, Hitler's most probable next victim, against German aggression. This made no sense without Russian support which was probably unobtainable and never

obtained. The Nazi-Soviet Pact signed on August 23 made war inevitable. In 1914 there had been enthusiastic desire to enlist in a war which might be over before Christmas. In 1939, joyless but determined, the new war generation with a sombre sense of destiny and obligation accepted their duty.

Poland was soon overrun. The "phoney war" of winter 1939-40 ended with the German conquest first of Denmark and Norway, then of the Low Countries and finally France. Britain survived, though largely because of events over which she had no control. Hitler assumed, despite Dunkirk, that the British Government would come to terms, but Churchill at the head of a coalition with Labour and Liberals had succeeded Chamberlain in May, 1940. His role as a strategist is a subject of much debate. His power to rally a despondent nation is beyond dispute. Courage is not enough in itself: the Battle of Britain was won by technical superiority as well as personal bravery. But without Churchill there might have been no battle at all. The first unenvied bonus for Britain came when Hitler invaded Russia on June 22, 1941, the second when the Japanese attacked the US naval base at Pearl Harbor on December 7, the third when Hitler a few days later quite unnecessarily declared war on America, thus enabling Roosevelt to make the defeat of Germany rather than Japan his first objective despite pressure to avenge Pearl Harbor.

The odds were now against the Axis powers. The fall of Singapore and Tobruk and the toll of shipping taken by the U-boats were backward eddies in a current flowing inexorably in favour of the Allies. The British heroes were Montgomery, Alexander, "Bomber" Harris, Brooke, Mountbatten; but Britain's contribution was far out-matched by Russia's and America's. The plains of Russia, the deserts of North Africa, the mountains of Italy (knocked out in 1943), the beaches of Normandy, the skies above Germany and the seas around Europe were the scenes of victories which led to Germany's unconditional surrender in May, 1945. Japan, finally forced to capitulate by the American atomic bomb, surrendered in August. September 2, the day chosen to celebrate the Japanese surrender, marked the end of hostilities. Britain was the only great power to have been in at the beginning and still in at the end of the two world wars, emerging victorious from both.

Victorious but not very happy or glorious. King George VI was the symbol of national unity even as his father had been in the First World War. But the Britain over which the old King reigned after 1918 possessed a larger empire and seemed, though it was an illusion, stronger than ever before. The Britain of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1945 was palpably weaker and poorer, and the decline of empire soon set in. Self-government for India, partitioned in 1947 between Muslims and Hindus under the aegis of Lord Mountbatten, the King's first cousin,

was the first major step in a process, beginning in Asia and spreading to Africa, which within 20 years brought the old empire to an end. In its place there was the Commonwealth, a ghostly organization rather like the Holy Roman Empire, but not entirely devoid of influence as the Lusaka Conference showed in 1979. With the loss of empire, whether it was cause or effect, came the loss of power. Britain and France were treated after 1945 along with China as "honorary" great powers on the Security Council of the United Nations, and for some years the delusion of equality with America and Russia persisted. The Suez crisis of 1956 dispelled it for ever. Since then Britain, though on any count an important country in world affairs, has been in the second rank and not at the top of that.

The wartime coalition broke up after Germany's defeat. In the ensuing election of July, 1945, to the astonishment of the world and most people in Britain, Churchill and the Conservatives suffered a resounding defeat. Clement Attlee became Prime Minister at the head of a Labour Party with, for the first time, a decisive parliamentary majority. The next six years saw the establishment of the welfare state and the nationalization of virtually all the industries and services which are still nationalized in 1980. A social and economic pattern was set which has lasted for over 30 years whose basic presuppositions have not been challenged until very recently. How effective that challenge will be remains to be seen. In the election of 1951 the Conservatives still led by Churchill won a narrow victory. Labour had perhaps been too slow to relax the rationing and austerities of the immediate post-war years. The Conservatives managed to do so without dismantling the welfare state, and, aided by favourable terms of trade and general economic prosperity, they won the next two elections with increased majorities.

In 1947 to the great pleasure of the King and Queen, and the British public, their elder daughter, Princess Elizabeth, became betrothed to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, RN, as he then was. The marriage took place on November 20 in Westminster Abbey. It was an affair of appropriate grandeur with one of the largest gatherings of royalty in the century. The King, who had already made a tour of South Africa, planned to visit Australia and New Zealand in 1949, but his health which had never been robust began to deteriorate. It had not been improved by the strain of his unexpected accession and the worries of the war years. The tour had to be postponed and in the end was never undertaken. He died on February 6, 1952, and was succeeded by Princess Elizabeth. Her coronation took place the following year—a splendid occasion only marred by almost the coldest weather ever known in "flaming June".

Winston Churchill, from any view one of the great Prime Ministers of British history, bowed out of Parliament in April, 1955, a few months after his 80th birthday. He died in 1965 at the

age of 90. There had been nothing like the grandeur of his funeral since that of the Duke of Wellington. He was succeeded by Anthony Eden who easily won a general election in June, 1955. His health was far from good and it got worse. To what extent it affected his disastrous decision over Suez in the autumn of 1956 no one can say. He resigned early in 1957 and was succeeded by an older colleague, Harold Macmillan, instead of R. A. (now Lord) Butler whom most people expected. Macmillan quickly rallied a semi-despondent party and won the 1959 election by an even larger majority than Eden's four years earlier.

His fortunes soon declined. There was a change in the public mood from satisfaction with affluence to iconoclastic cynicism. The mood was not exactly pro-Labour but it was anti-establishment and anti-Conservative. The Profumo affair with its repercussions did further damage, and, although Macmillan's decolonization of Africa was on the whole successful, his attempt to substitute Europe for Empire failed when General de Gaulle vetoed British entry into the Common Market. Conservative prospects were further damaged when Macmillan was taken seriously ill just before the Party Conference in 1963, and the ensuing battle for the succession in which he palpably used his influence in favour of Lord Home and against Butler was conducted with the maximum of adverse publicity. Home renounced his peerage—a procedure permissible for the first time under a recent Act—and held the premiership for little over a year. Under his leadership the Conservatives, whose standing in the opinion polls was remarkably low when he succeeded, recouped much of their losses, but not quite enough. A few more weeks and they might have won. As it was, a dissolution could not be put off beyond October, and Harold Wilson, who had succeeded Hugh Gaitskill on the latter's death in January, 1963, obtained a tiny majority which he turned into one of over 100 in March, 1966. By then Home, after creating an electoral system for the Conservative leadership, had resigned and had been succeeded by Edward Heath.

Labour was in for six years altogether until June, 1970. It was a period of relative industrial decline in which the countries of the EEC drew rapidly ahead in the league table of economic progress. The pound which had been devalued by the previous Labour government in 1949 had to be devalued again, despite all Wilson's efforts, in 1967. It was no doubt unfair to say that this was cause and effect, but of course many people did. Arguably Labour never really recovered.

The other issue which attracted great attention was the Rhodesian declaration of independence by Ian Smith in November, 1965, with the object of strengthening white ascendancy in a colony where Europeans were outnumbered by 20 to one. It was the first colonial rebellion since the revolt of the

American colonies. Britain could not, or would not, suppress it by force. The intractable problems created in a world increasingly sensitive to issues of race need no emphasis. It was not till 1979-80 that a combination of the effects of economic recession, a bitter civil war which neither side could win, and the skilful diplomacy of Lords Carrington and Soames at last brought about a settlement. Rhodesia became Zimbabwe and there seemed hope for the future.

It is too soon to see the 1970s in perspective. Labour lost in 1970. Edward Heath, Home's successor as Conservative leader, was determined to bring Britain into Europe and he succeeded. This was probably the most important development of the decade. The issue split both parties, Labour more equally than Conservatives. When he won the unexpected election of February, 1974, Harold Wilson decided to solve his party problems by renegotiating the terms of entry and submitting them next year to a referendum. The result was nearly a two to one majority in favour. The referendum had arrived as a new feature of the British constitution. It was used later for Scottish and Welsh devolution—effectively rejected—and will undoubtedly be used again.

The 1970s will probably be regarded in retrospect as an uneasy decade. Twice, in 1974 and again in 1979, the trade unions brought down governments, first Heath's in 1974 and then in May, 1979, that of Wilson's successor, James Callaghan, whose fortunes never recovered from the strike-bound previous winter. The defeats of 1974 for which Heath was blamed produced one departure from precedent. In 1975 the Conservatives replaced him as leader by a woman, Margaret Thatcher.

The decade was one of high inflation, increasing economic recession and general uneasiness about British institutions. The Labour governments of February and October, 1974, were elected on an abnormally low proportion of the popular vote, and, although Mrs Thatcher's victory in May, 1979 has to some extent damped down criticism, there has been a greater disposition to question the shibboleths of the British constitution than for many years past.

One feature of it remains, however, virtually unscathed. The monarchy, despite the bilious criticisms of one or two self-appointed pundits bombinating in the void, is as solidly based as it was when the Queen Mother was born. Her life has seen vast changes: two great wars, a technological and industrial revolution, the disappearance of empire, significant shifts in the balance of power, great economic advances (albeit slowed down latterly), and major alterations in religious, social and moral attitudes. But the monarchy to which as Queen and Queen Mother she has made such a great contribution has subtly adapted itself to these changes. This is one reason, though of course there are others, why Britain, despite all the denigration which goes on—more from within than outside—remains not too bad a place to live in.

A PORTFOLIO OF PORTRAITS



Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon by Mabel E. Hankey, 1908, watercolour.
Most of the portraits reproduced here can be seen in the exhibition "The Queen Mother: a celebration" at the National Portrait Gallery until September 28. ➡



Top left, *The Duchess of York* by Savely Sorine, 1923, watercolour. Top right, *Queen Elizabeth* by Sir Gerald Kelly, c 1938, oil. Above, *The Duchess of York* by R. G. Eaves, 1924, oil. Right, *Conversation piece at the Royal Lodge, Windsor*, 1950: George VI, Queen Elizabeth, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, by Sir James Gunn, oil. Opposite, *Queen Elizabeth as Royal Bencher of the Middle Temple* by Sir James Gunn, 1945-46, oil. ➔





Top left, detail of *Queen Elizabeth 23rd April 1940* by Sir Gerald Kelly, oil—sketch for a state portrait. Top right, *Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother* by Graham Sutherland, c 1959, oil. Above, *HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother*, portrait study by Michael Noakes, oil, from the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

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LITERARY VILLAGES: 8

Chawton

by E. R. Chamberlin

In a quiet Hampshire village is a place of pilgrimage for Janeites: the red-brick house where Jane Austen spent the last years of her life with her mother and her sister Cassandra and where she was living when her novels were published.

Photographs by Dudley Reed.

The bypass has stopped time for Chawton. Swinging in a great curve the new road severs the old where it entered and left the village, and the heavy traffic pounding down to Winchester and the coast presents a lethal and almost continual barrier. There is, however, a pedestrian underpass under the new road giving access to the village which, though rural, has all the charmlessness and anonymity of urban traffic management—a long tunnel, liberally decorated with graffiti, dreary in daytime and menacing at night.

But the pedestrian emerging from the underpass comes out in another world, on another time-scale: children play in the middle of the road, a hen scratches in the hedgerow, a horse leans somnolently against a fence. No one goes into the village now except those who live there or are drawn by Jane Austen's cottage, but the latter keep the village alive. In 1979 more than 30,000 people visited the solidly-built but elegant brick building on the street corner, a cottage in name only—to a less spacious age it seems a roomy town house.

When Jane Austen's brother Edward was preparing it for his mother and sisters he decided that the window overlooking the road should be blocked up to keep out the noise from the constant stream of vehicles, animals and people passing on to Winchester and Southampton. The village pond in front of the cottage was filled in earlier this century in response to traffic pressure, but ironically the village street is now quieter than it has been for hundreds of years. You can still follow it down past the village school, past the ancient thatched cottages and the Tudor splendours of Chawton House to where it comes to an abrupt end, sealed off by that lower part of the bypass.

The widow Cassandra Austen and her daughters Cassandra and Jane came to Chawton in 1809 as a result of a chain of circumstances which seems to belong to the realms of fiction—and which, indeed, found a reflection in *Emma*. The family originated in Stevenston, some 16 miles away, where the Reverend George Austen was rector. They moved to Bath in 1801. After the Reverend Austen's death in 1805 mother and daughters went into lodgings in Southampton.

The sons of the family had long since

gone out into the world. James, the eldest, was to succeed his father as rector of Stevenston. Henry, the third son, a Micawber-like figure of great charm, pursued a decidedly chequered career as soldier, banker and clergyman while the fourth and youngest sons, Francis and Charles, embarked on what were to be brilliant careers in the Royal Navy. It was the second son, Edward, who through good luck rather than skill made the family fortune. As a young boy he attracted the attention of distant, rich and childless relatives, the Knights, who owned Godmersham Hall in Kent and Chawton House. In due course they adopted him and he took their name, but family loyalty and affection were dominant Austen characteristics and Edward continued to take the closest possible interest in the welfare of his widowed mother and spinster sisters, so much so that on succeeding to the estate, and after his wife's death, he settled them in a permanent home in Chawton.

Those family characteristics indirectly provided a detailed picture of their lives and habits for posterity. The Austens were forever visiting each other or, when parted, endlessly writing long letters to each other. And in time many of the flock of nephews and nieces who went eagerly to Chawton, or whose parents entertained Aunt Jane on long visits, themselves took up the correspondence or left more formal portraits. Jane Austen delighted in the company of the young.

Through all this material it is possible to build up a lively picture of activity in the Chawton cottage, a picture complete with every detail but one—Jane Austen's emotional life. Her sister Cassandra, her friend and closest confidante, heavily edited her letters after her death, excising all that seemed to intrude upon her innermost privacy. Trying to analyse Jane Austen's essential personality is like trying to pinpoint that of a charming, articulate stranger on a train who is delighted to while away the journey in conversation, but is determined to give away nothing personal.

The move to Chawton was popular with the three women. Just before they came to the village, Jane was writing to Cassandra: "A large circle of acquaintances and an increase in movement is quite in character with our approaching removal. Yes, I mean to go



Left, a pastoral view from the old Winchester Road, now a quiet cul-de-sac. From the top, exterior of Jane Austen's house, and a room inside it; a view of the village; and of the parish church.

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Chawton

to as many balls as possible, that I may have a good bargain. Everybody is concerned with our going away and everybody is acquainted with Chawton and speaks of it as a remarkably pretty village." There is a hint of the celebrated Austen irony in the remark "I mean to go to as many balls as possible", for she was about to embark on what would appear to an outsider to be a limited, dull and constrained life.

She was 34. There is a hint of a brief and tragic love affair, and an even briefer engagement which she broke off only hours after accepting the proposal. She was still an extremely attractive woman both in figure and personality—witty, sociable and compassionate. But both she and Cassandra seem not so much to have become reconciled to spinsterhood as eager to enter it. There was nothing glum about their lives: the stream of young people entering the cottage left reports of a delightful household, each member of which enjoyed both the others' company and visitors' but was perfectly capable of entertaining herself. Mrs Austen's delight was the garden in which she could be seen working at all hours wearing a farm labourer's green smock. Cassandra as elder daughter ran the household and for relaxation painted quite good portraits. Ironically—or appropriately—the only two pictures she painted of her sister are a back view and a frontal portrait which seems to be only a hurried sketch, for the plump, solemn, rather heavy face that peers out is wholly at variance with the light-hearted, elegant subject. To Jane fell the responsibility of tea caddy and wine cellar. And, for recreation, her writing.

"Three or four families in a village is the very thing to work on" she wrote to her niece Anna, and in *Emma* gives a picture of village life which must freely have been before her eyes: "Emma went to the door for her amusement and when her eyes fell only on the butcher with his tray, a tidy old woman travelling homewards from shop with her full basket, two curs quarrelling over a dirty bone, and a string of dawdling children round the baker's little bow-window eyeing the gingerbread, she knew she had no reason to complain and was amused enough; quite enough still to stand at the door. A mind lively and at ease, can do with seeing nothing and can see nothing that does not answer."

That last sentence is the key to Jane Austen's life at Chawton, giving the lie to that outward appearance of dullness and constraint. Behind the calm, ordered days with their little treats and expeditions to neighbours' houses, each undertaken with ceremony, the writer's mind was at work, transforming observed experience into expressed art, "the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as to produce little effect, after so much labour". Behind her were three unpublished novels, *First Impressions*, *Elinor and Marianne* and *Lady Susan*



which had been shelved during the restless period after the death of her father. Now, as though her art burgeoned within the walls of an assured home, she took out the manuscripts, rewrote the first two and immediately found publishers under their new titles of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility*. *Mansfield Park* and *Emma* were also published while Jane lived at Chawton.

Her passion for privacy extended to her writing: each of the novels was written on small scraps of paper which could be hastily hidden should any relative stranger enter the room. She was somewhat put out when her brother Henry broadcast the news of the books' authorship to the world: "The truth is that the secret has spread so far as to be scarcely a secret now. Whenever the third appears I shall not even attempt to tell lies about it. I shall rather try and make money than all the mystery I can of it. People shall pay for the knowledge, if I can make them." She succeeded in this at least; those first four books earned her some £671.

Jane Austen died at the early age of 41 in 1817. Her fame was so solidly established that the Prince Regent intimated that he would not object should she wish to dedicate one of her books to him, and *Emma* accordingly bears this dedication. Nevertheless the large slab over her grave in Winchester Cathedral, while reciting minutely her Christian qualities, gives not the slightest indication that one of the masters of English literature lies underneath. Nor did the village of Chawton pay any particular attention to the fact that it had acted as midwife to art. Her mother and sister lived out their full span of years in the cottage, but after their deaths it became just another village home to be partitioned, adapted or altered to suit the convenience of its inhabitants. In 1948,

however, Thomas Edward Carpenter bought the cottage and handed it over to a board of trustees to administer as a memorial to his son, killed in action in Italy in 1944. Gradually the board has been restoring the cottage to the state it was in at the time of the Austens, tracking down family effects.

The collection has been augmented by a number of generous gifts, among which the most remarkable are, perhaps, the topaz crosses given to the sisters by their sailor brother, Charles. Writing to Cassandra, Jane observed, "He [Charles] has received £30 for his share of the privateers and expects £10 more but of what avail is it to take prizes if he lays out the produce in presents to his sisters? He has been buying gold chains and topaz crosses for us. He must be well scolded." After the deaths of their owners the pendants went on a journey of more than a century and a half before being tracked down and donated by Charles Hogan, of Yale University, at a meeting of the Jane Austen Society at Chawton Hall. "He just stood up and took them out of his pocket, quite casually," remarked Elizabeth Rose, the curator. The Trustees recently received the great bell belonging to Admiral Austen in a similar deceptively casual manner. "A gentleman came in and we were talking about the naval association of the brothers. 'Would you like Admiral Austen's bell?' he asked. Are you in the Navy, I said? 'In a manner of speaking. I'm the First Sea Lord.' He was, too, and we got the bell."

Elizabeth Rose lives in the cottage and her presence there marks a curious coincidence. Born a Knight, she is a direct descendant of Jane Austen's brother Edward, but the coincidence does not end there. Her own brother inherited Chawton House and is now

Chawton House, which Jane's brother Edward inherited after his adoption.

living there. Over 150 years after sister and brother were living in cottage and House, their direct descendants are again living in cottage and House.

The Knights have always been closely involved with village affairs. It was an Edward Knight who, in 1840, established the pretty little village school nearly 30 years before Parliament made education compulsory. Chawton Church is virtually an integral part of the House, a concrete demonstration of the English tradition whereby the younger son entered the Church. Most of the cottages in the village belonged to the estate and the single pub bore the arms of the family.

In 1951, however, the estate was auctioned off, most of the buyers of the cottages being sitting tenants. Prices, even for the 1950s, were remarkably low. The Knights' gardener, whose family had lived in their cottage for over a century, paid £150.

"One man paid more for the television set in his cottage than for the cottage itself," Ernest Skates observed. Mr Skates is himself an example of historical continuity. Since 1931 he has lived in the same cottage, immediately opposite Jane Austen's and next door to the re-named Greyfriars pub. Born in Chawton in 1901, he is the tiny village's unofficial archivist, passionately collecting every scrap of paper referring to it. "When I was a young man, in 1921, there was an old man called John White. He died at the age of 100. He remembered Cassandra—and her dog. It always used to go to Chawton House with her manservant to get the milk. So you are speaking to somebody who spoke to somebody who knew the Austens. Funny, isn't it?"

Jewels and their boxes



by Ursula Robertshaw

The jewels and their boxes illustrated on this page are on show at the Argenta Gallery, 82 Fulham Road, SW3, until August 30, at an exhibition called "Treasury". It features the work of two designers, Clare Murray and Matthew Warwick, who are already well known, and one who is not, Richard Anderson, and they have in common the fact that both the jewels they make and their containers are precious.

Richard Anderson has evolved a technique which David Jewell of Argenta has not seen used by a modern jeweller, though we both recall snuff boxes and other bijouterie of the 18th century which look similar. Anderson makes landscape pictures in his rings and boxes by cutting out gold in various colours in the appropriate shapes, fitting them together like a jigsaw puzzle, then soldering them together. Sometimes the entire picture is soldered at once, sometimes a complicated section is done separately before being joined to the rest. The soldering process is difficult as the pieces can move and warp when heated, destroying the picture, and cracks and holes can appear, or the object can simply fall apart. There is considerable costly wastage. The picture when assembled is then filed down to remove excess solder and present a smooth surface for final polishing. Richard Anderson, who is 31, has recently won a commission from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths to make a race trophy for a charity greyhound meeting in October: it will be a silver bowl inlaid with a band of greyhounds in golds of various colours.

Clare Murray and Matthew Warwick have been working together for about six years. She makes the jewelry—delightful, playful fantasies in precious metals, sometimes gem-set, with multiple rings, earstuds and jersey pins the commonest pieces. She includes Toy Town motifs such as cats, hens, hedgehogs, sheep, little houses, gates and trees. Her pieces are contained in Warwick's individually made wooden boxes, which hold secrets of their own. They come apart in several sections, each of which will contain one of Clare's jewels. Sometimes the motifs of the jewelry will be echoed in a concealed inlaid panel; a section containing a pair of earstuds may be set with a mirror to help the owner fix them in her ears; one box, of yew wood, which contains a triple-ring, a jersey pin and earstuds, is crowned by two yew trees which are really the "stoppers" for recesses which hold the studs—and each is individually carved for the particular hole, so that one does not fit the other.

These fascinating toys are not cheap; there is no way that they could be if the craft-hours they take to produce are to be adequately paid for. But they obey one of my prime standards for a jewel: that it should not reveal all its delights at first glance—that there should be mysteries to discover, something extra to surprise you when you look a little closer.



Top left and right, jewels/boxes by Clare Murray and Matthew Warwick: blackwood box with double ring, £134; ebony box with bird earstuds, £205; blackwood box inlaid laburnum cat containing double ring and earstuds, £318; yew box with triple ring, jersey pin and earstuds, £430. Above, by Richard Anderson: sliding-lid box, £225; triple landscape ring, £328; domed box, £265; needle box, £196.

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Two for the Trust

by Ursula Robertshaw

Public enthusiasm for visiting National Trust properties continues to grow, causing that body headaches as well as satisfaction. Two acquisitions illustrate the problems and some solutions.

Photographs by Richard Cooke.

The National Trust is opening two houses for the first time this summer. One, Dudmaston, near Bridgnorth in Shropshire, is a small gentry house built at the end of the 17th century and was formerly the property of Sir George and Lady Labouchere, who still live there. The other, Dunham Massey, lies within the Manchester conurbation and is a grand 17th/18th-century mansion reinterpreted in Edwardian Anglo-Dutch style for the ninth Earl of Stamford in 1906-07.

The two houses, it will be seen, are very different in both style and size, but they present, at two ends of the scale, a problem that is increasingly worrying the Trust: the damage caused by over-visiting. The Trust is trying, in these two houses and in its other properties, to find a means of achieving a balance which does not deter the public from visiting—and so providing urgently needed income—while at the same time preserving the fabric and furnishings of the properties they have in care, some of which are starting to reveal how fragile they really are.

Sites as massively constructed as Stonehenge and the Parthenon have had to be protected: created to cope with the assaults of thousands of feet, even such seemingly indestructible constructions have proved incapable of surviving the impact of millions. Invasions by far fewer visitors put the fate of houses originally built to provide for the needs of a single family, however grand, and their servants severely at risk. It must also be remembered that some of the richest rooms, the state rooms, were only occasionally used. The rest of the time they were "rested", their blinds drawn against the sun, their furniture wrapped in protective swathing. These houses have had more wear and tear in one year in recent times than in 200 or 300 years of their previous history.

The unfortunate results have been made only too evident to the Trust. At Knole wooden floors are disintegrating. At Cliveden stone floors are being pulverized and the dust is settling into the tapestries. Carpets, matting and druggets, provided by the Trust to protect floors or carpets underneath, are rapidly worn to shreds. Rugs formerly considered as expendable are now impossible to replace, or prohibitively expensive. Visitors can cause vibrations which lead to ceiling collapses, as at the gallery at Powis. Valuable furniture can be damaged where large numbers of

visitors crowd into rooms or passages through them and push into the pieces, or bang them with handbags or pushchairs. Curtains are fingered to destruction—those dating from the 18th century at Erddig were shredded in three months. Only by admitting smaller numbers of visitors can the universal temptation to touch and finger everything within reach be controlled, by efficient, firm, but courteous supervision.

Dudmaston has a complicated and long history. It has never been sold on the open market and has always, except on one occasion, passed by descent or devise from the De Dudmastons to the Wolryches to the Whitmores and finally, in 1952, to a niece, Lady Labouchere, who is descended from the Darbys of nearby Coalbrookdale and who is, appropriately, president of the Ironbridge Gorge Museum.

Only three rooms in the main house are open to the public—the entrance hall with its 17th-century portraits, including two of the Wolryche fool in youth and old age, and, displayed in a case, his drinking glass; the charming library/living room with its five windows looking out over the terrace garden to the lake; and the tiny Oak Room with panelling dating from the building of the house in about 1700.

Clearly large numbers of visitors are inappropriate at Dudmaston. There is no through-path and the Oak Room cannot hold more than ten people at most. But the Trust believes there is plenty to see to relieve pressure within, for they have set up a series of exhibitions in the south wing which can be visited either in conjunction with the house or as a separate entity; and they have devised a timed ticket scheme so that, if the house is crowded, visitors can be channelled off into these exhibitions until pressure has eased.

The exhibitions include two rooms of modern pictures and sculpture, mostly modern Spanish art (Sir George was Ambassador to Spain from 1960-66); a room of English and Continental topographical watercolours; a collection of material connected with Dudmaston and the Darbys of Coalbrookdale; and a wonderful collection of flower paintings and botanical art formed by Lady Labouchere, whose enthusiasm for such works was fired by the inheritance of the collection of 18th-century Dutch flower paintings formed by her ancestor, Francis Darby.

As a further, long-term, project the



Top, Dudmaston, near Bridgnorth in Shropshire; centre, its 17th-century entrance hall; top right, its library/living room. Above, looking across the park to Dunham Massey, which lies within the Manchester conurbation. Right, Dunham Massey's Great Hall, reconstructed by Compton Hall and Macquoid in 1906.

Trust aims to restore the walks, waterfalls, bowers, seats and other features of The Dingle, which lies in the valley to the south of the house. This was created at the end of the 18th century by the Dudmaston gardener, Walter Wood, in emulation of a historically famous landscape garden, William Shenstone's Leasowes near Birmingham, which is now lost beneath a golf course. At present planting and clearing are being carried out and access to The Dingle is restricted.

Dunham Massey, one of the Trust's

most important acquisitions for several years, is particularly at risk because of its nearness to Manchester and, with motorways, easy access from Birmingham and Liverpool. It lies in a walled deer park crossed by public footpaths, with the river Bottin and the Bridgewater canal to south and west. The house has an Elizabethan foundation but was extensively altered to suit changing fashions in the 17th and 18th centuries; in the 19th century the Earl of Stamford removed to the preferred family seat at Enville in







Two for the Trust

Staffordshire, a fine late 18th-century house where he died in 1883.

There was at this time a complicated family scandal involving a missionary heir with three wives, one of them black, with issue which included a coloured countess; she was bypassed at the turn of the century so that she could not inherit Dunham Massey and, during the ensuing altercations and lawsuits between what became known as the Hottentot Connexion and the New foundland branch of the Grey family, Dunham Massey was denuded of much of its contents and allowed to fall into sad neglect. However, from 1906 to 1907 William Grey, the ninth earl, employed J. Compton Hall as architect, with Percy Macquoid as interior designer, to restore the mansion. The result is a house with decorations of the highest quality and in a style which is scantily represented in the Trust's properties, or indeed in private hands. We are perhaps too near it in time to see it in perspective and admire it as it deserves; but Dunham Massey's importance is undoubted, as is the need to protect it from the effects of overvisiting.

As at Dudmaston, there are extras to seduce visitors away from the main house or the more vulnerable rooms. A unique treasure is the set of bird's-eye portrait views of Dunham Massey: the earliest dates from 1696 and is by Adrian van Diest; a year later Knyff painted another, different, prospect, and finally John Harris II painted a set of four views of the house in its park from different aspects in 1750 to record major alterations. A modern viewer of these works wonders how on earth they can have been done without a helicop-



Top, the library at Dunham Massey contains two of the house's treasures, the brass orrery and the armillary sphere made by Thomas Wright in the 18th century. Above, the tiny Oak Room at Dudmaston, with its early 18th-century panelling.

ter. These pictures, which must prove a major attraction, are shown in the gallery, a room intended to accommodate large numbers of people. Then there is a 17th-century flour mill, adapted in the 19th century as a sawmill and restored by the Trust to working order; a most attractive garden; the kitchen range with its larders, pantries and laundry, all with much of their original furniture, which is to be shown as a separate entity. Some of the Dunham Massey rooms which are on a small, intimate scale, such as

the library, are to be shown only on limited occasions, and a timed ticket system of admission is also to be operated.

Other methods of controlling over-visiting are under discussion by the Trust, such as restricting publicity for vulnerable houses; applying differential pricing, with higher entrance charges at weekends; restricting opening times; reducing the size of parties; increasing the number of stewards; and providing protective covers or screens for furniture and textiles. But the Trust realizes the

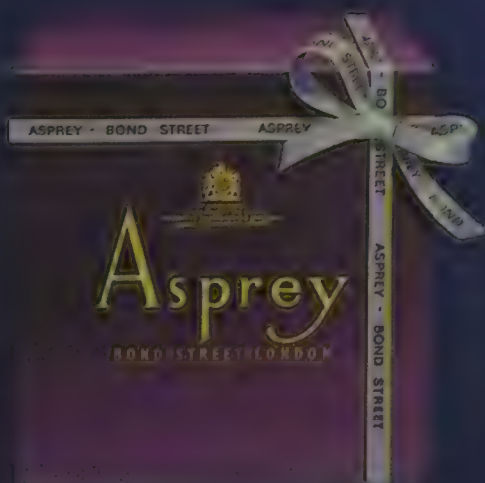
need to avoid any accusations of being élitist and thus losing goodwill. They have to balance two near incompatibles: preservation and access ●

Dudmaston is open until the end of September on Wednesdays, 2.15-5.30pm, and on Thursday afternoons for pre-booked parties. Dunham Massey is open to pre-booked parties only by arrangement with the Administrator on weekdays until the end of September.

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Collecting for the nation



by Edward Lucie-Smith

The Victoria & Albert Museum's current show (until November 9) of new acquisitions, 1977-80, is at first glance a rather modest affair, a reflection of the economically stringent epoch our great museums have been passing through. A second glance, however, shows it to be one of the most significant museum exhibitions for some time. It is significant in two ways: first, because it explains, more clearly than any show I have ever seen, the thinking behind not only the process of acquisition but also the equally important process of cata-

loguing. It demonstrates not only the how and why of trying to obtain a particular object, but the way in which information is subsequently made available to the public. Second, it shows how the Victoria & Albert Museum itself is gradually changing course in order to meet contemporary needs.

Dr Roy Strong, the V & A's director, believes the Museum is now entering into a new phase, ready for the demands of the 1980s. "When I arrived here," he says, "I thought the direction had moved too sharply towards the fine arts, which are not our primary concern. I decided that the way to put this right was to emphasize certain other themes.

To me, one of the great excitements was to discover the sudden powerful upsurge which was taking place in the modern crafts. We decided to go for that, and also to point up the problem of the environmental heritage—for example, in the exhibition *The Destruction of the Country House*. Now the moment has come to move on. In the 1980s I foresee that the Museum will give much more prominence to the whole problem of design." I asked if this was not, in one sense, a reversion to the original aims of the V & A? "Precisely—it was set up to serve both as a source of information and as an archive of modern design. I think in recent years we've been so

Swiss poster advertising Pomme jeans by Domenig Geissbühler and Dave Buhlmann, 1977, colour offset print.

engulfed in the past that we've lost sight of the second part of that aim."

The acquisitions show is therefore partly the product of a new financial policy, whereby each department has a separate grant which is used solely to buy things which were made after 1920. "This was a function the old Circulation Department used to undertake," says Dr Strong. "Now that's gone, and I don't think it's at all a bad thing that the various departments have to buy contemporary material on their

Edited by Richard Hislop

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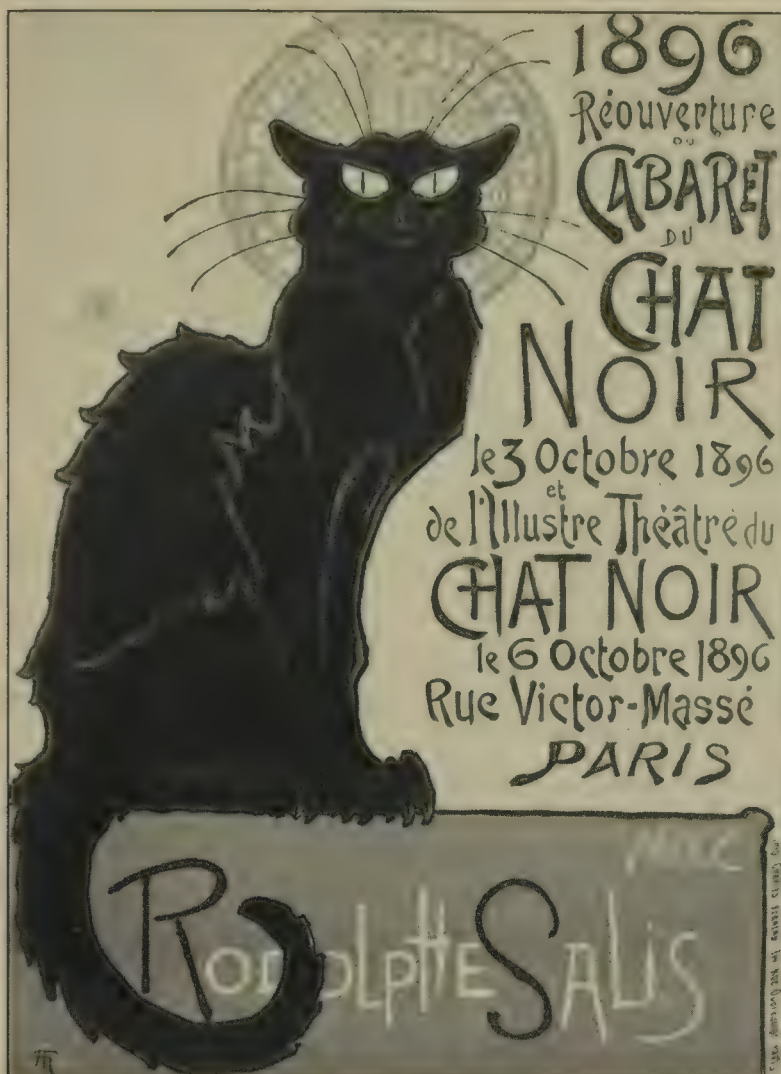
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own responsibility."

One of the things which emerges most strikingly from the show is that as much is donated as comes in by purchase. Many of the things the Museum wants most in the contemporary field have no commercial value, and it has to rely on the kindness, the sharp eyes and the energy of various benefactors. A whole section of the show is devoted to printed ephemera, much of it given by the magazine *Modern Publicity*, the principal authority in its field, which hands over original material which comes into its offices. Some gifts come from the staff. An exuberant Fiorucci carrier bag came in as a container for something else and was rescued by a sharp-eyed assistant.

Much of the material the museum wants survives only by chance. "It is discarded on studio floors as of no further practical interest, and you have to move quickly to get it," says Dr Strong. A recent important prize, for example, was Henry C. Beck's original sketch for the familiar London Underground Railways map, done in 1931. Unimportant-looking in itself, it nevertheless pioneered a particular method of presenting information in visual form.

The V & A has now become an incredibly rich source for the history of 20th-century design. Recent treasures include designs by Sophie Taeuber-Arp and Raoul Dufy for textiles, by Gaudier-Brzeska for wallpaper and by

Bakst for ceramics. From a later period come designs for interiors by leading architects such as Max Clendinning.

But the show is far from concentrating on design alone. One extremely important and fascinating section is devoted to new acquisitions in photography. The period covered by the exhibition, 1977-80, was also that in which photography finally became accepted as a major form of artistic expression. With the withdrawal of the Royal Photographic Society to the provinces, the V & A collection remains as the only major photographic archive in London. The two principal prizes during the period have been 390 prints by Henri Cartier-Bresson and 200 by Bill Brandt, complete representations of two of the most important photographers of the century. The Cartier-Bresson archive has already been used as the basis for an Arts Council exhibition. But the museum is also busy acquiring images by newly emergent talents. Robert Mapplethorpe, now perhaps the most talked-about young photographer in the United States, is already well represented in the collections.

Another field in which the V & A is at the moment active is that of contemporary drawings and prints. Here, as the exhibition demonstrates, it is torn between two quite different sets of necessities. One is to fill out its representation of classic modernism. An exhibition panel tells the sad story of its failure to

acquire at auction a famous and desirable lithograph by Munch: it went for £18,000 and the V & A was the underbidder. However, in the same sale the Museum did manage to acquire a Picasso etching from the Volland Suite. The other duty is to build up a collection of absolutely contemporary work, particularly that by younger British print-makers. Here the V & A has some reason to see itself as a quite important source of state patronage.

Where modern drawings are concerned the Museum also has to try to find *ad hoc* compromise solutions to problems which are deeply rooted in the past. There has been a recent resurgence of interest in the British art of the first three decades of this century, and prices have been rising steadily as a result. On the whole, interest now concentrates on the more extreme expressions of a given artist's personality—his most experimental work—and it is certainly this which seems to have the greatest historical value. While the V & A did not neglect these artists altogether at the time, it did tend to play safe by buying conservative examples of their production, and this leaves gaps which may perhaps never be filled, or only very expensively. This, as Dr Strong acknowledges, is a question of historical perspective; an institution cannot be right all the time, but must endeavour to remedy its mistakes when the chance arises.

The exhibition tries to put the present

Above left, *Réouverture du Cabaret du Chat Noir*, poster by T. A. Steinlen, 1896, lithograph. Above, design of cockatoos by Gaudier-Brzeska, c 1911, for a textile or wallpaper, coloured inks.

acquisitions policy into perspective by showing what prints and drawings were being acquired 50 years ago, or, in the case of designs, 100 years.

Finally, there is the question of accessibility once material has found its way into the Museum's permanent collection. It is not much good having an object, print or design if you are unable to trace it quickly and easily. One section of the show is a demonstration of the cataloguing process: how the object is registered, what sort of information about it is considered relevant and how this information is cross-referenced. The V & A reckons it takes only about ten minutes to pin-point an item once it has been asked for. But it is reassuring to see that a certain pragmatism still reigns, that not all departments catalogue objects in precisely the same way. System does not overwhelm practicality. There is even an acknowledgement that certain objects are mavericks and might easily fall into the province of two or more different departments.

The exhibition therefore turns out to be considerably more than the sum of its parts, and presents a diagram of museum activity which is well worth thinking and arguing about ●

Lancaster



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At the heart of the Galaxy

by Patrick Moore

Look low down into the southern sky on a summer's evening and you will see the magnificent star-clouds in the constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer. Even with the naked eye they are conspicuous; binoculars show that they are made up of stars so numerous that it would be hopeless to count them. The stars look so crowded that they seem in imminent danger of collision yet, as so often happens in nature, appearances are deceptive; the stars are widely spread out, and we are dealing with a line-of-sight effect.

Beyond the star-clouds of Sagittarius lies the centre of our Galaxy, more than 30,000 light-years away from us. The Galaxy is a flattened system, with a central bulge or nucleus (I have compared it, graphically if unromantically, with the shape of two fried eggs stuck together back to back!), and when we look along the main plane we see the effect of the Milky Way, with many stars almost one behind the other.

What lies at the very centre of the Galaxy? This is what astronomers would dearly like to know, and recent results have been of immense interest; but one way we cannot hope to find out is by sheer visual observation. Light-rays cannot pass through the dust that lies between the galactic centre and ourselves—in fact, the brightness of an object near the centre would be reduced by 28 magnitudes, far too faint to be detected with any telescope. We must rely on "invisible astronomy", in particular radio astronomy and infra-red.

For many years it has been known that the Galaxy is spiral in form; this is not surprising because many other spiral galaxies are known, for instance M.31 in Andromeda, which is a mere 2.2 million light-years from us, and is a member of our so-called Local Group. M.31 is dimly visible with the naked eye; photographs taken with large telescopes show its well marked spiral form, rather like a Catherine wheel, though unfortunately it lies at a sharp angle and the full beauty is lost. M.51, the "Whirlpool" in the constellation of the Hunting Dogs, is face on and the spiral shape is superbly displayed. We also have barred spirals, in which the arms seem to come from the ends of a "bar" through the nucleus, as well as elliptical and even irregular systems. Some galaxies appear to be very active with indications of great disturbances in or near their centres. This applies to some of the ellipticals as well as to spirals with bright, condensed nuclei and weak arms, known as Seyferts in honour of Carl Seyfert who drew attention to them as long ago as 1942.

There have been suggestions that some very violent object lies at the centre of our own Galaxy, and certainly there is a strong radio source there. In

general the arms of our spiral rotate round the nucleus at uniform velocity, but in 1957 the Dutch radio astronomer Jan Oort found that one arm shows a definite velocity of approach towards us, with a rate of 50 kilometres per second. It is known as the "3 kiloparsec" arm; a kiloparsec is equal to 1,000 parsecs, and one parsec is equivalent to $3\frac{1}{3}$ light-years, so that the approaching arm is some 9,000 light-years from the galactic centre.

Oort went on to discover that there are other arms and clouds closer to the centre which are similarly expanding outwards with velocities reaching up to 100 kilometres per second, which is nearly 250,000 miles per hour. There is also an immense disk of cool hydrogen which is non-expanding, together with a ring of clouds containing molecules.

Molecules, or atom-groups, are comparatively fragile, and can survive in these relatively dense, cool clouds only when undisturbed. At least 60 varieties have now been identified, including formaldehyde, carbon monoxide and even alcohol! The ring of clouds containing these molecules is expanding outwards at 150 kilometres per second. Mixed up in the clouds there are also what are termed H.II regions, made up of hydrogen atoms which have been broken up by powerful radiation. Many H.II regions much closer to us are known—the Orion Nebula is one—and they are regions in which fresh stars are being produced from the interstellar material. It seems, then, that star-formation is going on in areas surprisingly close to the galactic centre.

Inside the ring there is a cloud of hydrogen at a higher temperature known as the Arc because of its shape; this is moving outwards at 50 kilometres per second. And still nearer the centre there is the remarkable, significant object known as Sagittarius A.

It consists of two components, an eastern and a western. Between them (on the far side of the galactic centre, as seen from Earth) is a cloud known as the "40-kilometres-per-second feature". It is often believed to have been ejected from the centre of the Galaxy only about 500,000 years ago, so that star-formation inside it has not yet begun.

Sagittarius A East is an ordinary supernova remnant, all that is left of a massive star which exploded in the remote past. (Supernovæ have been observed in other galaxies, and occasionally in our own; the last to be seen in our Galaxy was Kepler's Star of 1604). Sagittarius A West, on the other hand, is an evenly lit H.II region, which contains yet another disk possibly illuminated by a single central source. This disk is approximately 4 light-years in diameter, about the same as the distance between the Sun and the nearest stars, those of the southern Alpha Centauri system. It is not expanding but rotating uniformly, rich

in dust and young stars.

Even though the whole region is quite invisible optically, it has been possible to use infra-red techniques to measure the star density close to the galactic centre. These stars are concentrated into a dense, central cluster. There are about a million of them altogether, mainly elderly and orange or orange-red, packed 100 million times more closely than the stars in our part of the Galaxy. They are separated not by light-years but by only a few light-days. If we lived on a planet circling a star in this cluster the night-sky would be superb; many of the stars would show up as disks and there would be no true darkness.

The total number of stars may be estimated from the amount of radiation emitted, but one problem arises at once. The combined mass of these stars is not enough to prevent the disk dispersing; there should be about five times as much. In fact we come to the question of the "missing mass". It must be somewhere—but where? Simple, non-luminous clouds of material can hardly be the answer, and it is more likely that the mass is contained in the central radio source at the heart of the cluster. This source has been found to be about three times larger than the diameter of the Solar System, but a high proportion of its power comes from an ultra-compact region less than one thousandth of a second of an arc across—roughly the size of the orbit of Jupiter or between 900 and 1,000 million miles. Within this relatively tiny area we find an amount of energy comparable with that coming from the central regions of the active galaxies that we can observe many millions of light-years away. Remember, too, that we are dealing with an upper limit; the true diameter may be considerably less than that of Jupiter's orbit.

If this is correct we have at last come to the centre of the Galaxy and to the source illuminating Sagittarius A West. And although we must now leave observation and turn to theory it is at least possible that the source is nothing more or less than a Black Hole.

It has been suggested that Black

Holes may form near the cores of galaxies and the larger the galaxy, the bigger the Black Hole. Some vast galaxies, such as the strange, active M.87 in Virgo, may have central Black Holes with 1,000 million times the mass of the Sun in their centres, whereas our own more modest Galaxy can manage only a Black Hole with about five million times the Sun's mass. But if it exists it could provide enough mass to make the ionized disk of hydrogen stay stable, and it would certainly provide one logical solution to the puzzle.

In this case, we are entitled to speculate further. The Black Hole acts rather in the manner of a cosmic plughole; matter will swirl outside it in its gravitational field before being swallowed up, and this swirling matter will form an "accretion disk" which is hot and glowing, emitting radio waves and higher-energy radiations. Because it is spinning rapidly it will generate sufficient shock-waves round it to drive streams of gas outwards.

Undoubtedly there must be something at the galactic centre which is responsible for the expanding arms and clouds, but it seems that the accretion disk is not itself active at the present moment because it does not contain enough mass. On the other hand, suppose it showed more activity in the past? It could have expelled the 3 kiloparsec arm about 13 million years ago, and the 40-kilometres-per-second feature 500,000 years ago. And in the future, if enough material collects once more in the accretion disk, it could become active again. All this is highly controversial and there are some authorities who take very different views, but it is at least a possibility. We must await the results of further research.

There is, of course, no fear that our Solar System will be swallowed up by a Black Hole; we lie at a comfortably safe distance. We cannot even prove conclusively that a massive Black Hole exists at the centre of the Galaxy. But at least we may be sure that there is something very strange hidden in the very heart of our star system.

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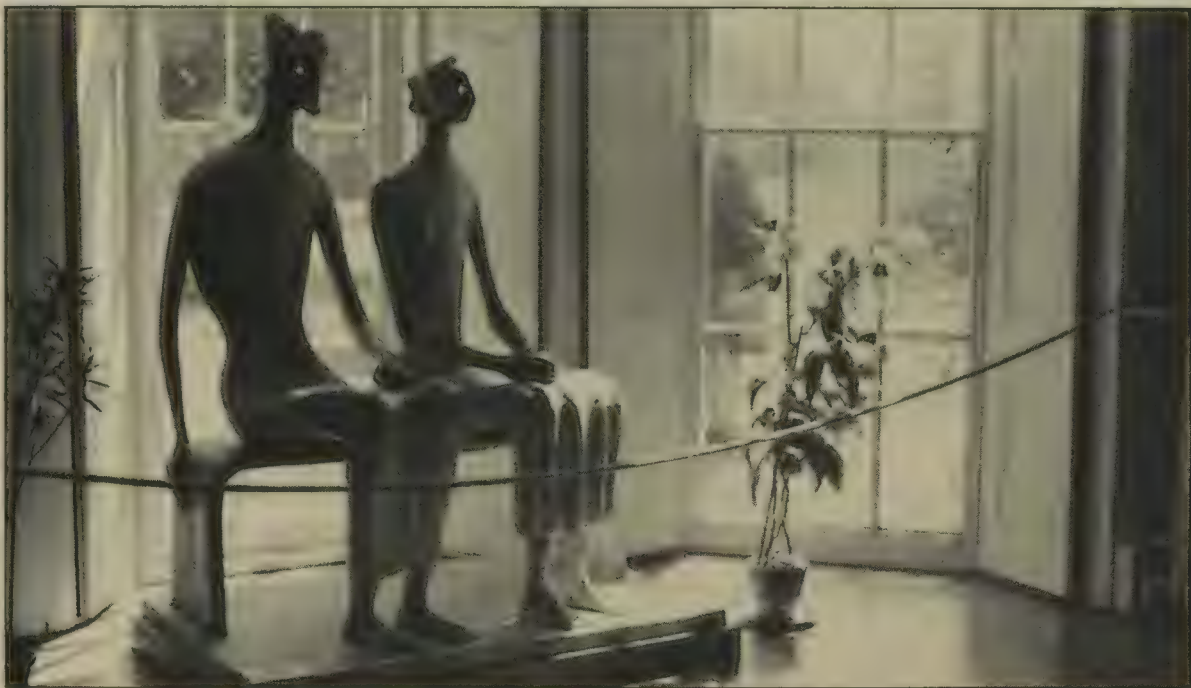
by Kenneth Hudson

My first visit to the Towner Art Gallery in Eastbourne took place in April. I had been wanting to go there for some time, my appetite having been whetted by reports from people living in the district. One correspondent referred to it as "an excellent, spacious local gallery, combining fine representative collections with popular interest", and another believed that "the unpretentious atmosphere is the result of recognizing local needs and interests". There was, it appeared, a "pleasant absence of solemnity", and the building and the public gardens surrounding it provided "a beautiful, relaxed setting, which somehow makes looking at pictures a more normal activity". The atmosphere was greatly helped by "the very happy staff".

Praise of this order is rare and the connoisseur of museums is bound to find his curiosity aroused by it. What is it about the Towner Art Gallery that produces this enthusiastic response? The main reason for the Gallery's success, as half a day's probing and conversation makes clear, is the Director, David Galer. A warm, enterprising, knowledgeable man, he seems to be on the best of terms with his public, with a wide range of artists and, not least, with the councillors and local government officers who, in theory at any rate, control his activities and spending. He arrived in Eastbourne in 1964 from the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where he had been looking after the educational activities for children. He moved for two reasons: to get out of London and to give adults the benefit of what he had learnt from children.

At that time the Towner Art Gallery, installed in an agreeable 18th-century house, had been in existence for a little over 40 not very adventurous years. The internal arrangements have since been considerably altered to provide more and better display space. The permanent collection, which is being steadily and systematically added to, consists of more than 1,000 works, concentrating on British painting and sculpture of the 19th and 20th centuries, original artists' prints, 19th-century caricatures and watercolours and sketches of Sussex and Eastbourne.

The policy has been to make everything earn its keep, by passing as much of the year as possible on public view. New exhibitions are constantly being arranged—there are at least a dozen every year—and at any given time a high proportion of the items in the permanent collection is on loan to schools, colleges and other institutions in the Eastbourne area. "Only one picture has ever been damaged," David Galer told me, "and that was earlier this year. It was simply an accident." The loan system is felt to be an extremely important part of the Gallery's work.



Henry Moore's plaster sculpture *King and Queen* has been loaned by the artist to the Towner Art Gallery, top.

This has developed considerably since local government reorganization; the area administered from Eastbourne now contains more schools than it did previously. The traffic is not, however, one way. Pictures go out to schools, and schoolchildren come into the Gallery to see the pictures and to paint and draw in the Gallery's gardens. "I just chivvy them up" is how the Director describes this part of his function.

Eastbourne is an exceptionally prosperous place, a fact which helps Mr Galer not a little. It has a big conference trade, plenty of well-to-do residents, firms who buy pictures—"I do everything I can to encourage business to invest"—and an outstandingly able and imaginative man named Peter Bedford who is in charge of what is known in local government jargon as "tourism

and leisure".

Because it runs a growth centre Eastbourne Corporation understands the need to spend money in order to make money, and an encouragingly large slice of that money comes in the direction of the Towner Art Gallery, which is allowed a remarkable degree of independence in organizing its affairs and especially in apportioning its budget. As one talks to David Galer it becomes clear not only that he is accustomed to being master in his own house—"I had to fight for it"—but, even more important, that his committee and the council as a whole trust and value him. The Gallery is part of the flavour of Eastbourne and, in the seaside world, flavour matters very much.

Perhaps the greatest tribute one can pay the Director is to say that it is

difficult to decide whom he represents—the Corporation, the citizens of Eastbourne, the artists or the dealers. He himself would see no conflict between the parties and he takes enormous pleasure in carrying ideas from one to another. He has always been a great believer in explaining everything as carefully as possible, and indeed the amount of information he provides about artists and works in the Gallery is refreshing in these days of bald texts and captions.

"I don't believe in making people feel ignorant and inferior," David Galer told me, and that could well be the main reason for the Gallery's success, linked with the realization of another important truth, that "people can't afford to go up to London any more". In addition, the Gallery is licensed for music and dancing ●

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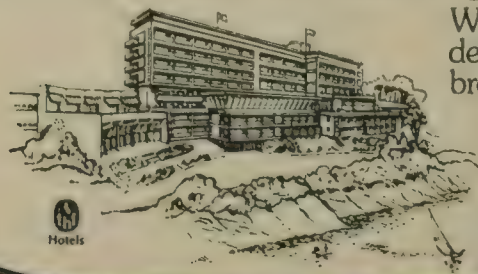
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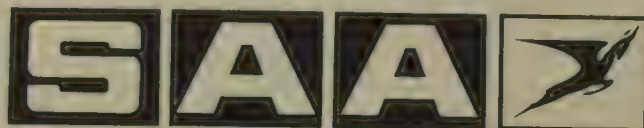
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Round Ayers Rock

by David Tennant

The sun was already well down when we bundled into the spacious, air-conditioned "safari coach" and headed out from the motel into the bush to reach the spot where we were assured the sunset spectacle would be seen to best advantage. We were not disappointed, for as the light began to fade and the sun's rays played hide and seek with some thin clouds—a rare sight in that area—we witnessed one of nature's works of art.

The place was Ayers Rock in the centre of Australia, some 230 miles south-west of Alice Springs, the Northern Territory's "southern capital". The Rock is the world's biggest monolith, over 1,100 feet high and 7 miles around its base, rising straight out of the red sand and scrub-dotted desert which was also sprinkled with golden spinifex grass and wild flowers, thanks to recent rains. Throughout most of the day the Rock is pale red in colour but as the light goes it changes to copper, bronze, a flash of purple, back to bronze, reddish-violet, ruby, a moment of indigo then navy blue until the last light in the sky has gone and it becomes jet black. At dawn the same thing happens, but in reverse order.

As we watched this sight our host John Dare, owner and operator of Visitours and looking every inch the archetypal Aussie with his broad-brimmed hat and abundant beard, kept our glasses filled with cool Australian Riesling, claret or beer while we munched canapés and cheese, peanuts and salt biscuits. It might be the great outback but all mod cons were readily available. And when the great free show was over we headed back to the motel—simple but comfortable—a couple of miles away, avoiding the dust stirred up by the half-dozen tourist coaches, and enjoyed a hearty meal.

Earlier that day a 35-year-old DC3, one of those seemingly indestructible workhorses of the air, had carried us from the modern airport at Alice Springs over the desert, rugged mountain ranges of copper-tinted rock and salt lakes of dazzling whiteness, had circled Ayers Rock and landed in a cloud of red dust at its base. There John Dare met us and took over. In the next two days he was to show us the centre. Although a city man by birth he has spent 16 years in this area learning about its natural wonders—and its dangers.

We toured the caves around the Rock, which contain Aboriginal drawings and religious markings, for this has been an Aboriginal sacred place for centuries. None of us ventured to climb the Rock although 19 years earlier, when I was more athletic, I did so and was amazed to find water on the top. We prodded about its base to the sound of weird bird calls; there were the inevitable



In the Northern Territory: Ayers Rock, which has been a sacred Aboriginal place for centuries, and rock paintings in Arnhem Land.

flies and even frogs in one of the pools of clear water in a sheltered cleft. Gusts of warm wind sent up columns of dust and sand—whirly willies as they are known—like tiny tornadoes. And we picked blue, yellow and pink flowers.

About 20 miles away from here are the Olgas, a collection of rounded hills out-topping Ayers Rock by several hundred feet and composed also of that extraordinary red stone which can reflect a dozen different shades in as many minutes while the light changes. Here in a small valley under a large white bark ghost gum tree we had lunch. No scratch meal, this, but a three-course feast accompanied by wine or beer and followed by strong coffee, all produced from the safari coach. The temperature was well over 100°F, which changed

our plans for some energetic walking into a gentle stroll of a few hundred yards. Great crows with ebony black plumage made short work of the scraps we threw them. Unfortunately there were no kangaroos, largely due to the abundance of spinifex grass and other plants. They only approach humans when their natural food is in short supply.

The beauty of the Australian centre cannot be adequately described or even depicted accurately by the best photography; it has to be experienced, even if only for a short time. True, it does leave some visitors completely unmoved and at least one of my party thought the whole thing rather boring. But I found it as magnetic on this visit as I did when I first went there in 1961. Like so many other places it has been "discovered"

and a new holiday village complete with two large motels, shops, camping ground and other facilities, including a jet-size runway, is under construction, fortunately about 20 miles from Ayers Rock and outside the Uluru National Park which takes in both the Rock and the Olgas.

For my money, however, a couple of days with John Dare and his safari coach would be infinitely preferable to the packaged "instant outback" of the new development. A three-day safari, flying out from Alice Springs and returning by coach, or *vice versa*, with two nights in one of the small motels at Ayers Rock, plus all meals and wine, works out at about £110. There are other tours of a similar kind, also seven-day tours by air and coach from the main Australian cities to Alice Springs and Ayers Rock, and a number of other excursions in the centre costing between £300 and £400, depending on your starting point.

Ayers Rock is one of Australia's more unusual attractions but there is nothing in the world remotely like the Great Barrier Reef. There are indeed numerous coral reefs and many coral islands but The Reef, as it is usually known, is unrivalled. It stretches for over 1,200 miles off the coast of Queensland, a vast formation made up of more than 300 types of coral and inhabited by millions of fish and other sea creatures whose colours

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On the sheltered side of the Reef, whose inner limits lie from 5 to 40 miles off-shore, is a string of more than 600 islands, lush and tropical with magnificent beaches lapped by the clearest of water. Most are uninhabited but around a dozen have become popular holiday locations with accommodation ranging from first-class hotels, like that on Hayman Island, to the simple self-catering units on Hinchinbrook Island. The weather is uniformly good (apart from March and April when you may get storms, but they do not last long) with temperatures from the mid 60°F to over 90°F and a warm sea.

It was to one of these resort developments that we flew north by Trans Australia Airlines on their spacious jets (more leg room than on the average European flight) from Sydney via Brisbane to Mackay well above Capricorn, changed into a 14-seater Otter aircraft and headed for the Whitsunday Coast where we landed on the grass runway. For three days I enjoyed myself immensely. I stayed at Wanderer's Paradise, a complex of holiday chalets, de-luxe caravans and a camping site, all set amid trees in lovely gardens, complete with three swimming pools, a self-service restaurant, bar and shop. In the village of Airlie Beach at the gates of the complex there were a supermarket, shops, restaurants and a garage.

One day we visited several of the islands by boat; I liked Hayman and South Molle best—both have excellent accommodation, superb beaches and a friendly atmosphere. On another afternoon we went sailing from Shute Harbour in one of the well equipped yachts which are available for hire from around £250 to £460 a week with two to six sharing. And we relaxed into the informality that is so much part of any holiday on this coast.

The highlight of our stay was the flight by small, four-seater, amphibian aircraft out to the Reef, taking off along the bumpy grass runway and climbing to just over 1,500 feet above the sea. It was a perfect day with almost no wind; in less than half an hour we had touched down in a great lagoon surrounded by coral with the sea lapping just over it. From the plane we scrambled into a glass-bottomed boat and gazed down at the world of exquisite beauty at our feet—coral of amazing shapes and colours and shoals of exotic fish.

The better swimmers went snorkelling while I fossicked among the coral on the top of the Reef. Suitably clad with stout-soled sandals (coral is viciously sharp) I wandered among the myriad shapes: a large clam, at least 2 feet across, wedged in for life would send up a spurt of water at the sandals and quickly close its shells; a great sea cucumber would ease itself forward while fish and crabs by the hundred scurried about avoiding my footsteps. When my colleagues returned from their sub-aqua swim they were overwhelmed



Sailing off Heron Island on the Great Barrier Reef, Queensland.

by what they had seen: "unparalleled fascination" was one comment. The entire trip takes around four hours and costs about £30—worth every penny.

Travel to Australia from the UK is booming: over 140,000 people went there last year, the majority visiting friends or relatives but an increasing number simply taking a holiday. The Australian Tourist Commission has produced a *Travel Planner* for prospective visitors. Free of charge, it contains a wealth of information on travel to and within the country, thumb-nail sketches of the various attractions, maps and good colour illustrations.

I travelled with Qantas in normal economy class in a full Boeing 747 jumbo flying straight to Sydney, about 27 hours all told; it was a tiring journey but eased considerably by the three obliging crews. On the return journey, again without a break, I flew in the new Business Class cabin upstairs in what was formerly the first-class lounge. Here 16 seats with almost first-class dimensions have been installed for full economy fare passengers; the peace and quiet of the surroundings must appeal greatly to businessmen or those travellers who are willing to pay substantially more for additional comfort.

Currently the Advance Booking Excursion fare (reservations one month in advance) is between £446 and £660 according to date of travel. No stopovers are permitted and the number of seats on each flight is limited; if a stopover is required this costs between £60 and £80 extra each way. The full economy fare with no restrictions is £1,271 and first-class £2,775. The most comprehensive selection of tours to and within Australia that I have come across is that offered by Kingsway Travel of London. Their brochure gives full details of fares in easy-to-follow tables.

Australian Tourist Commission, 49 Old Bond Street, London W1X 4PL.
Qantas, 49 Old Bond Street, London W1X 4AQ.
Kingsway Travel Limited, Suite 101, North East Wing, Bush House, Aldwych, London WC2.

Rhodes in Africa

From Reginald C. Anslow

Dear Sir,

Sir Arthur Bryant recently chose Cecil Rhodes for special mention (*ILN*, May) in view of the change in status of the country which until recently bore his name. Without doubt he was a remarkable man but I feel misgivings about Sir Arthur's adulation of Rhodes as a carrier of civilization in the name of either England or Britain. Was it necessary to occupy Africa from the Cape to Cairo, regardless of how many territorial susceptibilities, white, black or brown, were offended, in order to demonstrate the moral rectitude claimed as English by Ruskin?

The career of Rhodes would probably merit less approbation, judged by today's criteria, than it has in the past. His beneficence was made possible by the rapid accumulation of great wealth and I hope I do not besmirch his memory if I suggest that his early efforts in Africa were not completely detached from personal gain and not motivated solely by the desire to light beacons of progress in the Dark Continent.

In reading Sir Arthur's description of the standards of courage, probity and wisdom ascribed to my countrymen, I feel considerable embarrassment at his frequent commutation of English and British. The story of the formation of the British Empire is a British one, not an English one alone. The graves in every part of the world of many Scots, Irish and Welsh testify to it and there were many of the 4,000 "English" settlers in Bulawayo with Rhodes who probably hailed from parts of these islands other than England. Let us hope that their tense moments of waiting were buoyed up by their un-English sense of humour.

Long before Rhodes's near-success in raising the Union Flag throughout the length of Africa, the Scot, David Livingstone, was showing all the virtues claimed as English by Ruskin. He was humbly ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of his brothers, regardless of who was governing the country. The songs he sang dealt with ideas mightier than those usually sung to Elgar's music and I understand that Elgar himself grew to dislike the territorial connotations attached to the theme.

Reginald C. Anslow
Newport
Shropshire

From A. D. H. Leishman

Dear Sir,

Sir Arthur Bryant's piece on Rhodes and the erstwhile Rhodesia in "Our Notebook" both saddens and angers me. Much of what Sir Arthur writes in his monthly column makes eminent sense, when he is on his home ground, the British Isles. His forays overseas, more especially to the high plateau of South central Africa, are frankly insulting to those whose home it was till Cecil Rhodes and his henchmen arrived

violently on the scene in the 1890s.

Can Sir Arthur be so ignorant about the true goings-on in Southern Rhodesia over the years that he imagines people like Robert Mugabe, or any self-respecting black for that matter, wanting to live up to Rhodes's legacy? As your eminent book reviewer, Lord Blake, puts it in his *A History of Rhodesia*, "... the reality under all the high-sounding verbiage" was a war of conquest, and conquest henceforth constituted the title deeds of the white man in both Matabeleland and Mashonaland". Lord Blake continues "... if it be the case that Lobengula was blown away by the gale of the world, one can neither withhold sympathy from him nor extend it to Rhodes and his agents. They cheated him over the Moffat Treaty which did not give him the protection he expected. They defrauded him over the Rudd Concession which did not mean what he believed it to mean, and when he found this out Jameson simply threatened him with a white *impi* [army]. They did him down yet again over the Lippert Concession, Rhodes's purchase of which Moffat regarded as 'detestable whether viewed in the light of policy or morality'. Finally they forced a war on him which he could only have avoided at the price, as he saw it, of abandoning his kingdom."

Now Lord Blake is by no means a radical historian. I am not therefore quoting from a leftist-motivated tract, or a strident black nationalist's polemic. Either Sir Arthur really is ignorant of the chicanery and duplicity of Rhodes and his cronies, never mind the violence perpetrated on, and what Lord Milner described as the scandalous use of, blacks by the early administration, if such it can be called; or he chooses to ignore what he must regard as trivialities beside the great event itself, the arrival of a "superior" Anglo-Saxon civilization in central Africa among peoples "... still living a primitive existence" (Sir Arthur's own words).

A. D. H. Leishman
Francistown
Botswana
Southern Africa

Relics of St Pancras

From W. Whalley

Dear Sir,

In your article "London's village churchyards" by Harvey Hackman (*ILN*, July 1979), it is suggested that relics of St Pancras are deposited under the high altar. This is not so: the ashes of St Pancras were kept in a porphyry urn, in the church of San Pancrazio (St Pancras) in Rome, until the French looted the church in 1798 and the ashes were scattered and lost for ever.

No relics of St Pancras ever left Rome.
W. Whalley
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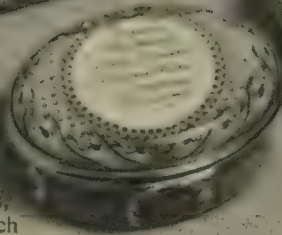
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The Whig salon

by Robert Blake

Holland House
by Leslie Mitchell
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The History of England in the Eighteenth Century
by Thomas Babington Macaulay
The Folio Society

In October, 1840, the 3rd Lord Holland died and the greatest salon in English history came to an end. For 43 years Lord Holland and his domineering wife had reigned over the principal centre of fashionable and literary life in London. The *Edinburgh Review* in July, 1841, contained what Mr Leslie Mitchell rightly describes as one of the most famous passages in Whig historiography. Writing of those who had known Holland House in its prime the author said:

"They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy by Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretto; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz." Macaulay, himself a notable habitu   of the salon, wrote with unwonted brevity: "There never was or will be anything like Holland House."

Lady Holland, n  e Elizabeth Vassall, was extremely beautiful and endowed with lucrative estates in Jamaica. At the age of 15 she married Sir Godfrey Webster who was 49. The marriage was a disaster. The couple soon parted and Lady Webster established herself in Italy where she had a series of affairs with successive young noblemen on the Grand Tour. In January, 1794, she met Lord Holland in Florence; he was just 20 and she was two years older. They lived openly together but her marriage with Webster was not dissolved till July, 1797, and by then a son had already been born to them nine months earlier. The divorce was the scandal of the year. Even Holland's uncle, Charles James Fox, himself not notable for respectability, refused to go to his nephew's wedding. To establish their house as a great social centre was no mean achievement. Nor did Lady Holland do it by being courteous, pleasant, polite or civil. On the contrary she was dogmatic, tyrannical, rude and offensive. But she could be very amusing and Lord Holland had the wonderful good humour of the Fox family. People were terrified at dining with them; London apothecaries specialized in producing sedatives for guests who had been frightened by the experience. Yet those same guests returned again and again, to be insulted, snubbed, bullied—and fascinated.

All his life Holland dwelt in the shadow of his uncle. It was to Charles

Fox's principles, beliefs and prejudices that Holland House was devoted. Lady Holland disliked him and he her, but she knew that the magnetism of Holland House depended upon her husband's Whig heredity, and she knew that without him she would be nothing. To Holland, Fox was a hero whose life had been devoted to resisting the extension of monarchical executive power and supporting against it the power of Parliament. The traumatic family experience had been the events of 1782-84 when the Whigs, apparently triumphant under Lord Rockingham, collapsed with the fall of the Fox-North Coalition and were supplanted by George III's "minion", the Younger Pitt, who occupied the most hated position in the demonology of Holland House. But Lord Holland's picture of the past was not entirely consistent. When in 1788 George III became mentally deranged the Foxites were the first to insist on the hereditary right of the pro-Whig Prince of Wales to become Regent with powers untrammelled by Parliament.

Macaulay never lets his readers down on such a matter. It is difficult to resist quoting from the admirable volume (confined to members of the Folio Society) edited by Peter Rowland and introduced by Professor Kenyon—an assembly of Macaulay's writings on the 18th century. Macaulay writes:

"To the good King's repast of mutton and lemonade, despatched at three o'clock, would succeed midnight banquets from which the guests would be carried home speechless. To the backgammon board at which the good King played for a little silver with his equerries would succeed faro tables from which young patricians who had sat down rich would rise up beggars."

The good King unexpectedly recovered and the crisis ended. Lord Holland does not dwell too much on the constitutional aspects of this episode in his voluminous writing about his uncle.

Leslie Mitchell in his most illuminating and very well written book analyses just what it meant to be a Whig in Holland's lifetime (1773-1840). The last ten years saw the return to the promised land, although persons like Palmerston and Melbourne had constantly to be reminded of true Whig principles. Before 1830, however, the Whigs were in perpetual opposition, apart from the brief interludes of 1782-83 and 1806-7. They regarded themselves as the victims of ever-increasing royal power, and their attitudes became fossilized. To see this one need not look to historians accused of being "wise after the event"—incidentally the whole point of being a historian. Contemporaries who were not Whigs saw clearly enough that monarchical power was waning, not waxing. What dished the Whigs for all these years was not royal hostility but their "unpatriotic" attitude towards the French Revolution and Bonaparte. What brought them back was Tory fragmentation over Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Setting the World on Fire
by Angus Wilson
Secker & Warburg, £6.50
Other People's Worlds
by William Trevor
Bodley Head, £5.95
The Last Peacock
by Allan Massie
Bodley Head, £5.95

Angus Wilson is one of the most distinguished and intellectually stimulating of contemporary novelists, though sometimes (as with *The Middle Age of Mrs Eliot*) his characters have seemed only to symbolize rather than convincingly embody his intellectual and literary ideas. His new novel is set in Tothill House, designed in the late 17th century for Sir Thomas Tothill by Sir Roger Pratt, with a great baroque hall built into it by Vanbrugh and painted by Verrio to depict the fall of Phaeton. We are to imagine the house, which passed in the 18th century through the female line to the trading and banking Mosson family situated close to Westminster Abbey.

The story spans the years 1948 to 1969 and begins by evoking the dreams of success and fame the hall inspires in the ten-year-old Piers Mosson and the terrors it holds for his younger brother Tom. Piers, his whole mind and body bursting with sensuous creativity, produces Lully's opera *Phaeton* in the great hall for his school (Westminster) and grows up to become a celebrated theatrical director. His brother, not intoxicated by dreams of setting the world on fire, becomes a lawyer and a gourmet of some note. Their mutual affection when young is attractively conveyed, but their creative dependence on one another I find less convincing.

At the outset of a novel which, quite apart from elaborate accounts of Piers's productions, has much that is theatrical about it, Mr Wilson gives us a list of principal characters. Four of them die in the course of the story: great-grandfather Mosson; his widowed daughter-in-law Lady Mosson, an American heiress serenely and infuriatingly confident in her Christian Science until disasters overtake the family, after which she is miraculously transformed into an endearing old thing; her elder son Hubert, a banker who dies in sordid circumstances; and Tom Mosson, tragic victim of a terrorist bomb explosion.

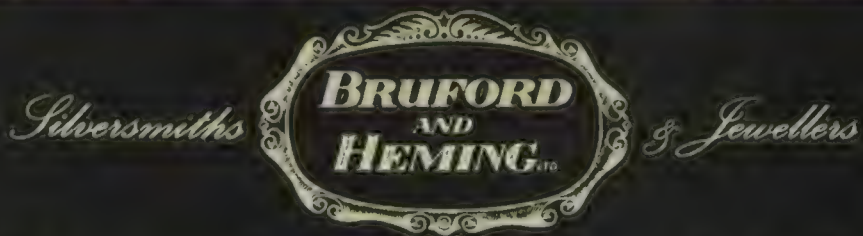
For real flesh and blood it seems to me there is only the boys' pathetic, widowed mother Rosemary who drinks and finally disgraces herself in the eyes of the Mossons (excluding her much loved sons), to whom she has never seemed socially acceptable, by going off to Rhodesia with a married army officer. Light relief is provided by the periodic appearances of the colourful Marina Luzzi, an Italian heiress to whom poor Hubert is briefly engaged.

Ultimately, it is the book's themes rather than its characters and stagey happenings that one remembers. The exhilarating force of human aspirations, the fragility of life, the futility of creative endeavour in a dead, chaotic universe, the perception of baroque as "the symbol of ordered disorder"—the urgency with which these conflicting ideas are pressed all but detaches them from those experiences of Piers and Tom that give rise to them.

There is theatre of a kind in *Other People's Worlds*, William Trevor's gripping and disturbing story of the destructive fantasies of a psychopath and the vulnerability of a middle-aged widow compulsively given to saving lame ducks. Francis Tyte, an actor best known for his appearances in a television commercial, already has a wife who refuses to divorce him and a child by another woman when he bigamously marries Julia Ferndale. He has long been a sponger, moving on when things become difficult. He marries Julia for her jewelry and abandons her on their Italian honeymoon. For money he will gratify the needs of pervers in Soho knowing the sense of anger and humiliation that will follow. The trouble with such psychiatric disorders is that their causes are more easily suggested than convincingly established. Francis was born when his parents were already middle aged and as a child he appears to have had a disturbing sexual experience with the family's lodger. As an illustration of cause and effect this may seem too simple, even though the author's detachment from his characters makes it clear he is not inviting sympathy.

Certainly the narrative, tense and skilfully organized in its drive towards the tragic climax, compels one's involvement in every revelation of Francis's need to make the world pity him and be good to him. In this story of victims and predators one understands the susceptibility of Julia, the attractive Roman Catholic widow living in Gloucestershire whose compassion survives even Francis's deception, just as one shrinks before the wretched fate of the alcoholic Doris, the mother of his unprepossessing daughter. Other people's worlds, as Julia discovers, become inescapably one's own.

Allan Massie's *The Last Peacock* is set in Scotland. As the life of an old lady draws to a close in a Perthshire manse her large and varied family gather round in sufficient numbers to provide a recognizable cross-section of contemporary social and professional types. Whether local farmers, politicians or London sophisticates, the concentration of marital failures among them nevertheless seems remarkable. There is rather too much conversational embroidery, though Mr Massie succeeds in engaging our sympathy with the old lady's grandchildren, the bright but aimless Colin and Belinda who, after the failure of her marriage and an unexpectedly large inheritance from her grandmother, starts a new life in Italy.

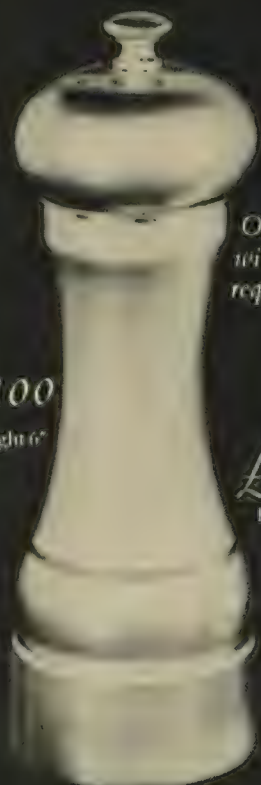


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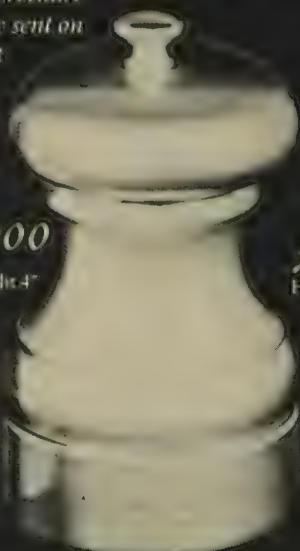
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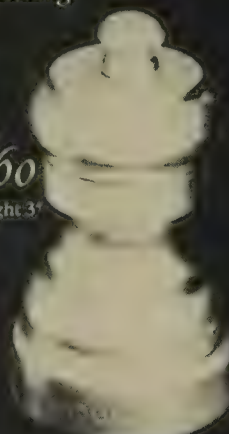
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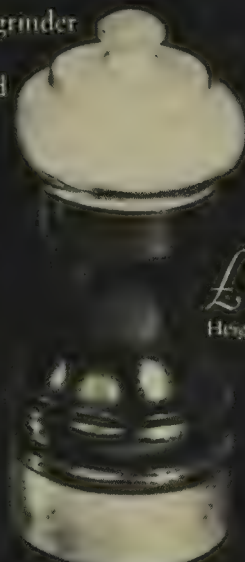
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Other new books

Country House Camera
by Christopher Simon Sykes
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.95

The author has had the bright idea of rummaging around in the attics or dis-used stables of the country houses of Britain in search of old family photographs. He has emerged with a fascinating collection, ranging in time from a scene in the cloisters at Lacock Abbey taken by William Fox Talbot, presumably in the late 1840s, to some evocative photographs of the 1920s and 30s, including a well-leggied group of 16 grandchildren of the 9th Duke of Devonshire, an English picnic scene by (and including) Cecil Beaton, and a splendidly vulgar photograph of the young Lord Louis Mountbatten at Port Lympne. Many of the photographs were taken by the owners of the country houses themselves, and the results show that the majority of them were more than competent amateurs at the new art and must have spent a good deal of time experimenting with their hobby. As hosts they were able to take advantage of their position, no doubt, to force guests to freeze into absolute stillness for many minutes, as was required by the photographic techniques of those days. On occasion the enthusiasm of these photographers got the better of their patience, as when the Squire of Flintham Hall in Nottinghamshire took a photograph of his imposing house with a panoramic view camera. The camera rotated as it photographed, and the Squire could not resist peeping round to see if his camera had completed its rotation. It had not, and his anxious face is duly recorded on the corner of the negative.

Some real photographic treasures are uncovered in this book, particularly in the work of Lady Lucy Bridgeman, a



Beatrice, Alice and Katie Thynne, daughters of the Marquis of Bath, dressed for riding in slouched felt hats, a fairly new fashion.

daughter of the 2nd Earl of Bradford, whose work predates that of Julia Margaret Cameron and shows a comparable quality. But she died tragically in 1858, when still in her early 20s, when an ember fell from a log fire into her crinoline while she was reading in the library at Weston Park in Shropshire.

Country House Camera is great entertainment. It is not exactly "an unforgettable picture of country house

life from the 1850s to the 1930s", as is rather extravagantly claimed, because this suggests a rather more comprehensive portrayal of country house life than the book provides. There are many aspects of this life that are not here pictured or referred to. But many of the photographs are indeed unforgettable, and all of them form an invaluable supplement to the written records of this period.

Destinations
by Jan Morris
Oxford University Press, £7.95

Jan Morris's writings are a triumph of impressionism. Her adjectives are of the brightest colours and are boldly and profligately splashed upon the paper; similes and analogies are painted with the thickest of brushes; comparisons, contrasts and paradoxes seem to have been laid on with a palette knife. But if the prose is colourful it seldom becomes uncontrollably purple, and time and again its power of description commands instant recognition. If you want to know what it is like to be in a city—any city—at any given moment, and why it is like it is, Jan Morris is the person to send. The editors of the American magazine *Rolling Stone* were smart enough to recognize this, and the essays in this book are reprinted from a series they commissioned.

The paradox was one that instantly appealed. "I was flattered and enter-


tained by this unexpected approach," writes the author in her introduction. "I was a middle-aged Anglo-Welsh writer of romantic instinct and distinctly traditional prose, based on a small seaside village in North Wales. *Rolling Stone* was the most thrilling phenomenon of contemporary American journalism, which had established its fortunes upon the economies of rock music, and found its readers among the lively, restless, affluent and stereophonic *avant garde* of young America."

Its invitation accepted, *Rolling Stone* sent Jan Morris off to the destinations of the title: post-Watergate Washington, Delhi, Panama, Los Angeles, South Africa and Rhodesia, post-Jubilee London, Cairo, Istanbul, Trieste and 1979 Manhattan. The author seems to have been slightly pressured by the urgent nature of the magazine she was commissioned to write for, and consequently is at pains to point out that these essays described places at specific moments. They do, of course, but they

are much more than the instant reports of an itinerant fireman. The timeless qualities of these places are recalled, so that the particular mood or condition of the place at the moment of these visitations can be properly understood. Jan Morris's alert reporter's eye never lets her down, nor does her pen.

The Sunday Times Book of the Countryside
Macdonald & Jane's, £10.95

The British countryside as it is seen and loved today took in its creation years of upheaval, years of growth and erosion and years of undisturbed calm, and in each case the number of years must be counted in millions. In a comparatively short time man himself has also wrought some changes, and some havoc, upon the natural order of things. This finely illustrated book explains how the countryside we now know came about, and suggests many ways in which it might be enjoyed.



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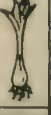
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'GIVE TO THOSE WHO
GAVE—PLEASE'

Grim view of the Seraglio

by Margaret Davies

When Constanze, heroine of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and a prisoner in the harem of the Bassa Selim, rejects her captor's advances he threatens her with torture—a point which Peter Wood has taken as the basis of his new production of the opera sponsored by the Dresdner Bank and Deutsche BP for the Glyndebourne Festival. By introducing a group of manacled captives—tattered and terrified Europeans who were herded back and forth—and some unpleasant instruments of torture—one, a wheel, had a man chained to it—he forced us to see the seraglio as a prison, the Bassa Selim as a sadistic jailer and Constanze's plight as distinctly perilous. All well and good. But there was a tendency to press the point till the production got in the way of the music.

The trouble began in the overture, which was afflicted by a ridiculous changing of the guard pantomime during which Belmonte swapped clothes with a waterseller to gain entry to the Bassa's palace. But the most irritating intrusion was the heavy symbolism of the caged doves whose cooing could be heard while both Constanze and Blonde were singing; and, worse, the Bassa spent the whole of "Martern aller Arten" selecting a new dove and ostentatiously caressing it before consigning it to its cage/prison. Yet in spite of this surfeit of "interpretation" the production had more purpose than do most attempts to stage this half-comic, half-serious *Singspiel* and it was handsomely designed and well performed.

The conductor, Gustav Kuhn, emphasized the work's serious side with his measured *tempi* and drew cleanly articulated playing from the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Valerie Masterson portrayed a coolly determined Constanze and sang her taxing arias with technical precision and great emotional depth; only a singer of her accomplishment could have surmounted the distractions of the production at such moments. Gösta Winbergh made a purposeful Belmonte and sang with lyrical ardour. James Hoback's slightly strident and over-busy Pedrillo was the worst victim of the producer's licence. His Blonde, on the other hand, was delightfully sung and acted with spirit, but thankfully not pertness, by Lillian Watson; in her scene with Osman there was some doubt which was the captive as he grumpily but meekly helped her wind wool for her boldly red, white and blue knitting. Willard White conveyed the overseer's sinister purpose without bluster through his soft-grained, rich-toned singing.

The blue-patterned tiles and wrought ironwork of William Dudley's ravishing sets conjured up the airy spaciousness of an eastern palace and constituted a

worthy addition to Glyndebourne's Mozart repertory—as indeed might Mr Wood's production if pruned.

One week later at Covent Garden the new *Simon Boccanegra*, staged with the financial support of IBM United Kingdom and the Royal Opera Trust, revealed the opposite side of the coin in a production entirely free of "interpretation". In the dual role of producer and designer Filippo Sanjust was scrupulously careful to introduce no personal theories or explanatory business, contenting himself with organizing entrances and exits, grouping and positioning to the generally best advantage of the singers and the work. His sets were self-effacing and had the merit of simplicity, an all-purpose anonymity even, which might come in useful in these hard times. They called to mind illustrations of 19th-century productions and were none the worse for that as the performance was musically strong enough not to need shoring up.

The cast was headed by Sherrill Milnes, whose imposing presence and richly authoritative singing contributed to a rounded, moving portrayal of Boccanegra. Kiri Te Kanawa sang impeccably as his long-lost daughter, Maria, but the part is one of the least rewarding of Verdi's heroines in spite of the great duet in which father and daughter are reunited. Gabriele Adorno was competently sung by Veriano Luchetti, who sounded in less than his best voice on the opening night. There was an outstanding performance of Fiesco from Robert Lloyd, who sang firmly and beautifully right down to the lowest notes, and his characterization of the old Patrician carried weight and conviction. The duet of reconciliation between Boccanegra and Fiesco was superbly done. The roles of Paolo and Pietro were also strongly sung by Jonathan Summers and John Tomlinson. In a carefully judged reading of the score Colin Davis obtained fine playing from the orchestra in the lyrical passages but the dark passions which lie beneath the surface seemed to elude him.

The mellowness of Verdi's later years glowed through the Glyndebourne revival of *Falstaff*, set in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's apt scenery and conducted with affection and precision by Andrew Davis. The production, rehearsed by Julian Hope, had been shorn of intrusive incidents and, after three years' absence, sparkled as new. The title rôle was again sung by Renato Capecchi, whose genially endearing portrayal of the fat knight, enlivened by flashes of spirit, discreetly dominated the stage. New to the cast were Alberto Rinaldi's deeply-felt Ford and Lucia Aliberti's vibrantly sweet Nannetta. Max-René Cosotti was a more persuasive and honey-toned Fenton than ever and Nucci Condò again an admirably restrained and good-humoured Mistress Quickly.



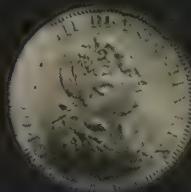
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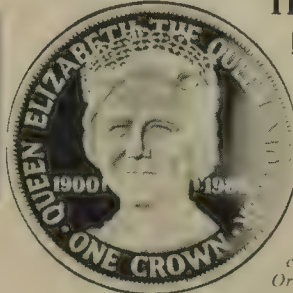


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ILN1

Volvo's changing image

by Stuart Marshall

"Volvos," says the saloon bar pundit, "are built like tanks, look like tanks and drive like tanks." Asked when he last drove one he admits it was a few years ago and, now you mention it, he thinks it was a 1972 or 1973 model. "But they're still tank-like, aren't they?"

The best possible answer to that kind of prejudice would be to put the pundit behind the wheel of the Volvo 244GLT I recently drove for a week. It has a 2.3 litre, 140 horsepower engine, developed from the normal 244's 2.1 litre unit, with fuel injection. In traffic its throttle response is instantaneous and its standing-start acceleration to 60 mph is a little quicker than a 3.4 Jaguar's. On the motorway it is relaxed at 70 mph and on the autobahn it cruises easily at 100 mph in overdrive top, with another 10 mph in hand. Used sensibly it will return 25 or more miles per gallon.

The GLT was originally intended for police work and a number of British forces have this model, though in somewhat less luxurious form than the version on sale to the public for £8,696. Sheer performance apart, the GLT pleases with its crisp, accurate handling, due in part to the use of Pirelli P6 ultra-low-profile tyres on alloy sports wheels. The power steering is light and obediently responsive. Anything less tank-like than the GLT is hard to imagine, yet it has all the inherent strength that has made Volvo so attractive to the mature and caring motorist.

Some years ago I was riding as a passenger in a Volvo 244 when the driver tipped it over a bank in a Swedish forest. He had not realized that gravel roads can be as slippery as snow on fast corners. The Volvo fell about 20 feet on to its roof. Both of us cautiously unclipped our seat belts, wriggled out of the inverted car and discovered we had not even a bruise to show for the incident. And the car, recovered later by a mobile crane, was driven away.

Not all Volvos are as sprightly as the GLT but all the 244 models are quite different from the 144s they replaced in 1974. At that time they gained a completely new front suspension and steering, a more powerful overhead camshaft engine, a longer bonnet (for extra energy absorption in front-end collisions) and huge bumpers that shrug aside low-speed impacts. Since then their appearance has been virtually unaltered, but the steady process of refinement and improvement has continued.

Current Volvos have controls that are as light as the old ones were heavy. One felt that the cars of ten years ago were meant to be driven by lumberjacks wearing size 12 boots. Nowadays a Volvo—especially with power steering which is optional or standard on all but the small 343 model—is effortless to park or drive in town.



The Concept Car embodies many new ideas, such as a retractable air dam for fuel economy, and a TV visual display unit.

The large Volvos, whether powered by a four-cylinder engine (the 240 series) or a 2.7 litre V6 also used by Renault and Peugeot (the 260 series) have the same four-door saloon or five-door estate car bodies. The saloons are roomy five-seaters with very large boots; the estates are among Europe's most capacious. There is just one exception: a two-door coupé, V6 powered, luxuriously appointed, supplied only with automatic transmission and decidedly costly at nearly £15,000.

Although the saloon and estate car bodies from the windscreen pillars backwards are now getting on for 14 years old, they have constantly been updated in detail. They may not be fashionably elegant, but they have a classic line and do not look dated. Yet Volvo cars do not appeal to the trendy. They have a large, loyal following among British drivers who put comfort, reliability, longevity and, above all, safety high on their priority lists. Their performance is, however, more than adequate. Any of them will reach 100 mph and the manual gearbox models with electrically controlled overdrive are particularly long-legged on the motorway. The overdrives are British-made. Volvo are one of our most important export customers for automotive components and materials.

For many years Volvo were only in the medium/large end of the market but in the early 1970s, deciding a smaller car was an essential addition to their range, they bought into the Dutch DAF concern. The DAF 66, suitably modified and strengthened, became a Volvo and was shortly followed by the larger 343 hatchback. Like the 66 this had a

unique automatic transmission using a rubber belt running over pulleys which changed in diameter according to the road speed and engine load.

It was simple but, by conventional automatic transmission standards, fussy and at times somewhat uncouth. Sales of the 343, which appealed to a more sophisticated buyer than the 66, suffered on this account. So two years ago Volvo produced a manual transmission version of the 343 using the same gearbox as the 240 series. The manual 343, now available as either a three- or five-door hatchback, is totally in the Volvo tradition for toughness, refinement and solid quality. It is still suffering from its shaky start in life but is now a most agreeable car. Passengers approve of its quality interior and good ride; drivers—in many cases unexpectedly—find it well balanced, with excellent roadholding and a feel of engineering integrity.

And what of the future for Volvo? Like most firms which in the world car-making league are small Volvo cannot afford to chop and change their model line-up every year or two. They have some bright ideas for the mid to late 1980s, as I saw during a visit to their factory at Gothenburg earlier this year.

Some concern improvements to the existing 240 and 260 series. I drove one with a turbo-supercharged six-cylinder diesel engine, giving it a maximum speed of 125 mph and acceleration to match that of a Jaguar XJ12. It handled like a rally car yet was said to average 35 miles per gallon if driven with a reasonably light foot. There are Volvo cars now running on alternative fuels such as liquid petroleum gas (LPG) and

methanol, a form of alcohol which can be produced from a variety of raw materials other than oil. Volvo are one of the few car makers to offer dual-fuel (LPG and petrol) cars from stock at a modest increase on standard prices.

But the most important pointer to the way Volvo are thinking about cars of the future was their Concept Car, so called because it embodies a lot of advanced ideas, though it is not intended for production in its present form.

It is a stub-tailed hatchback whose shape gives it good aerodynamics as well as masses of luggage space. A large air dam or spoiler drops down automatically at 50 mph to improve the airflow and thus save fuel, but retracts at 35 mph because the last thing a car needs on rough roads or in city streets is a deep, easily damaged "chin". The Concept Car's engine is a turbocharged version of the familiar 2.1 litre four-cylinder. It develops 136 horsepower on low octane petrol, giving a 115 mph maximum and a claimed fuel consumption of 28 mpg in urban traffic, 25.6 mpg at a constant 81 mph.

Among its most advanced features is a system of performance monitoring and other instruments with cathode ray tube visual displays. These mini TV screens serve as everything from speedometer, rev counter, engine temperature and oil pressure gauges to average speed and fuel consumption read-outs. They even warn of the probability of icy roads ahead.

Not for the ordinary customer just yet, perhaps, but indicative of progressive thinking by one of Europe's most conservative car makers ●

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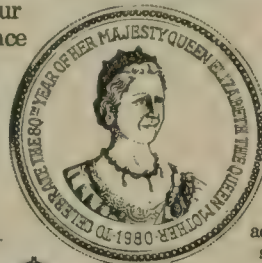


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Courage and betrayal

by Michael Billington

Pal Gabor's excellent Hungarian film, *Angi Vera*, has been praised a good deal for non-cinematic reasons: for being an East European film which dares to attack the communist system. It is, however, an assault on late 1940s Stalinism rather than the present day and is also no more courageous than Andrzej Wajda's *Man of Marble*. But far from being a simplistic attack on communism, it is actually a subtle film about the clash between human instinct and inflexible institutions.

The period is 1948. The communists are establishing their hold over the country. At a Party meeting in a hospital a young nurse, propelled by emotion, gets up and criticizes the appalling conditions: the unsterilized instruments, the baths thick with dirt. Impressed by her honesty, the Party sends her on a three-months' leadership course where miners, workers and soldiers gather for study, education, self-criticism and recreation.

Gabor's observation here is mercilessly exact, particularly of those for whom institutional life becomes an end in itself (and you could easily find parallels in Western society). A craggy-faced miner defects to return to his wife and family. He is brought back, publicly humiliated and sent back to his books with only the tender-hearted Vera offering to help him. The little man with a pompous moustache who runs the school treats him like a fish which he has personally hooked.

This same little Party upstart also organizes a dance where there is one bottle of beer per person, a lugubrious accordionist, a wind-up gramophone and an air of supervised enjoyment. East European directors are always very good at this kind of thing and Gabor is no exception. In one wicked shot he shows that the head of the school even dances bureaucratically. He also shows the nervy shyness with which Vera approaches her young group leader: they are brought together by a ridiculous game in which they have to keep a ping-pong ball balanced between their foreheads while dancing.

The crux of the film, however, is the affair that develops between Vera and the group leader. She declares her passion for him in the seductive orange glow of the local café. On one heady occasion they go to bed, but Vera's fear of being caught prevents her repeating the encounter. And then, at a public session of self-criticism, she reveals what has happened. Her lover is not seen again. She, however, is regarded as an exemplary Party member and graduates with honours to get a good job in the Hungarian Press.

Obviously the film is an attack on the way the institution can overcome the individual spirit. And when Vera's



Veronika Papp and Tamas Dunai in Pal Gabor's *Angi Vera*. Right, Jean Rochefort in *Courage, Fuyons*.

denounced lover cries, "Surely we communists don't want to produce masochists and sick liars?" it is pretty clear Gabor is on his side. But there are ironies even within the basic message. For instance, it is also an attack on tight-lipped feminine jealousy. Vera's closest women friends on the course, a middle-aged newspaper editor and a sexy factory foreman, both know about her romantic escapade and both register their disapproval. At the self-criticism session Vera looks smilingly at both of them; they give her a frozen stare in return. You feel it is partly because she has lost the confidence of her chums that she stands up and reveals her affair.

In short, this is not a film about indoctrination. It is about a shy, orphaned girl who at crucial moments stands up and speaks her mind even at the risk of denouncing others. In the first sequence she does this to expose the rank hospital conditions and we regard her as a heroine. Towards the climax she does it again and we by now regard her as a betrayer. Gabor traces the shift that takes place between those two moments with great skill. He is also very good at atmosphere (dormitories, communal showers, Party meetings in echoing gymnasiums, encounters in underlit cafés) and gets a lovely performance from the beautiful Veronika Papp. *Angi Vera* is infinitely more than a simple piece of anti-Party propaganda.

It is certainly a dozen times more rich and complex than the latest French film to arrive on these shores, Yves Robert's *Courage, Fuyons*. This is inspired by a single sentence from Jules Renard: "Listening only to his courage, which said nothing to him, he was careful not to intervene." But while I like the idea of a film based on funk and cowardice, this one is so shamblingly plotted that it eventually runs out of steam. It tries to



marry romance and comedy but the result in the end is lightweight whimsy.

The admirable Jean Rochefort plays a middle-aged Paris pharmacist who comes from a long line of cowards. In a prolonged, amusing flashback we learn that his grandfather in 1916 surrendered his platoon to two German soldiers; that his father in 1938 handed over his factory to the workers in a national strike; that during the last war he himself went to school in a camouflage pinafore; and that when Hitler invaded Paris the family took refuge with a Jewish family in Toulouse. The best scenes also show Rochefort, trapped in *les événements* of 1968, helping the police to pick up a truncheon and aiding the students in bombarding his own brand-new car.

So far, so funny. But then Rochefort is seen fleeing his bourgeois home to join some ill-defined rural commune where he meets a stunning blonde chanteuse (Catherine Deneuve). He pursues her to Amsterdam, has a prolonged affair with her, but is frightened off by her former lover who shadows them everywhere and finally threatens him with a cut-throat razor. "In other instances," muses Rochefort, "one usually fears for the loved one—in mine I feared for myself." So he returns to his Parisian base despite a missing persons ad his wife has placed in the paper reading "Martin come home—many reproaches waiting."

The trouble with the film is that it

keeps picking up ideas and then dropping them. The joke of a Woody Allenish hero, cowardly but lecherous, is clearly meant to be its core. But then it also becomes, like Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner*, the story of the trapped bourgeois male who walks out on wife and family—here including an amazingly mean brother who dashes the collecting tin from the hands of some eager charity boy. On top of that it is the story of a Walter Mitty hero who sees himself at different times as a white-suited pop pianist summoning up a whole orchestra with a flick of his fingers, or a table tennis wizard annihilating his opponent.

What holds the film together—but only just—is Rochefort's own presence. His equine face, with its brush moustache and long, thin upper lip, has just the right suggestion of disguised weakness. And he has enough of the archetypal Parisian bourgeois about him to look properly ridiculous when garbed in black leather jacket with glaring lion's head on the back. He also makes the most of good sequences like the one in which he makes threatening gestures to a man at an airport while actually asking him if he knows the time of the next plane to Tunis. But Deneuve is given nothing much to do except look delectable and Yves Robert, instead of following one comic idea consistently, pursues whatever takes his fancy.

Finally, a word or three in praise of Australian cinema, which these days makes nonsense of the old Edna Everage joke about "Aussie Movie Wins Prize at Festival of the Blind". The latest to reach us is Colin Eggleston's *Long Weekend*, which shows an urban married couple (John Hargreaves and Briony Behets) taking to a deserted beach on a camping weekend complete with guns, insecticides, frozen food and all the detritus of city life. The film is about nature's revenge on those who abuse her and, though there is a slightly puritanical morality behind it (the wife, for instance, is being punished for aborting a child), it has an authentic terror in which more is implied than is shown.

It is perhaps significant that three out of four films at my local Odeon recently were Australian. And for those who want to know more about an important movement I would recommend *The New Australian Cinema* (Elm Tree Books, £6.95) which is edited by Scott Murray and contains interesting essays on social realism, comedy, fantasy, historical films and other genres. Ken G. Hall in his introduction suggests the boom may be about to bust and asks, "Are we making too many films (average about 16 a year)?" All I can say, as the British film industry sinks slowly in the West, is that one can only look with amazed envy at the productive vitality of Australian cinema. If we could make six good films a year, we would regard it as a minor miracle ●

Dickens and Ayckbourn

by J. C. Trewin

Mr Pickwick, who liked to ruminate on the strange mutability of human affairs, could have pondered a few years later on the narrative of *Nicholas Nickleby*. There Dickens let himself go with one of his most preposterous plots which in the theatre now, as in the book, always announces its serial origin. In performance the origin is even more apparent while *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*—this is the full title—takes its course through an extraordinary world: one that covers London, west and east, Dotheboys Hall in the North Riding, and the Portsmouth theatre ruled by pompous folk.

The novel is an extravagance, utterly enchanting whenever Dickens lets his humours grow among the Crummles company, the Kenwigses, or Mrs Wittiterley; dangerously absurd when he is with Sir Mulberry Hawk or Arthur Grime, or in the last agonies of Ralph Nickleby; mawkish when poor Smike is around, especially in the protracted death scene; powerfully grotesque as in the detestable figure of Wackford Squeers. There are some pleasant people, more or less direct: Nicholas himself, his sister Kate, the wholly lovable Newman Noggs. Somehow the Royal Shakespeare Company has managed to unify the book on the stage in a rightly stick-at-nothing version by David Edgar which takes about eight and a half hours to perform during two nights. I have never known a more elaborate theatrical treatment of any novel. In the production by Trevor Nunn and John Caird it comes across as a group performance unsparingly loyal, most of the players ready, when needed, to fill the crevices—John Woodvine, for example, has a rapid operatic flourish—and the Dickensian flavour never lost. The Aldwych contrivance is as intimate as possible, with a gangway raised above the stalls, and a cat-walk running round below the dress circle.

Most of the acting, as I imagine Dickens would have wished, is full scale. You cannot tap away delicately at such a piece as this. What the audience gets is a splendid phantasmagoria, scene dissolving rapidly into scene, everyone in the RSC mobilized to keep the narrative moving, and the thunderous melodramatics never mitigated. Certainly, as adapted sympathetically, it is a rare concerted effort, though I would not be hyperbolic about some of Dickens's tuppence-coloured writing: the Grime business, for example, and the machinations of Sir Mulberry Hawk. It says a great deal for the quality of the performance and its emotional and pictorial effect that the melodrama keeps the house quiet. I have always held that it is perilously condescending to guy the more robust 19th-century alarums: sad stuff though it can be, the



Top, Roger Rees in the title role of *Nicholas Nickleby* with David Threlfall and Edward Petherbridge; above, Penelope Wilton and Anna Carteret in *Sisterly Feelings*.

audience is listening to a story and wants to know what will happen. What does happen can be embarrassing now and then; thus, in *Nickleby*, Smike has sometimes to be a daunting part. At the Aldwych, luckily for us, David Threlfall can deal with him gallantly.

The first of the two plays—or, rather, the two Parts—is much the better because it is alight with Dickensian fun; the second can get tangled in the coils of the plot, though it pulls itself free at the end in time for those tidings of comfort and joy. Any attempt to select from the cast must be difficult. Still, Roger Rees has all Nicholas's impulsive gallantry; Jane Downs enjoys Mrs Nickleby's breathless arias; Susan Littler sees that Kate is unspotted from the world; and John Woodvine's Uncle Ralph is the iciest personage ever to have been involved in the affairs of a Leicestershire family long ago: Dickens nurses that ultimate surprise. Add, too, performances by such people as Ben Kingsley, monstrously horrible as the one-eyed Squeers; Suzanne Bertish and Lila Kaye in diversity, Edward Petherbridge as a quietly affecting Noggs, and Graham Crowden as a Crummles unexaggerated and vastly genial. Even then we have merely begun to probe the company's resources. It is not the actors' fault that Dickens, towards the end of the narrative, is working hard; even the Cheerybles become too much of a good thing, and the language grows more tumid.

Among the happiest things is an interpolated exercise, agreeably self-indulgent, at the close of Part One. This is the final scene of a violently adapted *Romeo and Juliet* as performed by the

Crummles company at Portsmouth: everyone except Tybalt restored to life, Escalus tipsy, a sex-change for Benvolio, who is revealed as Benvolia, and Britannia with song (Mrs Crummles, of course) as a patriotic climax. Would Dickens have approved? I am fairly certain that he would. Whatever minor doubts we have, whatever small cuts suggest themselves, the total result has to be enthralling.

We can have another two-night experience in the Olivier Theatre of the National. There the beginning and end of the play are known; the action differs only in the middle. Each night is self-contained, but I warmly recommend a second visit. Alan Ayckbourn, a master-juggler with his plots, has arranged in *Sisterly Feelings* for the narrative to be varied according to the toss of a coin. We may spend an hour at a long-distance race or watch the trials of camping out: each variation is staged among the green humps of a heath, a setting superbly realized by Alan Tagg. I gather that there can be other alterations; the two I saw were abundantly amusing, unfailingly observant.

Indeed, no current dramatist is so observant as Ayckbourn. One day, doubtless, they will be teaching social history from his work, and students will be fortunate. The dialogue, tuned and timed exactly, is never cheaply flawed. Ayckbourn's basic plot is simple enough. Two sisters, daughters of a gently dotty widowed doctor, are swayed by the same man. Which of them will win. Abigail or Dorcas? Or neither? They are played truthfully and easily by Penelope Wilton and Anna

Carteret; Stephen Moore is the kind of amiable man we might expect, in Mantalini's phrase, to go to the demnition bow-wows; and practically all the other people are recognizable: not, maybe, the crumpled layabout (Simon Callow), but certainly the perpetual policeman (Michael Bryant) who will have us all under arrest at the flick of an eyelash. Another first-class Ayckbourn, and heightened by the author's own direction, with Christopher Morahan.

It is as unwise to call Ayckbourn trivial—every nuance is judged—as it is to accept Shakespeare's title, *Much Ado About Nothing*, at its face value. Shaw, who could curiously lack a sense of humour, disliked Benedick and Beatrice, but few other people do and the patrician comedy can stand any number of revivals in the least expected settings. The latest, at the Open Air Theatre, turns the play into a country house-party immediately after the First World War. David Conville develops this so tactfully that none of the decorations—croquet, parlourmaid, period records from the gazebo—interfere with the flow of the play and, in particular, with the raillery of Annabel Leventon and Gary Raymond. Though they cannot stop the laugh on "Kill Claudio", no one is likely to blame them for that. They are aided by an almost uniformly capable cast, with an excellent Leonato by James Cairncross and Bernard Bresslaw's massive Dogberry.

We might say of Tom Lehrer, the American satirist, that he speaks poniards and every word stabs. More briefly, his lyrics, as anthologized in *Tom Foolery* (Criterion) are an animated black comedy in themselves. Never having heard Lehrer do his own single act, I have no need to go into Dogberry-comparisons between that and the exhilarating professionalism of the Criterion quartet, Tricia George, Robin Ray, Jonathan Adams and Martin Connor.

A good month then. It has had its trials—*The Other Side of the Swamp* (Phoenix), blending hysteria and facetiousness, was not for me—but the only production that disappointed my hopes, from past memories of the play, was *Anna Christie* (Warehouse). I had remembered Eugene O'Neill's work as stronger than this, in spite of its repetitions. In the RSC production the melodrama supervened. I was not persuaded by the mutability of human affairs that, within a few days, reunited the prostitute Anna with her father after 15 years, and brought from the sea, during a fog, a husky shipwrecked stoker to fall for her almost as soon as he reached the deck of the coal-barge. Though, loyally, Susan Tracy sought to cope with Anna, the one performance that seemed to be plausible was Fulton Mackay's as the skipper obsessed by "dat old devil, Sea". As Mantalini might have said, a "dem'd damp, moist, and unpleasant" subject ●



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Béjart view

by Ursula Robertshaw

The starting gun for London's summer season of dance was fired by Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century, at the Coliseum for a week presenting two programmes. Maurice Béjart himself is now in poor health and has relinquished the artistic direction of his company to one of the principal dancers, Jorge Donn; but all the choreography performed is by Béjart and reports say that that situation will continue.

The first programme consisted of three works originally performed by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, all with scores by Stravinsky and all transmogrified by Béjart. Earliest is *Rite of Spring*, first performed in 1913 and still effective, even if it does ultimately equate Stravinsky's superb music with a gangbang. But, given dedicated performances, in particular by Shonach Mirk as the chosen virgin, it works in its own brash way; though one wonders why the male elected victim is beaten up and reduced to a legless jelly before being introduced to the virgin to perform the necessary rite. Not the way, one would have thought, to ensure the continuance of the tribe.

The Firebird dates from 1910 and is less successful: a show-busy and yet

highfalutin conception of the magic bird of Russian myth as a leaping, spinning phoenix which is the spirit of the revolution all dressed in red, round which whirl gesticulating partisans in drab battle suits looking ferocious and determined. And when the phoenix drops dead, presumably of exhaustion, behold another immediately appears. Béjart's programme notes claim that he finds Fokine's version lame; this one seems to me trite and obvious.

Petrouchka is less than three years old. It was created for the guest appearance of one of the world's greatest dancers, the Bolshoi's Vladimir Vassiliev. Here the main part was danced, and danced well, by Donn as a young man who has a crisis of identity in a hall of mirrors and is unable to decide which of three masks—that of *Petrouchka*, of the Moor or of the Ballerina—best becomes him. Masked figures proliferate in this work, for besides the ones that emerge from mirrors to mock our poor haunted hero there is a Janus-figure with a long robe and a mask on both sides of his head who was meant to be the Magician and highly sinister, but who made me giggle. There is not a lot for the ballerina to do in Béjart's version, but Rita Poelvoorde, a tiny dancer who looks about 11 years old and who pouts divinely, did it beauti-

fully; and Jean-Marie Limon was a lusty, energetic friend/Moor.

I cannot pretend I was wild about the first programme, but it was a treat compared with the second, which began with *Variations "Don Giovanni"* danced to the same Chopin music Ashton has used so superbly in *A Month in the Country*. Here it accompanies the gyrations of young dancers thrown into a tizzy by a male voice reading a passage from *Don Juan* offering his love, or something, to all womankind. Little Poelvoorde was there again, pouting for dear life; another young woman flounced up and down with her copy of the book looking offended, I suppose by the more explicit passages; other girls adopted more or less wet poses expressing yearning and lust, or rotated their shoulders at the imagined Irresistible; a group of hammed-up Sylphs in hideous tutus infested the scene from time to time; and the girl with the book ended up with a pair of Cupid wings and a garland of flowers worn over one ear. I think it was meant to be funny. It wasn't.

Then came *Bolero*, to Ravel's work of that name. When I last saw this it was danced, rather well, by a girl surrounded by a circle of men who were worked up from inactivity to a frenzy by her sexy gyrations. Since then it has gone

through two revisions, the first substituting a male soloist in a circle of girls, and now, in the final version, we are given a male soloist surrounded by men. So now instead of bumps-and-grinds and pelvic thrusts, we have pelvic thrusts and pelvic thrusts. Donn was the central figure, working away like mad up on his red table and producing a Catherine wheel of perspiration as he spun. I didn't like the first version much, and enjoyed this one even less; but justice compels me to record that the audience apparently adored it.

Finally we were given Béjart's version of *Gaieté Parisienne*, to Offenbach. Claimed to be semi-autobiographical, this is the ballet with everything: there is an updated *Beauty* christening scene, with male fairies, wouldn't you know it, bringing gifts, and Carabosse turning up later as the young man's ballet school mistress. There is a singing statue; a prancing Offenbach; a military gentleman on a horse who might have been Louis II of Bavaria; Terpsichore; ladies in huge crinolines, others in tutus; a countess in drag; a complicated and doubtless costly set with several backdrops. At the centre of it all was Bim, the Béjart-figure, given a winsome performance by Victor Ullate which nevertheless could not save this heavy-handed and extravagant farrago ●

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Quality in an age of change.

A bunch of eccentrics

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

Plants are wonderfully various. The more one learns about them the more one tends to love them and, like the philatelist whose greatest enthusiasm is for the freak stamp with the centre printed upside down, the gardening *afficionado* often delights in plants that differ from the ordinary. Some border plants have tricks or quirks that may be unique or shared by few other plants, and they do not cost as much as rare stamps. Here are a few eccentrics that bloom in late summer and early autumn.

An upside-down border plant, a jaunty American called *liatris*, almost qualifies for Edward Lear's *Nonsense Botany* and while it is not as astounding as *Manyneepia upsdownia* or *Nasticeechia krortlupia* it is worth growing for fun. The flowers are carried in spikes but unlike most plants of this type on which the lowest buds open first it starts blooming from the top. The flowers look like small, shaggy shaving brushes, and open slowly down the stem, fading gradually to give a good general effect. The plants are much loved by bees and enjoy sunny, well drained positions in light soil. They form clumps of grassy foliage and are easily divided in spring. *Liatris pycnostachya* is rose purple and reaches 3-5 feet, *L. spicata (callilepis)* is lilac purple or bluish mauve and stands 1½ feet high or more. A selected form, *L.s. Kobbold*, is brilliant lilac pink.

Another border plant with a difference is the Chinese bellflower or balloon-flower, *Platycodon grandiflorus*, 2-3 feet. One of the Campanulaceae, with wide, blue, starry flowers, it is one of the symbolic seven grasses of autumn in the Japanese garden calendar, the subject of many poems and paintings. Its eccentricity lies in the buds which look like small hot-air balloons and pop like fuchsia buds when pressed. They are flattened at the top and have seams that split and divide them into five petals. A compact form, *P.g. mariesii*, commemorates the young man who introduced it in 1885, Charles Maries, a collector for the firm Veitch. There are pink and white varieties and a double white form, "Snowflake", but little is to be gained by these diversions except for collectors. The leaves are bluish green—very blue when they first appear in spring—and sprout from parsnip-like roots which were used, and may still be, in China as a substitute for ginseng. The roots are hard to divide but the plants are easily raised from seed.

Physostegia virginiana (from Virginia), the obedient plant, demonstrates this unfashionable quality when touched for it remains in any position to which it is pushed. The florets are carried in down spires and can be moved up, down or sideways and will stay where they are put as if attached to the stem by a stiff ball-and-socket joint. The flowers

are pink or purple and there is a white form "Summer Snow". These are all about 3 feet high while a bright, rose crimson form called "Vivid" is more compact at 18 inches. *P.v. speciosa* "Rose Bouquet" is a selected form of a good subspecies. The plants increase reasonably well and are easily divided.

To be unusual a plant has only to have some quality that strikes us as funny or touching. I love the way the evening primrose, *Oenothera biennis*, flicks open its petals in the warm dusk of the late summer evenings—just as I like the botanical term for flowers that open in the evenings: *vespertine*. If you gaze long enough at a bud you may see it open, but I am impatient and more often see the little movements in a group of plants out of the corner of my eye. This seems to prove the theory that peripheral vision is specially keen, inherited, they say, from our watchful prehistoric ancestors. This biennial *oenothera* is about 3 feet high. It seeds itself round the garden, sometimes in unexpected places, and will naturalize if given the chance. It is an edible plant: the roots can be cooked like salsify and the leaves can be eaten cooked or raw.

There are other evening primroses but I have not noticed them opening so suddenly. The name primrose is romantic rather than accurate as the flowers, while nearly always yellow, are usually much larger than wild English primroses and of a flattened goblet-shape, and the plants are often tall. Perennial *O. missouriensis* has a trailing habit, superb for the front of a sunny border or sprawling over rocks. It has a long flowering season and some romantic writers have compared the flowers with golden chalices. Perennial *O. acaulis*, with prostrate, zig-zag stems, has large white flowers that open around 7 pm and turn rose pink before they fade in the morning—a good plant for commuters. Through my RHS fellowship I obtained seeds and have raised plants of *O. odorata sulphurea*, 3 feet, another evening-flowering variety with narrow, toothed leaves and sweet-scented, pale yellow flowers which fade to red.

There are many day-flowering *oenotheras*, mainly forms of *O. tetragona (O. fruticosa)* which include "Yellow River", 2 feet, "Fireworks" with purple green foliage and red buds, and the large and showy "Lady Brookborough". *O. speciosa* from Mexico is scented, white, day-flowering and 18 inches tall. If you are visiting gardens in the next few weeks keep your eyes open for some of these eccentrics in bloom.

I hope that everyone interested in unusual plants subscribes to the new quarterly magazine for serious gardeners, *The Plantsman*. It is issued by the Royal Horticultural Society and planned to complement *The Garden*, price £7.50 per annum or £6.50 for Society members ●



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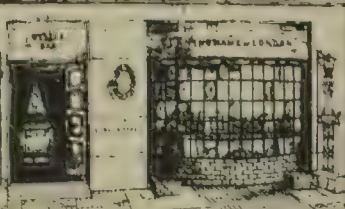
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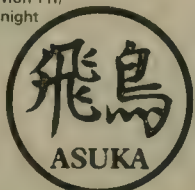
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FOOD

Eating alfresco

by Nicholas de Jongh

Restaurateurs in London with their fatalistic acceptance of cold summers and shivery evenings have never really acknowledged that our climate does allow a few periods when we crave a garden-restaurant meal. In the centre of London such establishments are rare but there really should be more of them once outside Soho and the centre. Those restaurants that do cultivate gardens in which to eat find themselves crowded once the fine weather arrives, and so impromptu eating out in August in a garden restaurant is almost impossible.

We need far more restaurants with a glass-enclosed area which can be opened up like greenhouses. Until that distant time I am recommending some of the few restaurants which have garden facilities.

Brinkley's is a small Fulham restaurant with a young owner which has just opened up its small, walled garden (Sunday lunches included). There is a ground floor and a basement, whose alcoves and low, curved ceilings give the sort of intimacy which private rendezvous eaters adore.

The menu varies and on the evening I went the *hors d'oeuvres* ranged from a watercress soup "finished" with a stilton cream to a *Ménage à trois*, a suitably controversial concoction of three little pastry parcels containing a different flavour in each: camembert and cranberry in one, Boursin and mushroom in another and chicken and cress in the third. These unusual combinations, well cooked and served, establish Brinkley's as a restaurant which aims to offer distinct flavours. "Pink" as opposed to well-cooked or rare meats seem to be a house speciality with the choice of breast of duck "grilled pink" in a raspberry wine sauce (£5.60) or similarly pink Dutch calves' liver with sage, artichoke and what is described on the menu as "a hint of red wine" (£5.40).

We had some new-season's Welsh lamb, also rather underdone but tasty, in herbs (£5.70), and the Scotch sirloin in butter and sauce (£5.90) was a good, plain relief from the more *recherché* dishes. Delicious red cabbage braised in port and redcurrants (70p) and white radishes in a "mild, creamy mustard sauce" (70p) were alternatives to the usual drab courgettes and tasteless beans. We steered clear, after generous portions, of what was described as "an orgy of salad leaves". Sadly, there was no home-made lemon ice-cream (£1) left, but the fresh strawberries in Grand Marnier and brandy cream (£1.20) more than made up for it. The house white wine at £3.90 is pleasant.

Newton's in King's Road has a stone-paved little garden in quite pleasant Chelsea surroundings even if there is not a riot of blooming flowers. A three-course meal there is priced at

£5.75, with 55p for cover, which is reasonable since the standard of food is high. The repertoire of *hors d'oeuvres* includes a terrine of pigeon with plum sauce which my American companion found superlative. Both the chilled tomato soup and their blinis (£1 extra) have to be tasted.

The roast suckling pig served with cherries in an apple sauce is one of the good dishes for which you have to pay an extra £2.20, but the fish (a fillet of sole) cooked with grapes and cream is one of the Newton staples and is delightful. I ate leg of lamb stuffed with apple and horse-radish sauce, a combination about which I was suspicious but my fears were unfounded; it works well.

We both completed our meal with a banana boodle, which consists of bananas, biscuits and cream beaten to a fool-like consistency of gluttonous appeal. The other sweets, and I am a veteran of Newton's, are as fine, and include a coffee and brandy layer cake. The wine list is full; prices begin at £5.

Da Angela in Sydney Street has just changed hands and is now called Dan's after its stock broker proprietor. There is a distinctly Spanish atmosphere and the garden, with shrubs trailing down its white walls, a bed of flowers and potted plants, makes this the most pleasing restaurant-garden I know in London. You might almost be eating on your own town-house patio. The menu is not outstandingly adventurous but the food is most enticingly displayed and cooked, with main courses tapering down from £4.10 for a fillet steak.

La Pomme d'Amour in Holland Park Avenue has a glass-covered eating area, most of which can be opened up; it has grey walls, pink table-cloths and a vine growing high, and a palm tree is promised. Turbot braised with langoustine in wine, then covered in a light pastry (£4.90), and a grilled fillet of beef (£5.10) represent the best French cuisine in a lovely atmosphere.

Meridiana in Fulham Road has a first-floor open-air eating area which is most unusual in London. But I feel that success has gone to its head. "Uncaring and careless" were the adjectives my companion, a distinguished theatre producer, said she would use to describe it; I agree. I can recommend the *Gamberetti piccanti* (£2.40), a collection of prawns simmering in a hot, peppery sauce which brings out their taste. But otherwise I mute my enthusiasm.

Brinkley's, 47 Hollywood Road, London SW10 (tel 01-351 1683).

Newton's, 576 King's Road, London SW6 (tel 01-736 1804).

Dan's, 119 Sydney Street, London SW3 (tel 01-352 2718).

La Pomme d'Amour, 128 Holland Park Avenue, London W11 (tel 01-229 8532).

Meridiana, 169 Fulham Road, London SW3 (tel 01-589 8815/8825).

Spirit of the four elements

by Peta Fordham

The history of many respected distillers is filled with tales of wilder days. That prince among malts, Highland Park, has its share. Its famous spring was originally the closely-guarded secret of Magnus Eunson, a famous Orkney smuggler, and the superb whisky, made at the northernmost distillery of Scotch in the world, owes much to his illegal enterprise. Whether Magnus's brew was really as good as its reputation is doubtful, though it was certainly potent, but his discovery of the source of incomparably pure water was of real value. The siting of many a modern distillery is on the spot where the old, illicit makers found a good "burn"—or a convenient look-out point!

I think it is Ross Wilson, the author of *Scotch*, who points out that whisky contains the four elements. Earth supplies the barley and the peat to flavour it; the pure air of Scotland, damp and cool, surrounds the maturing spirit and perfects its aging; smouldering fire burns the peat into flavouring smoke; and the barley is mashed in water which the Scots claim cannot be copied anywhere else in the world. This distillery is committed to preserving these ideal ingredients. It is wholly traditional, using

only those modern ideas that slide gracefully into long-established practice. Clean as a whistle throughout, one of its pleasures is the malting-floor, for few firms today do their own malting. Here, about the finest corn I have ever seen was being raked by hand under the vigilant, feline eyes of a platoon of tough, energetic cats, who keep a watch on the human raker's progress; no mouse or rat gets a mouthful.

Then to the smoky kiln-loft, for the malted barley must be ground and dried before the pre-distillation mashing with warm water to which yeasts have been added. There in a haze of blue peat smoke the distinctive flavour of the spirit is acquired.

In the tasting-room the ultimate test of the malt is made. Exactly *what* is the supreme quality of this 12-year-old malt that makes it a king among many nobles? It does appear to awaken taste-buds in those who sample it for the first time, when the most general comment is that it has the curious property of being both immensely full in the mouth and velvety on the throat. I can only say as one who does not, on the whole, like the single malts (nor do they always like me) that the flavour of this whisky was a surprising enchantment. It *must* be tried, though it is a formidable price.

The success of the firm Arthur Bell

and Sons presents a complete contrast. It is a king among the makers of Scotch, for in a century and a half it has grown from small beginnings in a wine-merchant's shop to dominate the home market. There are no legends here, no illicit stills to point the way. It is a tale of industry, modesty and devotion to the city of its birth and maturity, and the firm wears the title of "The Pride of Perth" as its finest laurel.

It is on consistency of quality that the whisky's reputation has rested since the earliest days. From that humble start has grown a trade so massive that Bell's now sell more than three million cases a year. So we may take the quality of their whisky for granted, but the story of a prosperous business which stays determinedly in its birthplace and remains involved in it has a particular relevance at this time when management is (often rightly) criticized for being out of touch with the people who are the instruments of a firm's success.

Bell's has thrown up four remarkable characters as its "captains". Arthur Bell, the original, was a patriarchal Scot of the old school, law-abiding, careful with money, fiercely respectable and not always lovable. A just man and true, he was a particularly sound foundation stone. His son, Arthur Kinmond Bell, was an "easier" man: a keen sportsman

and especially fond of cricket, he was prone to present the requisites of the game to any group of small boys who asked for them! He was succeeded by a colourful extrovert, William Farquharson, always known as "Farquie", a far-sighted developer who was to steer the firm to its first £1 million. Today another forceful character heads the firm, Raymond Miquel, the first dedicated publicist in their history.

A computerized stock control now ensures that the famous blend is always available and a £20 million building programme is under way, while the steady policy of a friendly relationship with the licensed trade has been fostered by magnificent facilities for their entertainment. "A.K.", as the second chairman was known, laid the foundations of the firm's charitable interests by the formation of the Gannochy Trust, whose first aim was to provide work and housing for Perth during the Depression. Today 48 Arthur Bell scholarships are provided annually at the Outward Bound School in Inverness-shire and patronage of many sporting events supports the firm's belief that such activities develop social responsibility and good citizenship. This is a typically Scots attitude and it would be difficult to find any firm more completely Scottish. Long may it remain the pride of Perth ●

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MONEY

Planning a pension

by John Gaselee

Anyone who is comparatively young probably does not bother a great deal about how much pension will be paid at retirement. As you grow older, however, the importance of a pension increases significantly.

Although most large employers now provide reasonable pension schemes for staff at all levels, no employer is obliged to provide an employee with any pension at all. That, however, does not mean that State benefits will prove adequate. The State scheme provides a basic flat-rate pension (which will be increased from time to time in the light of inflation) plus an earnings-related tier, with both employers and employees contributing towards the cost. For anyone with relatively high earnings, however, the earnings-related tier will have a cut-off point; thus the total State pension will not be attractive.

While many employers appreciate the need to supplement the State scheme for employees there is no uniform approach. In some cases occupational pension schemes simply top up the State benefits. However, some employers attach considerable importance to pensions and have really high levels of benefit. These are expensive to provide since employees usually make no more than a nominal contribution (if that), the bulk of the cost being met by the employer. With high rates of inflation some employers have been paying up to 40 per cent of salary roll a year to the pension scheme.

The important point is that pension schemes vary widely and while there is a lot of loose talk about pensions being two-thirds of final salary that is the *maximum* allowed by the Inland Revenue if the member has been employed by the company for at least ten years before retirement. Comparatively few people retiring in the future will have such large pensions, either because their employers decided they could not afford the cost of providing maximum pensions or because they will not have worked with the company for long enough to qualify for the maximum.

Although there is a move towards more pensions being expressed as a percentage of final earnings before retirement, other methods of calculation are in use. For instance, the pension may be a percentage of average earnings throughout service with the company, or it may be calculated as a flat amount for each year of service.

Although the State pension will increase while it is being paid out, in the light of inflation (except for those fortunate enough to be working in the public sector) the occupational pension is unlikely to keep pace with inflation after it has started to be paid. Sometimes pensions rise by a fixed percentage each

year, or pensions in payment may be reviewed according to circumstances—without any guarantee being given about future increases.

Most pension schemes provide some form of death benefit if one should die before reaching retirement age. This may be simply a refund of the contributions which you have paid or, more likely, a lump sum such as two, three or four times your annual earnings.

It is all very well to take into account the benefits payable in this way in the event of death when calculating how much life assurance you need to provide for yourself. But you may change your job and the new scheme may not give such a high level of benefit. Or you could be faced with redundancy—and no cover at all from an employer.

When changing jobs it is important to find out about the prospective employer's pension scheme. Remember that if you move from one job to another to increase earnings, there is no guarantee that your final pension will be as high as if you had stayed with your original employer.

On leaving one scheme you may have a "frozen" pension. But that will not increase between the time of leaving and retirement—although one exception is if your employer has contracted you out of the State scheme.

An alternative to this kind of pension is for the pension fund which you are leaving to pay a capital sum into the new fund. Actuaries, however, do not always agree, so that the amount of pension "earned" by the cash sum in the new scheme may not be as great as the pension earned to date in the old scheme.

It is important to try to work out whether a pension is likely to be adequate at retirement. There are ways of topping up pensions. Increasingly employers are introducing what are known as additional voluntary contribution schemes, whereby individual employees can, if they wish, make additional pension contributions. A total of up to 15 per cent of earnings can be contributed, completely free from tax, and will be invested in a tax-exempt pension fund. This is a fine form of saving, particularly for anyone paying higher rates of tax, provided that it will not put the total pension above the maximum allowed by the Inland Revenue.

If it is not possible to enter an additional voluntary contribution scheme cash can be built up (perhaps by means of an endowment life assurance policy) and at retirement the tax-free cash sum can be used to buy an annuity.

Anyone who is ineligible for an occupational pension scheme is treated in the same way as the self-employed. A personal pension policy can be arranged with an insurance company; the contributions, within limits, are free from tax and roll up in a tax-free fund. At retirement part of the pension can be commuted for tax-free cash ●

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GOLD BLOCK

Why compromise?

An assortment of squeezes

by Jack Marx

The special terminology of bridge can be no less clumsy and inelegant than any other jargon. A phrase like "non-simultaneous double squeeze" is certainly not concise and is only self-descriptive to those who know that a "simultaneous double squeeze" is one that operates on both opponents at the same trick. In fact, since it necessarily involves three suits, it was once known as a triple squeeze, though that term is now reserved for those rare types which produce a bonus of two extra tricks instead of the mere one extra that is usual. What are currently known as double squeezes are not frequent, though the simultaneous types are the simplest of their kind and can often just come about without conscious planning by the declarer.

♠ K Q 9
♥ K 6 4 3
♦ Q 10 3 2
♣ 8 5

♠ 8 5 ♠ 6 3
♥ Q J 9 ♥ 10 8 7 2
♦ A K 7 6 5 ♦ J 8 4
♣ A J 6 ♣ K 10 4 3

♠ A J 10 7 4 2
♥ A 5
♦ 9
♣ Q 9 7 2

South is declarer at Four Spades and most of the top-card strength can be placed with West, who had doubled South's opening One Spade bid. West leads Diamond King and switches to a trump. Club Eight is run to West's Jack, and after another trump lead from West the Club Seven is finessed to West's Ace. Heart Queen is taken by South's Ace, a club is ruffed with dummy's last trump, a diamond is trumped in hand and trumps led out to reach:

♥ K 6
♦ Q

♥ J 9 ♥ 10 8
♦ A ♣ K

♠ 10
♥ 5
♣ Q

When South leads his last trump, West must keep his diamond and so has to part with a heart. Dummy's Diamond Queen having done its work can now be spared, and East has also to let go a heart if he is not to unguard clubs. Dummy's Heart Six takes the 13th trick.

Even the simultaneous types may not be quite so spontaneous that they require no thought at all. One almost universal principle of squeeze play that must be observed is the deprivation of opponents of idle cards that they can safely discard when the squeeze card comes to be played. In other words, at that point declarer should not be left with more than one loser, having already if necessary conceded tricks deliberately to bring that position about.

♠ A 9 3 Dealer West
♥ J 10 3 2 North-South
♦ 10 8 2 Game
♣ 10 9 2

♠ J 8 7 ♠ Q 5 4 2
♥ A K Q 9 8 7 4 ♥ 6
♦ void ♦ 9 7 3
♣ Q J 5 ♣ K 7 6 4 3

♠ K 10 6
♥ 5
♦ A K Q J 6 5 4
♣ A 8

West has opened Four Hearts and after two passes South has secured the contract at Five Diamonds. West cashes a top heart and switches to Club Queen. South can count ten tricks, can afford to lose one more and as a well-trained squeeze player decides to lose it now. On West persisting with clubs, South draws trumps, *en route* ruffing a heart from dummy to test the suit layout. He runs trumps to reach:

♠ A 9
♥ J
♣ 10

♠ J 8 7 ♠ Q 5 4
♥ A ♣ K

♠ K 10 6
♦ 4

The lead of South's last trump exerts double-squeeze pressure on defenders similar to that in the first case, but it would not have done if South were still left with his small club.

The "non-simultaneous" type squeezes each opponent in turn at successive tricks and usually needs rather more planning.

♠ K 7 6 5
♥ A Q
♦ A Q J 8 3
♣ J 2

♠ J 10 9 8 3 ♠ 2
♥ 5 3 ♥ 10 9 8 7 4
♦ 6 5 ♦ K 10 9 4
♣ 10 9 7 5 ♣ Q 6 3

♠ A Q 4
♥ K J 6 2
♦ 7 2
♣ A K 8 4

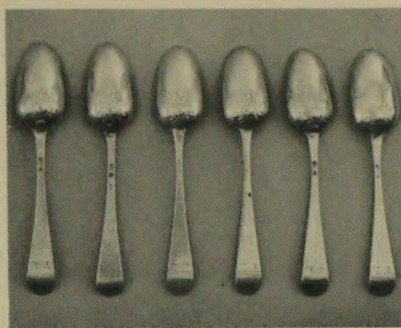
South at Six No-trumps wins trick one with Spade Ace and takes a diamond finesse, cunningly ducked by East. After a spade to the Queen, a second diamond finesse loses and the Ten is returned to dummy's Ace. After three heart tricks and a top club:

♠ K 7
♦ 8
♣ 2

♠ 10 9 ♦ 9
♣ 10 9 ♣ Q 6 3

♠ 4
♥ J
♣ K 8

South leads Heart Jack and West is squeezed out of a club in order to guard spades. North throws the small spade and East can safely let go one of his three clubs. Now a spade to North's King squeezes East down to one club in order to guard diamonds. South's Club Eight will win the 13th trick ●



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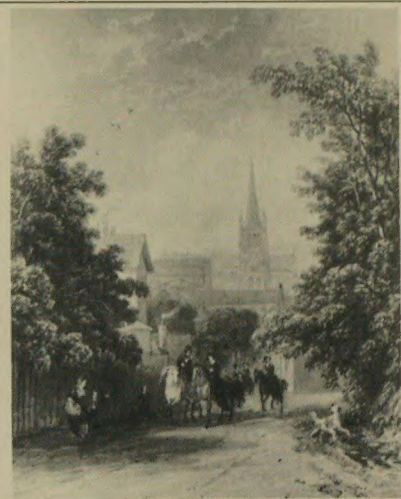
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CHESS

Finals in the Strand

by John Nunn

One chess event which receives very little publicity is the annual National Club Championship. Over 100 clubs took part in the 1979-80 tournament which culminated in the final held at Simpson's-in-the-Strand in May. The venue itself was interesting since Simpson's was a great centre of chess activity in the mid 19th century and, indeed, the Immortal Game between Anderssen and Kieseritsky was played there in 1851. The original Simpson's was demolished in 1900 to make way for the widening of the Strand and when it was rebuilt in 1904 the dining facilities were improved but the chess rooms disappeared. Now Simpson's are interested in reviving their chess heritage and it is to be hoped that more events will be able to take place there in the future.

So, surrounded by pictures of famous 19th-century masters, the Islington and King's Head clubs battled to succeed Oxford University, last year's winners, as National Club Champions. In the event King's Head, with a team consisting of Speelman, Cooper, Whiteley, Piggott, Rayner and Hillyard, won by 3½-2½ although the margin could have been greater had not Rayner allowed a snap mate in a winning position. As a result of their victory King's Head are now the British representatives in the European Team Championship starting later this year. With a powerful team they should be fairly successful in this event.

Whether it was due to the substantial lunch beforehand or to the sense of history I cannot say, but the games in the final were of unusually low quality and so I will give a game from an earlier round of the competition.

Nimzo-Indian

Speelman Cummings
(King's Head) (Brighton)

White

Black

- | | |
|---------|-------|
| 1 P-Q4 | N-KB3 |
| 2 P-QB4 | P-K3 |
| 3 N-QB3 | B-N5 |
| 4 P-K3 | P-B4 |
| 5 N-K2 | PxP |
| 6 PxP | O-O |

6... P-Q4 is more popular since this move is reputed to allow White to gain a slight advantage.

- | | |
|---------|------|
| 7 P-QR3 | B-K2 |
| 8 P-Q5 | |

Or else Black equalizes by playing ... P-Q4 himself.

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| 8 | ...PxP |
| 9 PxP | R-K1 |
| 10 P-KR3? | |

The normal and natural move is 10 P-KN3 where 10... B-B4 11 N-R4 B-B1 (11... P-Q3!?) is an interesting and untested alternative) 12 B-N2 followed by O-O and the pawn on Q5 exerts a cramping influence on Black's position. Speelman's move is more ambitious, attempting to gain space on the king-

side, but it is also much more risky.

- | | |
|----------|---------|
| 10 | ...B-B4 |
| 11 P-QN4 | B-N3 |
| 12 P-N4 | P-Q3 |
| 13 B-KN2 | P-KR4 |

13... P-QR4 was another good move.

- | | |
|----------|------|
| 14 P-N5 | N-R2 |
| 15 P-KR4 | B-N5 |

White's position is now precarious but he starts to defend resourcefully.

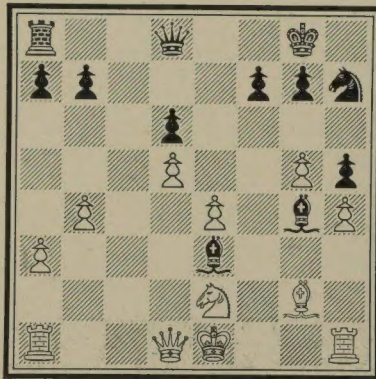
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|---------|-------|
| 16 N-K4 | N-Q2! |
| 17 P-B3 | RxN |

This sacrifice, prepared by Black's last move, should have given Black a clear advantage.

- | | |
|---------|-------|
| 18 PxR | N-K4 |
| 19 B-N2 | B-N5? |

Cummings has played well up to this point but here he should have played 19... Q-K2! threatening 20... N-B6ch and 20... P-B4.

- | | |
|---------|------|
| 20 B-Q4 | N-K6 |
| 21 BxN | BxN |



- | | |
|---------|------|
| 22 Q-Q3 | Q-N3 |
| 23 B-R3 | R-K1 |

23... B-B7ch 24 K-B1 BxNch 25 QxB BxP 26 B-B5 is also good for White.

- | | |
|----------|-----|
| 24 BxB | PxB |
| 25 R-QN1 | |

Preparing to displace Black's bishop by R-N3.

- | | |
|----|-----------|
| 25 | ...N-B1?! |
|----|-----------|

25... P-B4 was the best practical chance, when White must find 26 KPxP B-B7ch 27 K-B1 R-K6 (27... P-N6 28 K-N2 R-K6 29 Q-B4) 28 Q-Q4! Q-N4 29 QxNP winning.

- | | |
|---------|--|
| 26 R-N3 | |
|---------|--|

Black's attack has been completely repulsed and the finish was

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 26 | ...B-B7ch |
| 27 K-B1 | N-N3 |
| 28 P-R5 | N-K4 |
| 29 Q-B3 | P-N6 |
| 30 K-N2 | N-N5? |
| 31 P-R6 | N-K6ch |
| 32 K-B3 | N-B4 |
| 33 PxN | R-K6ch |
| 34 QxR | BxQ |
| 35 P-R7ch | K-R1 |
| 36 RxB | |

and Black resigned.

This game demonstrates how easy it is to lose even if you have a good position. "The mistakes are all there, just waiting to be made" as Tartakower once said very aptly ●

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